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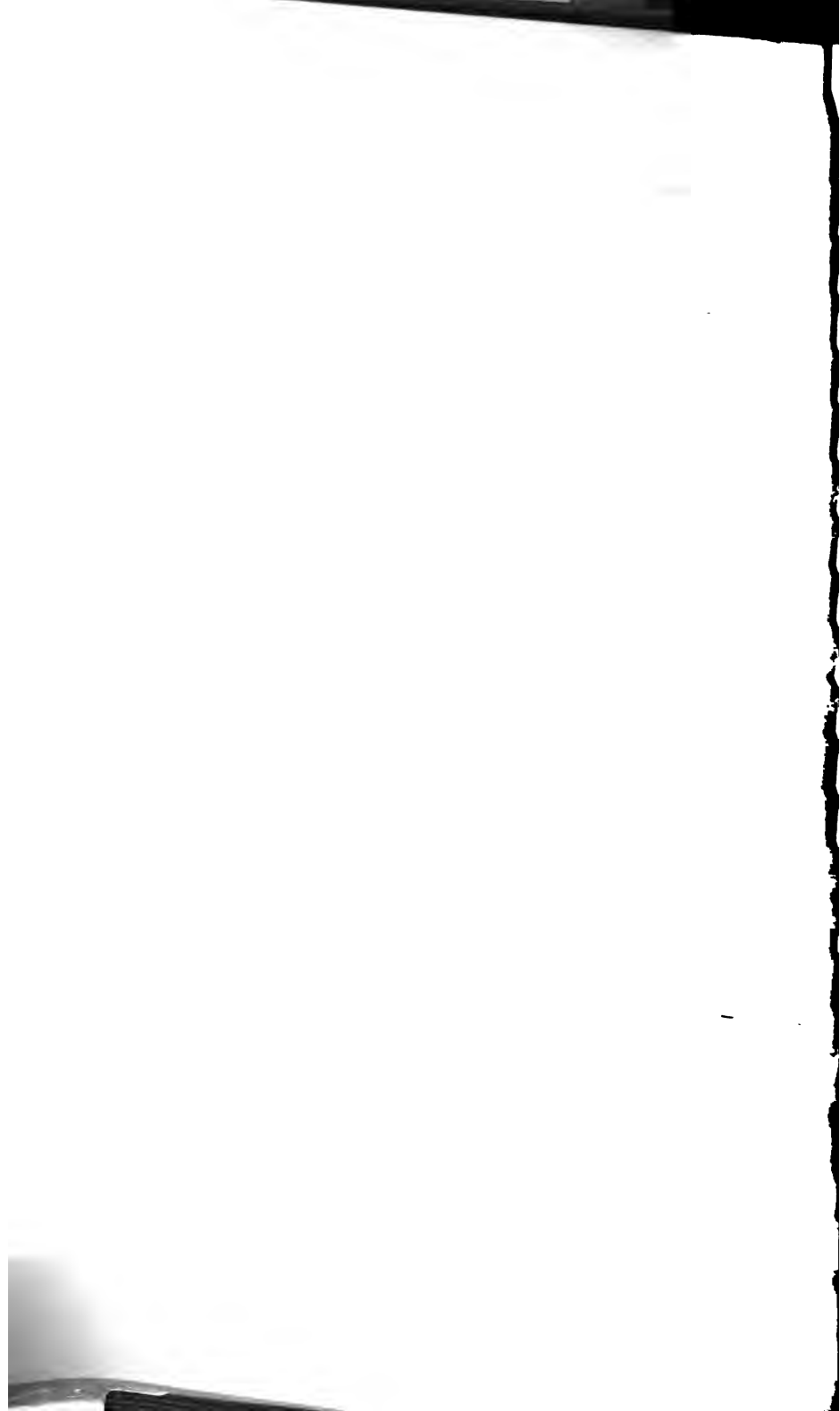
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P. Robt Webb. April 16/52.

Sent me by J. T. Gilbert
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CONTENTS.

ARTICLE

PAGE

I.—THE STREETS OF DUBLIN :

A Short Guide through Dublin, containing Practical Directions for the easy Perambulation of the City, and for the Inspection of its Public Buildings, Institutions, and Establishments ; abridged from the Original Work. By Richard Starratt, Esq., A.M., T.C.D. Dublin : Browne and Nolan, 1851. 1

II.—LORD GEORGE BENTINCK :

A Political Biography. By B. Disraeli, Member of Parliament for the County of Buckingham. Colburn and Co., 1851. 75

III.—MITFORD'S LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS :

Recollections of a Literary Life : or Books, Places, and People. By Mary Russell Mitford, Author of "Our Village," "Belford Regis," &c. London : Richard Bentley, New Burlington-street, 1851. 123

IV.—REV. CHARLES ROBERT MATURIN. 141

V.—AMERICAN HUMOUR :

Traits of American Humour : By Native Authors. Edited and adapted by the Author of "Sam Slick." 3 vols. London : Colburn and Co. 171

ARTICLE

PAGE

VI.—IRISH CHURCH HISTORY.

Original Letters and Papers in Illustration of the
History of the Church in Ireland, during the
reigns of Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth.
Edited, with notes, from autographs in the
State Paper Office, by Evelyn Philip Shirley,
Esq. M.A. 8vo. London: F. and J. Riving-
ton, 1851. 196

INDEX TO VOL. I.

ERRATA.

Page 24, line 42. for 1753, read 1757.

Page 25, line 17, for father, read grand-father.

THE
IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. VI.—JUNE, 1852.

CONTENTS.

ARTICLE

PAGE

I.—THE SURVEY OF IRELAND :

The History of the Survey of Ireland, commonly called the Down Survey. By Doctor William Petty, A.D. 1655-6. Edited, from a Manuscript in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, with another in the possession of the Most Noble the Marquis of Lansdowne, and one in the Library of the King's Inns, Dublin, by Thomas Aiskew Larcom, F.R.S., M.R.I.A., Etc., Major, Royal Engineers. 4to. Dublin: For the Irish Archæological Society, 1851. . 217

II.—COCKBURN'S LIFE OF JEFFREY :

Life of Lord Jeffrey, with a Selection from his Correspondence. By Lord Cockburn, one of the Judges of the Court of Session in Scotland. 2 vols. 8vo. A. & C. Black, Edinburgh, 1852. 249

III.—THE STREETS OF DUBLIN : No. II. . . 284

ARTICLE

PAGE

IV.—MODERN FRENCH NOVELS :

1. La Chasse Au Roman—par Jules Sandeau. Paris, 1848.
2. Le Gentilhomme Campagnard—par Charles de Bernard, 5 tomes. Paris, 1846.
3. Le Dernier Irlandais—par Elie Berthet. Paris, 1852.
4. La Belle Drapière—par le même, Paris.—Translation by Frank Thorpe Porter. Duff : Dublin, 1852.
5. Clovis Gosselin—par Alphonse Karr. Paris, 1852,
6. François le Champi—par George Sand. 1848.

. 348

V.—MOORE.

. 382

THE IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. VII.—SEPTEMBER, 1852.

CONTENTS.

ARTICLE	PAGE
I.—POETS OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY :	
1. The Poetical Works of John Edmund Reade. 2 vols. London: Chapman and Hall, 1852.	
2. Eva, and other Tales and Poems. By Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, Bart. London: Saunders and Ottley, 1842.	
3. The Poetical and Dramatic Works of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart. London: Chapman and Hall, 1852.	
4. The Poems and Ballads of Schiller, trans- lated by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London: 1852.	
5. The Poetical Works of David Macbeth Moir (Delta). Edited by Thomas Aird, with a Memoir. 2 vols. William Black- wood and Sons, Edinburgh and London: 1852.	- 461
II.—THE STREETS OF DUBLIN. No. III.	- 494
III.—ITALY IN 1848—HUNGARY IN 1851 :	
1. The Personal Adventures of "Our Own Correspondent" in Italy. By Michael Burke Honan. 2 vols. Chapman and Hall, London: 1852	
2. Hungary in 1851: With an Experience of the Austrian Police. By Charles Loring Brace. 1 vol. Bentley, London: 1852.	563
IV.—DOCTOR MAGINN.	- 593

ARTICLE	CONTENTS	PAGE
V.—ARTISTIC AND INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITIONS :		
1.	Official Catalogue of the National Exhibition of the Arts, Manufactures, and Products of Ireland ; held in Cork, 1852. Cork : John O'Brien, 1852.	
2.	Catalogue of the Royal Hibernian Academy, the 26th Exhibition. Dublin: Clarke and Son, 1852.	- 626

VI.—THE BREHON LAW COMMISSION :

Report of the Commissioners appointed by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to inquire concerning the Ancient Laws and Institutes of Ireland ; also, copy of the Letter from the Chief or Under Secretary for Ireland, forwarding the same to the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 17th May, 1852.	- 659
---	-------

ERRATUM.

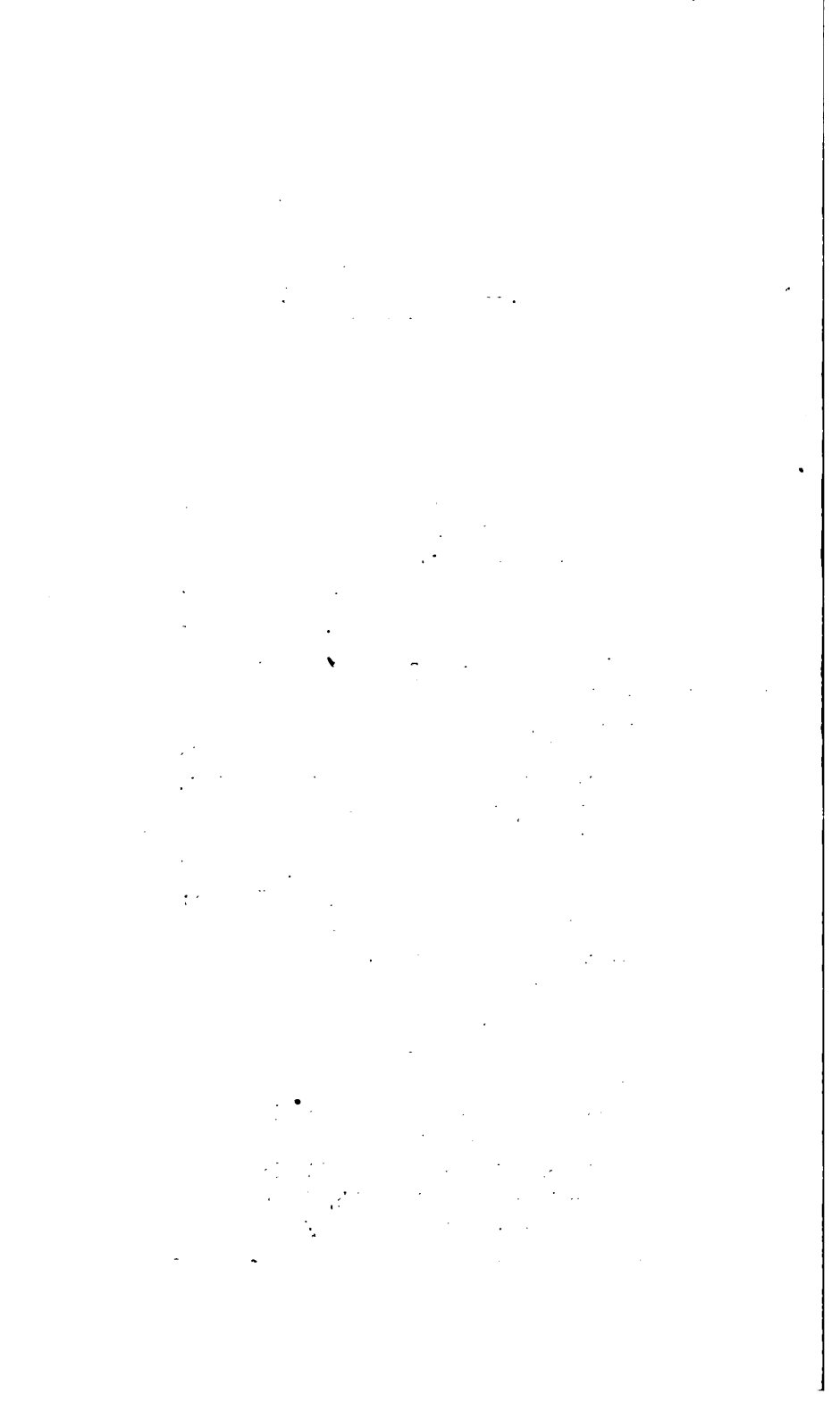
Page 540, line 15, for " father-in-law," read " uncle."

THE IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. VIII.—DECEMBER, 1852.

CONTENTS.

ARTICLE	PAGE
I.—UNTRANSLATED NOVELISTS.—ALPHONSE KARR.	
1. Clovis Gosselin. Par Alphonse Karr. Bruxelles: 1850.	
2. Une Folle Histoire. Par Alphonse Karr. Bruxelles: 1851. - - -	- 677
II.—THE STREETS OF DUBLIN. No. IV.	- 701
III.—LADY BLESSINGTON. - - -	- 773
IV.—MR. WORSAAE ON THE DANES AND NORWEGIANS IN IRELAND.	
An account of the Danes and Norwegians in England, Scotland, and Ireland. By J. J. A. Worsaae, For F. S. A., London, a royal com- missioner for the preservation of the national monuments of Denmark; Author of Primæval Antiquities of Denmark, &c. &c. London: John Murray, 1852. - - -	- 817
V.—HEAD'S FORTNIGHT IN IRELAND:	
A Fortnight in Ireland. By Sir Francis B. Head, Bart. 1 vol. 8vo. London: John Murray, 1852. - - -	- 829
VI.—THACKERAY'S "ESMOND."	
The History of Henry Esmond, Esq. a Colonel in the service of Her Majesty, Queen Anne. Written by himself. In 3 Vols. London: Printed for Smith, Elder, & Com- pany, over against St. Peter's Church, in Cornhill, 1852. - - -	- 849



THE
IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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No. V.—MARCH, 1852.  
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ART. I.—THE STREETS OF DUBLIN.

A Short Guide through Dublin, containing Practical Directions for the easy Perambulation of the City, and for the Inspection of its Public Buildings, Institutions, and Establishments; abridged from the Original Work. By Richard Starratt, Esq., A.M., T.C.D. Dublin: Browne and Nolan, 1851.

VARIOUS important works, published in the present century, have familiarized the world with the annals of Paris, London, and Edinburgh. Although the literary antiquaries of those cities have been actively employed in placing their local history, in an attractive form, before the public, no attempt has hitherto been made amongst us to emulate the labors of the authors of "*Les Rues de Paris*," or the "*Handbook of London*," by producing a work of similar character on the Irish metropolis. To render such a production of value and importance, a considerable amount of investigation should be combined with an accurate knowledge of the general history of the country, and an acquaintance with subjects relative to which information is most difficult to be acquired at the present day. Such are details of the various important events of which the metropolis of a nation necessarily becomes the scene, illustrations of the state of society at divers epochs, accounts of localities once the favored resort of the people of past generations, but now converted to far different uses; notices of places in the city distinguished by their connexion with eminent natives; together with many other matters of

more than local interest, which, although generally unrecorded by contemporary authors and subsequent compilers, still serve more forcibly to illustrate the literary and social progress of a country than the elaborate treatises of philosophic historians. The acknowledged difficulty of obtaining accurate information on such points has evidently obstructed the production of any important contribution to the history of the streets of Dublin. Hence, those writers who have even incidentally touched on this subject, instead of relying on the result of patient research among our manuscript and printed documents, especially the ephemeral and rare publications of the ancient local press, have in general based their statements on the credit of tradition, which, although a valuable adjunct to more stable testimony, is too frequently delusive to command the implicit confidence of the accurate investigator. In the present and subsequent papers we trust to demonstrate how far documentary evidence may be brought together from various authentic though obscure sources, to illustrate a department of our local history which has been hitherto suffered to remain a total blank. It is not, however, our intention to confine ourselves to an arid and meagre catalogue of names and dates. As far as practicable, we propose to enter on the details of many literary and historic points, connected with the various localities of the city, which have been either totally omitted or superficially treated of by former writers.

To illustrate our remarks on this subject, we have selected a portion of the metropolis, which, from its present appearance, would at first appear likely to afford but a small proportion of interesting recollections.

Stretching in a semicircular line from the hill, on a portion of which the Castle of Dublin is erected, stands Fishamble-street, so called from having been the locality where fish was anciently exposed for sale to the citizens. So early as the year 1356, we find the Government prohibiting, under penalty of imprisonment, the sale of fish anywhere in the city except in the shambles, and at a proper hour of the day. The forestalling of fish was carried to such an extent at this period that the citizens were obliged to pay exorbitantly for it on fast days. To remedy the evil, the King appointed four commissioners to supervise the various harbours from Holmpatrick to Dublin, and to take special care that all fish was forwarded for sale direct to the fish shambles; they

were, moreover, empowered to enter the houses of suspected forestallers, and to imprison such as were thereof found guilty, in the Castle of Dublin. In the reign of Richard the Second the street was styled "*vicus piscatorius*." A portion of it appears, however, to have borne the name of "*Both-street*," as, in 1421, we find mention of "*le Fyshamels*," near the Church of St. John, Bothstret. Early in the seventeenth century it was called "*Fish-street*," and at that period the buildings on the west side did not extend, towards Skinner-row, beyond the Church of St. John. At the north end of Fishamble-street, in the city wall, on the Wood-quay, stood Fyan's Castle, so called from that family which in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries held high offices in the city. In the seventeenth century this castle was known as Proutefort's Castle, and was used as a state prison so late as the reign of Charles II.

The lower portion of the present line of street, extending to the Wood-quay, was anciently called St. Tullock's-lane, from the Church of St. Olave, corruptly styled St. Tullock, which stood close to it at the end of Fishamble-street. A writer in the year 1587 mentions St. Tullock's as then converted to profane uses, and adds, that—

"In this church, in old time, the familie of the Fitz Simons was for the most part buried. The paroch was meared from the Crane castell to the fish shambles, called the Cockhill, with Preston his innes, and the lanes thereto adjoining, which scope is now united to Saint John, his paroch."

A fanatical Dublin author of the seventeenth century, who endeavoured to prove that Oliver Cromwell was a "succourer of Romish clergymen," furnishes us with the following anecdote :—

"In August, 1649, Oliver Cromwell came with his army into Ireland, and brought over with him one Netterville, a Romish priest, supposed to be a Jesuit, who at his first coming to Dublin obtained a billet to quarter on Matthew Nulty, merchant tailor, then living in Fishamble-street, near the Conduit whereon the Pillory* then stood, signed by Oliver's own hand.

* The pillory of the city anciently stood between Werburgh-street and Fishamble-street. Sir James Ware, auditor-general and father of the learned writer of the same name, died suddenly as he was walking through Fishamble-street, in the year 1632. The Irish House of Commons, in 1634, "ordered one William Gowran, who had affronted a member of their House, to be carried immediately to the sheriffs of Dublin, who were required to cause him to be presently whipped in Fishamble-

Nulty wanting convenience in his then dwelling-house, furnished a room in an empty house of his next adjoining for Mr. Netterville; where he had not lodged many days, but Nathaniel Foulks (captain of the city militia, who lived at the Horse-shoe in Castle-street) came to Nulty, and challenged him for entertaining a priest who daily said Mass in his house. Nulty (being surprised at this news) declared it was more than he knew; and therefore he speedily acquainted Netterville with what the captain said; whereto he replied, 'I am so, and my Lord General knows it; and tell all the town of it, and that I am here, and will say Mass every day.' This Netterville was Oliver Cromwell's great companion, and dined frequently with him. He was of the family of Lord Netterville of Ireland, a great scholar, and delighted much in music."

Here, as early as the reign of Charles I., was the "London Tavern."* In 1667 we find it described in an official docu-

street, being the place where the offence was committed." The "facetious Tom Echlin," a noted Dublin wit of the early part of the last century, was the son of a basket-maker of Fishamble-street.

The late James Clarence Mangan, whose poetical talents and unfortunate career are well known, was born in this street in the year 1803.

* The "London Tavern" appears to have been destroyed by a fire which broke out in 1729, in the "London Entry" between Castle-street and Fishamble-street, the greater part of the houses in these two streets, as well as in Copper-alley, close to the back of the "London Entry," being then built of timber or "cage-work."

The iron gate of the passage through which the judges entered the old Four Courts of Dublin, stood about ten yards from the present west corner of Fishamble-street, in Skinner's-row, now called Christ Church-place. The widening of the upper part of the west side of Fishamble-street and the adjacent alterations, totally obliterated this passage, which was known as "Hell." The following description of it appeared in a Dublin periodical twenty years ago:—

"I remember, instead of turning to the right down Parliament-street, going, in my youth, straightforward under the Exchange and up Cork-hill, to the old Four Courts, adjoining Christ Church cathedral. I remember what an immense crowd of cars, carriages, noddies, and sedan chairs beset our way as we struggled on between Latouche's and Gleadowe's Banks in Castle-street—what a labour it was to urge on our way through Skinner-row—I remember looking up to the old cage-work wooden house that stood at the corner of Castle-street and Werburgh-street, and wondering why, as it overhung so much, it did not fall down—and then turning down Fishamble-street, and approaching the Four Courts, that then existed, through what properly was denominated Christ Church Yard, but which popularly was called *Hell*. This was certainly a very profane and unseemly soubriquet, to give to a place that adjoined a Cathedral whose name was Christ Church; and my young mind, when I first entered there, was struck with its unseemliness. Yes; and more especially, when over the arched entrance there was pointed out to me the very image of the devil, carved in oak, and not unlike one of those hideous black figures that are still in Thomas-street, hung over Tobacconists' doors. This locale of *Hell*, and this representation of his satanic majesty, were famous in those days even beyond the walls of

ment, as "a timber house slated, a base court, a back building more backward, and a small garden in Fishamble-street." In this tavern, Joseph Damer, the noted usurer, kept his office till his death in 1720. In a contemporary elegy we are told :—

" He walk'd the streets, and wore a threadbare cloak ;
 He dined and supp'd at charge of other folk :
 And by his looks, had he held out his palms,
 He might be thought an object fit for alms.
 So, to the poor if he refused his pelf,
 He used them full as kindly as himself.
 Where'er he went, he never saw his betters ;
 Lords, knights, and squires, were all his humble debtors ;
 And under hand and seal, the Irish nation
 Were forced to owe to him their obligation.
 Oh ! London Tavern thou hast lost a friend,
 Though in thy walls he ne'er did farthing spend ;
 He touch'd the pence when others touch'd the pot ;
 The hand that sign'd the mortgage paid the shot."

This man's history is curious, and although his wealth has been long proverbial in Ireland, little is known of the remark-

Dublin. I remember well, on returning to my native town after my first visit to Dublin, being asked by all my playfellows, had I been in *Hell*, and had I seen the devil. Its fame even reached Scotland, and Burns the Poet, in his story of 'Death and Doctor Hornbook,' alludes to it when he says—

' But this that I am gaun to tell,
 Which lately on a night befell
 Is just as true as the dell's in hell,
 Or Dublin city.'

As *Hell* has not now any local habitation in our city, neither has the devil—but I can assure you, reader, that there are relics preserved of this very statue to this day ; some of it was made into much esteemed snuff-boxes—and I am told there is one antiquarian in our city, who possesses the head and horns, and who prizes the relic as the most valuable in his museum. At any rate, *Hell* to me, in those days, was a most attractive place, and often did I go hither, for the yard was full of shops where toys, and fireworks, and kites, and all the playthings that engage the youthful fancy, were exposed for sale. But *Hell* was not only attractive to little boys, but also to bearded men: for here were comfortable lodgings for single men, and I remember reading in a journal of the day, an advertisement, intimating that there were 'To be let, furnished apartments in *Hell*. N.B. They are well suited to a lawyer.' Here were also sundry taverns and snuggeries, where the counsellor would cosher with the attorney—where the prebendary and the canon of the cathedral could meet and make merry—here the old stagers, the seniors of the Currans, the Yelvertons, and the Bully Egans, would enjoy the concomitants of good fellowship—there Prime Sergeant Malone, dark Phil Tisdall, and prior still to them, the noted Sir Toby Butler, cracked their jokes and their marrow bones, toasted away claret and tossed repartee, until they died, as other men die and are forgotten."

able individual who accumulated "Damer's estate." Born in 1630, he early entered the service of the Parliament, and was advanced to the command of a troop of horse by the Protector, who selected him on two occasions to transact secret negotiations with Cardinal Mazarin. On Cromwell's death, Damer retired to his friend Lockhart, then the English ambassador at the court of France, and was present at the marriage of Louis XIV. Not thinking it safe to reside in England after the Restoration, owing to his former connection with Cromwell, he sold some of his lands in the counties of Somerset and Dorset, and taking advantage of the cheapness of land in Ireland, he purchased large estates in this country. "His whole conduct," says a writer of the last century, "shows his great abilities and resolution, and so extremely happy was he in constitution, that he never felt any sickness till three days before his death, 6th July, 1720, at the great age of ninety-one years."

Dying unmarried, he bequeathed his property in Ireland to John, the eldest son of his brother George. It has since passed into the Portarlington family, and would probably never have appeared in the Court for the Sale of Incumbered Estates, if Damer's heirs had observed the injunctions of their wise relative, who particularly desired that they should always reside on the lands which he left them in Ireland.

The Church of St. John is noticed in the Records so far back as 1186; it was originally dedicated to St. John the Baptist, but was subsequently transferred to the Evangelist of the same name. Having fallen to decay, it was rebuilt, in the sixteenth century, by Arnold Ussher. In the seventeenth century this church was the burial place of the Anglesey family. The body of John Atherton, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, was buried, "according to his desire, in the remotest or obscurest part of the yard belonging to St. John's Church," after his execution on the fifth of December, 1640.

In the early part of the last century, certain of the Guilds of the city used to assemble here on the festivals of their patrons, whence, having heard a sermon preached for the occasion, they marched in procession to dine at some public tavern.

Parliamentary grants were made, in the years 1767-1771, for the re-edification of this church, in the course of which all traces of antiquity were obliterated.

Close to the church,* in a recess named "Deanery Court," stands the house of the Deans of Christ Church. This stately mansion, a fine specimen of the Dublin buildings of the early part of the eighteenth century, has long since been abandoned

* A school of great reputation was kept in this street by John Gast, D.D., who became curate of St. John's in 1744. While officiating here, he published his Grecian history, a work highly approved of and recommended by the University of Dublin. In 1761, he was removed from St. John's to the parish of Arklow, to which was added the Archdeaconry of Glendalough and the parish of Newcastle. He exchanged Arklow for the parish of St. Nicholas Without in 1775, and died in the year 1788. Gast was of French extraction: his father, Daniel Gast, was a Huguenot physician of Saintonge, in Guienne, which he left in 1684, owing to the persecution, and settled in Dublin with his wife, Elizabeth Grenouilleau, who was a near relative of the great Montesquieu, author of "*L'Esprit des Loix*." Near St. John's church, was the school of Ninian Wallia, M.A., author of a work, published in 1707, entitled "*Britannia Concors*, a discourse in Latin, both prose and verse, concerning the advantages of the British union, for the security of the Protestant interest in Ireland."

Saul's Court, in Fishamble-street, takes its name from Lawrence Saul, a wealthy Roman Catholic distiller, who resided there at the sign of the "Golden Key," in the early part of the last century. The family of Saul or Sall was located near Cashel early in the seventeenth century. James Sall, a learned jesuit, during the wars of 1642, protected and hospitably entertained Dr. Samuel Pulein, subsequently Archbishop of Tuam, who, during the Protectorate, discovered Dr. Sall preaching in England, under the disguise of a Puritan shoe-maker. Andrew Sall, a Jesuit "of the fourth vow," was professor in the Irish College of Salamanca, and afterwards at Pampeluna, Placentia, and Tudela. He was appointed Superior of his Order in 1673, and in 1674 publicly embraced the Protestant religion in Dublin. Sall, who is said to have been the first Irish Jesuit who renounced the Roman Catholic faith, obtained considerable preferment in the Established Church, and died in 1682, leaving behind him many controversial works. He was the intimate friend of Nicholas French, the celebrated titular Bishop of Ferns, who lamented his defalcation in a work entitled "*The Doleful Fall of Andrew Sall*," 1674. "I loved the man dearly," says French, "for his amiable nature and excellent parts, and esteemed him both a pious person and learned, and so did all that knew him."

In the penal times, when persecution kept up a kindly feeling of mutual dependence among the Irish Roman Catholic families, a young lady, named Toole, retired, about the year 1759, to Lawrence Saul's house, to avoid being compelled by her friends to conform to the Established Church. Saul was prosecuted; the Lord Chancellor declared to him from the bench, that the law did not presume, that an Irish Papist existed in the kingdom. Charles O'Connor, of Balenagare, on this occasion wrote to Saul, and recommended him and others to call a meeting of the Roman Catholic Committee, for the purpose of making a tender of their service and allegiance to government. Saul, who was then far advanced in life, thought such a proceeding useless, and addressed a pathetic letter to O'Connor, explaining his reasons for not following his friends advice. "Since there is not," said he, "the least prospect of

as a residence by the dignitaries for whom it was erected. It is, however, a singular fact, that in this house, in 1742, died Thomas Morecraft, who has been immortalized in the "Spectator" under the name of "Will Wimble." In 1770 the Exchequer Office was removed from Castle-street to this building, which, after passing through various changes, was in 1842 converted into a parochial school by the Rev. E. S. Abbott.

such a relaxation of the penal laws, as would induce one Roman Catholic to tarry in this house of bondage, who can purchase a settlement in some other land, where freedom and security of property can be obtained, will you condemn me for saying, that if I cannot be one of the first, I will not be one of the last, to take flight from a country, where I have not the least expectation of encouragement, to enable me to carry on my manufactures, to any considerable extent? 'Heu fuge crudeles terras, fuge littus avarum!'—But how I will be able to bear, at this time of life, when nature is far advanced in its decline, and my constitution, by constant exercise of mind, very much impaired, the fatal necessity of quitting for ever, friends, relatives, an ancient patrimony, my natale solum, to retire perhaps to some dreary inauspicious clime, there to play the school-boy again, to learn the language, laws, and institutions of the country; to make new friends and acquaintances; in short, to begin the world anew. How this separation, I say, from every thing dear in this sublunary world, would afflict me, I cannot say, but with an agitated and throbbing heart. But when religion dictates, and prudence points out the only way, to preserve posterity from temptation and perdition, I feel this consideration predominating over all others. I am resolved, as soon as possible, to sell out, and to expatriate; and I must content myself with the melancholy satisfaction, of treasuring up in my memory, the kindnesses and affection of my friends."

Saul soon after quitted his native land and retired to France, where he died in 1768. This is but one of the innumerable cases of individual suffering during the penal times when, exasperated by the short-sighted policy of bigoted religionists, many of the bravest and wealthiest of Ireland's sons

"resign'd
The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find
That repose, which at home, they had sigh'd for in vain."

Early in the present century, a suite of rooms in Saul's-court was occupied by the "Gaelic Society." This body was founded in December 1806, for the preservation and publication of ancient Irish historical and literary documents, which it was proposed to effect by the subscriptions of members. The principal persons connected with the movement were Theophilus O'Flanagan, of Trinity College, Dublin, an excellent classical scholar; Denis Taaffe, author of the *History of Ireland*, written as a continuation to Keating, and published in four volumes; Edward O'Reilly, compiler of the most complete Irish Dictionary yet published; William Halliday, author of a "*Grammar of the Gaelic language*," published in 1808, and translator of the first portion of Keating's *History of Ireland*; Rev. Paul O'Brien, author of an *Irish Grammar*; and Patrick Lynch, author of a *Life of St. Patrick*, and of a short *Grammar of the Irish language*.

The Gaelic Society was only able to affect the publication of a single

The large house on the immediate right of the entrance into "Deanery Court" was, towards the middle of the last century, the residence of an apothecary named Johnson, whose two sons, Robert and William, were successively elevated to the Irish Bench. To keep pace with their advancement, the old man, in his sixtieth year, took out a degree and practised as a physician. Robert Johnson, called to the Irish Bar in 1779, early became a Parliamentary supporter of government, whence he obtained several lucrative sinecures, in allusion to which, during the debates in the Irish House of Commons, 'Curran was wont to style him "the learned barrack-master." The support which he gave the ministers in carrying the measure of the Legislative Union, procured him the rank of Justice of the Common Pleas in the year 1800, which he held till 1805, when he became "the subject of prosecution for a seditious libel, under the strange circumstance of his holding, at the time, a seat upon the Bench, and of there being," says Lord Cloncurry, "absolutely no evidence of his authorship beyond a sort of general conviction that he was a likely person to do an act of the kind. The article alleged to be libellous was an attack upon Lord Hardwicke, in his capacity of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. It was published in 'Cobbett's Register' under the signature of Juverna, and was, in fact, composed by the Judge. Never-

volume, which was edited by their Secretary, O'Flanagan, and contained, among other interesting documents, the ancient historic tale of the "Death of the Children of Usnagh," which furnished Moore with the subject of his ballad—

"Avenging and bright fall the swift sword of Erin."

Another portion of the same book supplied the theme of the no less exquisite poem:—

"Silent, oh Moyle, be the roar of thy water."

"Whatever may be thought of those sanguine claims to antiquity which Mr. O'Flanagan and others advance for the literature of Ireland, it would be a lasting reproach," says Moore, "upon our nationality, if the Gaelic researches of this gentleman did not meet with the liberal encouragement they so well merit."

Justice, however, obliges us to add, that O'Flanagan was comparatively ignorant of the more obscure Celtic dialects; necessitous circumstances unhappily induced him to accommodate his interpretation of certain ancient Irish documents to suit the purposes of Vallancey and other theorists of his day. Although the Gaelic Society published but a single volume, it called forth the talents of scholars who achieved much when we consider the spirit of their time; they therefore demand our respect for having exerted themselves for the preservation of Irish literature at a period when it was generally neglected.

theless, the manuscript, although sworn by a crown-witness to be in Mr. Johnson's handwriting, was actually written by his daughter. This circumstance he might have proved; but as he could not do so without compromising his amanuensis, the jury were obliged to return a verdict of guilty. Between the termination of the trial, however, and the time for pronouncing judgment, there was a change of ministry, as a result of which a *nolle prosequi* was entered, in the year 1806, and Mr. Johnson was allowed to retire from the Bench with a pension. The manuscript of the obnoxious article was given up by Mr. Cobbett, in order that he might escape the consequences of a verdict of guilty found against himself for the publication." Curran's last speech at the Bar was made on this occasion in defence of his former parliamentary opponent, and in it he introduced the brilliant episode, addressed to Lord Avonmore, recalling the recollection of the meetings of the "Monks of the Screw," of which celebrated fraternity Johnson had been *Sacristan*.

In 1828 appeared a remarkable pamphlet, published at Paris, dedicated "to all the blockheads, civil, military, and ecclesiastical, in the service of His Britannic Majesty," and entitled, "A Commentary upon the Memoirs of Theobald Wolfe Tone, in which the moral and physical force of Ireland to support national independence, is discussed and examined, from authentic documents, by Colonel Philip Roche Fermoy." This was immediately recognized as the production of Johnson, and in it the author supported and applauded the very doctrines which thirty years before he had violently assailed in the Irish House of Commons. The work created a great sensation at the eventful period of its appearance, as it supplied the deficiency of Tone's book, and completely refuted the arguments adduced, at the time of the Union, to show Ireland's incompetence for separate independence. We are told that "those who hitherto had been the constant asserters of the overwhelming power of England and the comparative feebleness of Ireland, were startled at the novelty and daring of its views, and the force of its arguments and conclusions." The promised second part never appeared, and Johnson died in 1833, aged 85 years. During the latter part of his life he had resided at his seat, called the "Derries," in the Queen's County.

Barrington describes him as "a well-read, entertaining man,

extremely acute, an excellent writer, and a trustworthy, agreeable companion ; but there was something tart in his look and address, and he was neither good-natured in his manner nor gentlemanly in his appearance, which circumstances altogether, combined with his public habits to render him extremely unpopular." Lord Cloncurry tells us, that "the ex-judge had a most unprofessional turn for military affairs, in connexion with which he held some theories that would probably startle modern professors of the art of war. Among them was a notion, which he lost no opportunity of putting forward, that pikes and arrows were much better weapons than muskets and bayonets ; and he prided himself greatly upon the invention of a pike provided with a hollow staff capable of containing arrows, and having a leg to support the weapon, and side-braces to unite it with others, so as to form a *chevaux-de-frise*."

"Indeed the camp," says a late writer, "rather than the courts, seems to have been the sphere in which his inclinations would have induced him to distinguish himself ; and even in his mode of dress his military taste was remarkable, as he constantly wore a blue frock coat, buttoned up to the chin, a close black stock, and a foraging cap, while a firm and rapid tread, resembling a quick step, gave to his figure more the air of a general officer than an ex-judge."

"In person, Mr. Johnson was slight, and rather below the middle stature—his countenance expressive of habitual thought, and rather severe in its expression, except when lighted up by the good humour which usually animated it, when he found himself in the society of those whom he liked to meet, then, too, his conversation abounded with anecdote and profound observations, characterised by the epigrammatic style in which they were delivered. The times through which he had lived abounded with interest, and these he was wont to recal with such identity of description, that the illustrious individuals connected with them seemed to live again in the vividness of his sketches."

"From the spirit and tendency of his latter acts, and the evident sincerity which dictated them, we can," adds the same writer, "arrive at no other conclusion than that the old man, impressed with the consciousness of the positive evil which he contributed to do to his countrymen during the period of his public life, devoted the little strength he could command, in the solitude of his latter days, to instruct them

how to extricate themselves from its continuance : a mode of restitution, however, inadequate to the injury, yet demonstrating, at least, the contrition from which it sprung."

In Fishamble-street, in the seventeenth century, stood the "Fleece Tavern," the locality of which is still indicated by "Fleece-alley," on the west side of the street, which, in the last century, was chiefly inhabited by velvet weavers, many of whom were renowned for the beauty and richness of their fabrics.

On the same side of the street is situated "Molesworth's-court," which takes its name from the family of De Moldesworth, or Molesworth. Robert Molesworth served, in the station of captain, under his brother Guy, throughout the Irish wars of 1642 :—

"After this Kingdom of Ireland was delivered up by the Marquis of Ormond to the Parliament of England, he became an adventurer for carrying on the war, in order to reduce it to their obedience, by making three several subscriptions, two of £600 each, and one of £300, for which he had allotted 2,500 acres of land, Irish measure, in the baronies of Moghergallin and Lune, in the county of Meath. He afterwards became a very eminent merchant in the city of Dublin, and in high confidence with the Government, then presiding in Ireland; by whom, 25 May 1653, he was appointed, with others, to take subscriptions within the city and division of Dublin, for the relief of the poor thereof; and 7 December that year, the Surveyors of the Revenue and Stores were ordered to contract with him for so much cloth, as should be sufficient for a thousand tents, with the other materials necessary for making up the same, after the usual proportions. Also, the inconveniences attending the public, and the many sufferings and losses of the merchants, by the want of stationed ships to serve all public occasions on the coast, being very great, the commissioners sought to redress them; and to that end, in 1654, agreed with Mr. Molesworth for the victualling, from time to time, such ships at Dublin, as should be designed for that service, with provisions of all sorts, both for quality and price, as the victuallers did the Protector's ships in England; the Commissioners having often experienced the greatest want of ships of force here to arise from their frequent retiring to Chester, Liverpool, or elsewhere, to victual, where they generally lay for a long time, pretending the want of wind to come from thence: to prevent which they took that course for their present victual on any emergent occasions, and he contracted with them to supply 200 men aboard the *Wren* Pink, the *Greyhound*, and other frigates, appointed for guard of the Irish coast."

Here, in 1656, was born his son, Robert Molesworth, Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Denmark in 1692, one

of the earliest advocates of civil and religious liberty, and the friend and associate of Locke, Shaftesbury, and Molyneux. He was author of the celebrated "Account of Denmark," first published in 1694, in which year it went through three editions, and has since been translated into most of the European languages. "Lord Molesworth's Account of the Revolution in Denmark," says Horace Walpole, "totally overturned the constitution of that country, and is one of our standard books."

John Harding, publisher of the "Dublin News Letter," dwelt in Molesworth-court, early in the last century. From his press, in the year 1724, issued the famous "Drapier's Letters," "strong in argument, and brilliant in humour, but unequalled in the address with which these arguments were selected, and that humour applied."

Swift's design in publishing the letters, which appeared under the signature of "M. B. Drapier," was to avert the ruin with which Ireland was threatened by the English ministers, who, for the sake of enriching a courtesan, and with the design of insidiously undermining the liberty of this kingdom, endeavoured to oblige the people of Ireland to receive, as current copper coin, the base* money manufactured by William Wood, a Staffordshire hardware-man.

In the year 1722, the Duchess of Kendal, one of the mistresses of George I., obtained, through Lord Sunderland, who had been deeply concerned in the infamous South Sea bubble, an exclusive patent, under the Great Seal of England, for coining halfpence and farthings, for Irish circulation, to the amount of £100,800. This patent, surreptitiously obtained, she sold to William Wood, brother-in-law to a Dublin ironmonger. Wood, relying on the influence of his patroness, coined the halfpence of such base metal that,

* Among the many political verses circulated on this occasion, is the "Irish Cry, a new song on Wood's halfpence," printed by Harding:—

"The halfpence are coming, the nation's undoing,
There's an end of your ploughing, and baking, and brewing;
In short, you must all go to wreck and to ruin,
Which nobody can deny.

Both high men and low men, and thick men and tall men,
And rich men and poor men, and free men and thrall men,
Will suffer; and this man, and that man, and all men.

Now God bless the Drapier, who open'd our eyes!
I'm sure, by his book, that the writer is wise:
He shows us the cheat, from the end to the rise."

"in truth," wrote Archbishop King, "if they should pass on us they would sink the kingdom." He had, however, taken the precaution to send a few specimen coins of good metal for assay at the London mint, over which Sir Isaac Newton then presided.

"Progressive steps," says a learned writer, "had been making, for the space of near eighty years, to reduce this ancient kingdom into the condition of a conquered province, bound by the acts of the British parliament, wherein it is doubtful whether she had a friend, but certain that she had no representative : during this period of time, she 'was subjected to a commercial slavery, which left neither her credit, her commodities, nor her havens at her own disposal ; and how long the civil and domestic freedom of her people might be spared, was a question which seemed to depend on the moderation of those who usurped the right of being her legislators.' Ireland had still, however, been permitted to retain the outward insignia of national legislation, and sovereign power ; but, on this occasion it was attempted to wrest from her even these small remnants of sovereignty ; the right of coinage, that peculiar attribute of regal power, was granted in farm to an ordinary contractor, without consent, nay even in despite of the Irish Parliament and Privy Council ; such disregard of common forms, added to the disrespectful and uncereemonious manner in which it was exercised by the patentee, argued such a contempt of decency, as fully justified the people of Ireland in apprehending consequences still more fatal and more arbitrary. To the speculative apprehension of future dangers, there was superadded, upon this occasion, the actual experience of past calamities ; during the several intestine wars with which that unhappy kingdom had been, for upwards of a century, distracted, there were no evils of which she felt so sensibly the smart, as those which arose from corruption in the current coin ; for those measures, which mistaken policy or imperious necessity had suggested, excuses were to be found in the ignorance of the projectors, or the calamities of the times ; but now that war was ended, and that she began to cultivate the blessings of peace, she felt it hard that the stream of commerce should be defiled by this corruption in the medium of exchange : she thought it high time too, that the office of dictator, assumed during the late period of anarchy, by the British nation, should be laid

aside, and was preparing to assert her claim to her place among nations, and to determine, according to her natural rights, such matters as exclusively concerned her own interests, of which she held herself to be the most competent judge, and was therefore justly offended when she discovered, that the right of deciding upon so important a case had been superseded, and one which she had frequently, during the years immediately preceding, exercised, to prevent the attempts of private self-interested individuals."

The influence, however, of the English government was so strenuously exerted, and the general ignorance relative to the ruinous nature of the patent so great, that the Irish people were on the point of receiving the spurious coin when, from the press of John Harding, of Molesworth's Court, issued

"A Letter to the Tradesmen, Shopkeepers, Farmers, and Country People in general, of the Kingdom of Ireland, concerning the brass Halfpence coined by one William Wood, hard-wareman, with a Design to have them pass in this Kingdom. Wherein is shown the Power of his Patent, the Value of his Halfpence, and how far every Person may be obliged to take the same in Payments, and how to behave himself in Case such an Attempt should be made by Wood or any other Person. (Very proper to be kept in every Family.) By M. B. Drapier. 1724."

This was followed by a second letter, dated 4th August, 1724, in the conclusion of which the Drapier says, "I must tell you in particular, Mr. Harding, that you are much to blame. Several hundred persons have inquired at your house for my 'Letter to the Shopkeepers,' &c., and you had none to sell them. Pray keep yourself provided with that letter, and with this; you have got very well by the former: but I did not then write for your sake, any more than I do now. Pray advertise both in every newspaper; and let it not be your fault or mine if our countrymen will not take warning. I desire you likewise to sell them as cheap as you can." Never were any pamphlets better calculated to achieve their purpose. The assumed character of a Dublin shopkeeper is admirably sustained throughout; and, without descending to vulgarity, the writer's meaning is couched in such plain terms, that the dullest peasant could not fail to understand it thoroughly. The Irish people now saw that they stood on the brink of a dangerous precipice. "At the sound of the Drapier's trumpet," says Lord Orrery, "a spirit arose among the people, that, in

the eastern phrase, was like unto a tempest in the day of the whirlwind. Every person of every rank, party, and denomination, was convinced, that the admission of Wood's copper must prove fatal to the commonwealth. The papist, the fanatic, the tory, the whig, all listed themselves volunteers under the banners of M. B. Drapier, and were all equally zealous to serve the common cause."*

The Drapier's third letter, in answer to the report of the Committee of the English Privy Council, effected a change in the British cabinet, and the accomplished Earl of Carteret was dispatched as Governor of Ireland, in the hope that his influence would induce the acceptance of the base coin. In this letter the Drapier tells his readers :—

"I am very sensible that such a work as I have undertaken might have worthily employed a much better pen: but when a house is attempted to be robbed, it often happens the weakest in the family runs first to stop the door. All the assistance I had were some informations from an eminent person; whereof I am afraid I have spoiled a few by endeavouring to make them of a piece with my own productions, and the rest I was not able to manage. I was in the case of David, who could not move in the armour of Saul, and therefore I rather chose to attack this uncircumcised Philistine (Wood I mean) with a sling and a stone. And, I may say, for Wood's honour as well as my own, that he resembles Goliath in many circumstances, very applicable to the present purpose; for Goliath 'had a helmet of brass upon his head, and he was armed with a coat of mail; and the weight of the coat was five thousand shekels of brass; and he had greaves of brass upon his legs, and a target of brass between his shoulders.' In short, he was like Mr. Wood, all over brass; and he defied the armies of the living God. Goliath's condition of combat were likewise the same with those of Wood: if he prevail against us, then shall we be his servants; but if it happens that I prevail over him, I renounce the other part of the condition, he shall never be a servant of mine: for I do not think him fit to be trusted in any honest man's shop."

On the 23rd of October, 1724, the day after Lord Carteret had been sworn into office, the Drapier's fourth

* This is alluded to in the poem entitled "Prometheus":—

"A strange event! whom gold incites
To blood and quarrels, brass unites;
So goldsmiths say, the coarsest stuff
Will serve for solder well enough:
So by the kettle's loud alarm
The bees are gather'd to a swarm:
So by the brazen trumpet's bluster
Troops of all tongues and nations muster;
And so the harp of Ireland brings
Whole crowds about its brazen strings."

letter, issued from Molesworth's-court. The time had now arrived for asserting the great question of the independence of Ireland. "It was now obvious," says Sir Walter Scott, "that the true point of difference between the two countries might safely be brought before the public." Swift, therefore, hazarded this appeal "to the whole People of Ireland," "in order," as he tells them, "to refresh and continue that spirit so seasonably raised among you; and to let you see, that by the laws of God, of nature, of nations, and of your country, you are, and ought to be, as free a people as your brethren in England." "This gives me an opportunity," continues the Dean, "of explaining, to those who are ignorant, another point, which has often swelled in my breast. Those who come over hither to us from England, and some weak people among ourselves, whenever in discourse we make mention of liberty and property, shake their heads, and tells us, that 'Ireland is a depending kingdom;' as if they would seem, by this phrase to intend that the people of Ireland are in some state of slavery or dependence different from those of England; whereas, a depending kingdom is a modern term of art, unknown, as I have heard to all ancient civilians and writers upon government; and Ireland is, on the contrary, called in some statutes 'an imperial crown,' as held only from God;* which is as high a style as any kingdom is capable of receiving. Therefore, by this expression, 'a depending kingdom,' there is no more to be understood, than that, by a statute made here in the thirty-third year of Henry VIII., the king, and his successors, are to be kings imperial of this realm, as united and knit to the imperial crown of England. I have looked over all the English and Irish statutes, without finding any law that makes Ireland depend upon England, any more than

* This passage seems to have suggested Goold's protest against the Union at the meeting of the Irish Bar in William-street, in 1799. "There are," said he, "40,000 British troops in Ireland, and with 40,000 bayonets at my breast, the minister shall not plant another Sicily in the bosom of the Atlantic. I want not the assistance of divine inspiration to foretell, for I am enabled by the visible and unerring demonstrations of nature to assert, that Ireland was destined to be a free and independent nation. Our patent to be a state, not a shire, comes direct from heaven. The Almighty has, in majestic characters, signed the great charter of our independence. The great Creator of the world has given our beloved country the gigantic outlines of a kingdom. The God of nature never intended that Ireland should be a province."

England does upon Ireland. We have indeed obliged ourselves to have the same king with them; and consequently they are obliged to have the same king with us. For the law was made by our own Parliament; and our ancestors then were not such fools (whatever they were in the preceding reign*) to bring themselves under I know not what dependence, which is now talked of, without any ground of law, reason, or common sense. Let whoever thinks otherwise, I, M. B. Drapier, desire to be excepted; for I declare, next under God, I depend only on the king, my sovereign, and on the laws of my own country."

A proclamation was immediately issued offering three hundred pounds for the discovery of the author of this "wicked and malicious pamphlet, containing several seditious and scandalous passages, highly reflecting upon his majesty and his ministers, and tending to alienate his good subjects of England and Ireland from each other." The Archbishop of Dublin, and three other honest members of the government, could not be prevailed on to join in this prosecution of the writer, who had saved the country from the brink of ruin; and, although the reward offered was five times greater than had ever, at any time, been given for discovery of the most atrocious felony, no person was found to impeach the Drapier.

Harding, the printer, was cast into prison, and a prosecution directed against him at the instance of the Crown; the bill was ignored by the Grand Jury, despite the illegal violence and intimidation used by the corrupt Judge Whitshed, who gratified his resentment by unconstitutionally dismissing the Jurors, for which he was loaded with the execrations of his fellow-citizens,† and attacked by the satires of Swift and his partizans in so fierce a manner that his death ensued shortly after. The next Grand Juries of the county and city of Dublin, presented all such persons as should attempt to impose Wood's coin upon the kingdom as enemies of His Majesty's government, and acknowledged, "with all just gratitude, the services of

* This alludes to the act called Poyning's law, passed at Drogheda in the reign of Henry VII. which, although originally intended solely to limit the powers of the parliament of the English Pale, was subsequently wrested into a pretext for asserting the dependence of Ireland upon England. Its repeal was effected by Grattan and the Volunteers.

† One of the most popular of the ballads sung in Dublin on this occasion was "an excellent new song upon the declarations of the several

such patriots, as had been eminently zealous, in detecting this fraudulent imposition, and preventing the passing of this base coin." The struggle was terminated in September, 1725, by government relinquishing all further attempts at enforcing Wood's patent. "The Irish nation, as soon as they were disengaged from this warm contest, 'turned their eyes with one consent on the man, by whose unbending fortitude and preeminent talents, this triumph was accomplished;' to the importance of the victory the tribute of praise was not unsuited, it was neither moderate nor transitory; 'acclamations and vows for his prosperity attended his footsteps wheresoever he passed; he became the idol of the people of

corporations of the city of Dublin against Wood's halfpence," and commencing,

"O Dublin is a fine town."

In it the following verses occur :—

"In full assembly all did meet
Of every corporation,
From every lane and every street,
To save the sinking nation.

The brewers met within their hall,
And spoke in lofty strains,
These halfpence shall not pass at all,
They want so many grains.

The tailors came upon this pinch,
And wish'd the dog in hell,
Should we give this same Wood an inch
We know he'd take an ell.

The shoemakers came on the next,
And said they would much rather,
Than be by Wood's copper vert,
Take money stamp on leather.

The chandlers next in order came,
And what they said was right,
They hoped the rogue that laid the scheme
Would soon be brought to light.

And that if Wood were now withstood,
To his eternal scandal,
That twenty of these halfpence should
Not buy a farthing candle.

The bakers in a ferment were,
And wisely shook their head;
Should these brass tokens once come here,
We'd all have lost our bread.

It set the very tinkers mad,
The baseness of the metal,
Because, they said, it was so bad
It would not mend a kettle.

God prosper long our tradesmen then,
And so he will I hope,
May they be still such honest men,
When Wood has got a rope."

Ireland to a degree of devotion, that in the most superstitious country scarce any idol ever obtained; a club was formed in honour of the liberator of Ireland, the drapier's head* became a favorite sign; his portrait was engraved, woven upon handkerchiefs, and struck upon medals, to perpetuate a fame which has long outlived such transient records: when he visited a town, the corporation or civil magistrates received him with honours which would have gratified a sovereign prince; even the representative of majesty found it difficult to govern, but through the influence of the Dean of St. Patrick's."

Archdeacon Coxe, Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Macaulay, Mrs. Mary Howitt, who claims descent from the "coiner of raps," and all other English writers who have treated of this question, have given their readers to understand that Swift's representations relative to the nefarious designs of Wood and his partizans were totally unfounded. On this, as on most other points of Irish history, the English authors are in error; and in reply to Mr. Macaulay's remarks on the "absurd outcry" raised by the intended victims of dishonest projectors, we may well say with the Drapier, that "those who have used power to cramp liberty, have gone so far as to resent even the liberty of complaining: although a man upon the rack was never known to be refused the liberty of roaring as loud as he thought fit." "We have been treated in this whole affair," writes the author of the treatise "De Origine Mali," "and in every step of it with the utmost contempt; endeavoured to be imposed on as fools and children, as if we had not common understanding or knew when we were abused." Sir Walter Scott's account of this matter is as full of misrepresentations as the

* The "Drapier's head" was as popular a sign in Dublin as Sir Isaac Newton's in London, or Prince Eugene's in Brussels. This is alluded to in the poem entitled "Drapier's Hill":—

—"when a nation, long enslaved,
Forgets by whom it once was saved;
When none the Drapier's praise shall sing,
His signs aloft no longer swing,
His medals and his prints forgotten,
And all his handkerchiefs are rotten,
His famous letters made waste paper,
This hill may keep the name of Drapier."

Many of these signs were in existence down to the time of the Volunteers; the name of "Drapier" was also given to many ships belonging to the port of Dublin.

other portions of his annotations to Swift's works which he so incompetently edited. "It cannot be supposed," says he, "that Swift really considered Wood's project, simply, and abstractedly, as of a ruinous or even dangerous tendency. There was, doubtless, a risk of abuse; but, setting that apart, the supply of copper money which it provided was advantageous and even necessary to Ireland." The latter statement is strangely at variance with the declaration of the Irish Commissioners of Revenue, who explicitly stated, in 1722, that "there did not appear the least want of such small species of coin for change." "I confess it is to me a matter of surprize," observes a learned writer, who has triumphantly vindicated the "Drapier" from his libellous assailants, "that the editor of Swift's works should not have been roused to make some investigation into the merits of a case which so deeply involved the credit of his author; it might, I think, have occurred to the most superficial observer, that the sense of a whole nation, unequivocally pronounced, and confirmed by the declarations of its legislative and executive authorities, as it was not a capricious vote, passed suddenly, or carried by acclamation, but a principle adopted from full conviction of its truth, and steadily persevered in, through several succeeding years. It was not a party measure, entered into by a few factious demagogues, for the purpose of vexatiously harassing the government, but a unanimous resolution of the kingdom, supported by many members of the administration, maintained by the warmest friends to the reigning family, and countenanced by zealous favourers of the ministers themselves. If the circumstantial statements contained in the Drapier's Letters be untrue, if Swift could coolly assert deliberate falsehoods, or be influenced by such motives as are attributed to him by his biographer, instead of the character of a zealous and true patriot, he would better merit that of a factious and corrupt partizan. In his life, and in the introduction which has been prefixed to this (Scott's) edition of those admirable letters, are passages which have a tendency to mislead rather than instruct the reader."

In the Drapier's last letter, to the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Molesworth, dated "from my shop in St. Francis-street, December 24, 1724," the Dean, in his assumed character, addresses Harding, the printer, as follows, shewing the low state to which freedom of opinion was reduced by

those who had at the Revolution put themselves forward as the advocates of civil and religious liberty :—

“ When I sent you my former papers, I cannot say I intended you either good or hurt ; and yet you have happened, through my means, to receive both. I pray God deliver you from any more of the latter, and increase the former. Your trade, particularly in this kingdom, is of all others the most unfortunately circumstantiated ; for as you deal in the most worthless kind of trash, the penny productions of pennyless scriblers, so you often venture your liberty and sometimes your lives, for the purchase of half-a-crown, and, by your own ignorance, are punished for other men's actions. I am afraid, you, in particular, think you have reason to complain of me, for your own and your wife's confinement in prison, to your great expense as well as hardship, and for a prosecution still depending. But I will tell you, Mr. Harding, how that matter stands. Since the press hath lain under so strict an inspection, those who have a mind to inform the world are become so cautious, as to keep themselves, if possible, out of the way of danger. My custom, therefore, is to dictate to a 'prentice, who can write in a feigned hand, and what is written we send to your house by a black-guard* boy. But at the same time I do assure you, upon my reputation, that I never did send you any thing, for which I thought you could possibly be called to an account : and you will be my witness, that I always desired you, by a letter, to take some good advice before you ventured to print, because I knew the dexterity of dealers in the law, at finding out something to fasten on, where no evil is meant.

* A name generally applied at this period to shoe-blacks and messengers who plied for hire. A contemporary Dublin song mentions

“ The little black guard who gets very hard
His halfpence for cleaning your shoes.”

The manuscript of Drapier's letters was transcribed by Swift's butler, Robert Blakeley, and conveyed in a private manner to Molesworth-court. “ On the evening of that day in which the proclamation was issued, Blakely went abroad without leave, and there was reason to fear that he had betrayed his master for the reward, nevertheless the Dean ordered the doors to be locked at the accustomed hour ; Blakely returned home the next day, and although he expressed much sorrow for the offence, the Dean, who remained inexorable, ordered him to put off his livery and leave the house ; but, when the term of the information had expired, he was restored to his place. Some time after, Blakely was called up hastily by the Dean, who commanded him to strip off his livery, to put on his own clothes, and come up to him again ; although astonished at this proceeding, he knew it was in vain to expostulate, and therefore did as he was ordered ; as soon as he returned the Dean ordered the other servants to be called up likewise ; he then began by announcing that Robert Blakely was no longer his servant ; all supposed, therefore that he was ignominiously discharged ; but to their surprise Swift announced him to be virger of St. Patrick's cathedral, a place worth, at that time, about £30 or £40 per annum, which he declared was conferred upon him as a reward for his fidelity.”

I am told, indeed, that you did accordingly consult several very able persons, and even some who afterwards appeared against you; to which I can only answer, that you must either change your advisers, or determine to print nothing that comes from a Drapier. I desire you will send the inclosed letter, directed 'To my Lord Viscount Molesworth, at his house at Brackdenstown, near Swords;' but I would have it sent printed, for the convenience of his Lordship's reading, because the counterfeit hand of my 'prentice is not very legible. And, if you think fit to publish it, I would have you first get it read over by some notable lawyer. I am assured you will find enough of them who are friends to the Drapier, and will do it without a fee, which I am afraid you can ill afford after all your expenses. For although I have taken so much care, that I think it impossible to find a topic out of the following papers for sending you again to prison, yet I will not venture to be your guarantee."

John Harding, the humble instrument of the saviour of his country, died* from the effects of the treatment inflicted on him by the government officials. His widow, Sarah Harding, was ordered by the House of Lords to be taken into custody, in October, 1725, for having printed a poem named "Wisdom's Defeat." This production, commenting on some circumstances connected with the passing of the address to the king from the House of Lords, was by them declared to be "base, scandalous, and malicious, highly reflecting upon the honour of their House, and the Peerage of this Kingdom." The sheriffs of the city of Dublin were ordered to direct "the said scandalous pamphlet to be burnt by the hands of the

* His fate has been chronicled in the poem entitled "Harding's Resurrection from Hell upon Earth," which tells us that

"He's brought to such a wretched pass
He'd almost take the English brass."

Among the various productions of his press may be mentioned an edition in quarto of the "History of the Lives and Reigns of the kings of Scotland from Fergus the first king, continued to the commencement of the union of the two kingdoms." This work, published in 1722, and dedicated to Lady Mountjoy, is a very creditable specimen of typography. A contemporary Dublin song, unknown to Swift's editors, and entitled "A Poem to the whole people of Ireland, relating to M. B. Drapier, by A. R. Hosier, printed on the Blind Key by Elizabeth Sadleir, 1726," contains some particulars relative to Harding's fate:—

"To hearten him the Drapier sent to him in jail,
To tell him, he'd quickly get home to his wife;
But scarce could he find one to stand for his bail.
Which struck to his heart, and deprived him of life.

But, now for the widow; if some good man wou'd preach,
In her favour, a sermon, scarcee one in the town;
But freely (in order to help her) wou'd reach,
Some, sixpence, a shilling, and some, half-a-crown."

common hangman; and that they see the same done to-morrow, between the hours of twelve and one, before the gate of the Parliament House, and also before the Tholsel of the said city." The persecuted distributrix of political satire survived her imprisonment, and, in 1728, published the "Intelligencer," a journal, conducted by Swift and Dr. Sheridan.

Cornelius Kelly, the best swordsman of his day, dwelt in Fishamble-street, in the early part of the last century. To him we indirectly owe Goldsmith's charming play of "She stoops to conquer;" the plot of which was suggested to the author by an occurrence, narrated as follows, by the Rev. J. Graham, of Lifford, at the meeting held at Ballymahon, in 1826 :—

"The scene of his celebrated comedy, *The Mistakes of a Night*, was laid in the town of Ardagh, in this immediate neighbourhood, as related in Otridge's splendid edition of his works, and confirmed to me by the late Sir Thomas Fetherston, Baronet, a short time before his death. Some friend had given the young poet a present of a guinea on his going from his mother's residence in this town, to a school in Edgeworthstown, where, it appears, he finished his education, of which he received the rudiments from the Reverend Mr. Hughes, vicar of this parish. He had diverted himself on the way the whole day, by viewing the gentlemen's seats on the road, until the fall of night, when he found himself a mile or two out of his direct road, in the middle of the street of Ardagh. Here he inquired for the best house in the place, meaning an inn; but being wilfully misunderstood by a wag, a fencing master, of the name of Kelly, who boasted of having been the instructor of the celebrated Marquis of Granby, he was directed to the large old-fashioned residence of Sir Ralph Fetherston, the landlord of the town, where he was shown into the parlour, when he found the hospitable master of the house sitting by a good fire. His mistake was immediately perceived by Sir Ralph, who, being a man of humour, and well acquainted with the poet's family, encouraged him in the deception. Goldsmith ordered a good supper, invited his host and the family to partake of it, treated them with a bottle or two of wine, and at going to bed ordered a hot cake to be prepared for his breakfast; nor was it till his departure, when he called for the bill, that he discovered that while he imagined that he was at an inn, he had been hospitably entertained in a private family of the first rank in the country."

In Fishamble-street, till the year 1753, was the residence of Counsellor James Grattan. He claims our notice as father of

"The gallant man, who led the van of
The Irish Volunteers:"

whose baptism is recorded in the registry of St. John's Church, on the 3rd of July, 1746. It is a curious coincidence that Henry Grattan* should have been born in the street whence issued the Drapier's letters, asserting those principles of Irish independence which he was destined to establish on a grander and more comprehensive scale than could have been anticipated by his father's friend, "M. B. Drapier;" whose memory he did not forget to apostrophize when, backed by eighty thousand armed volunteers, he rose in the Irish House of Commons, on the memorable 16th of April, 1782.

"I am now," said he, "to address a free people: ages have passed away, and this is the first moment in which you could be distinguished by that appellation."—"I found Ireland on her knees; I watched over her with an eternal solicitude; I have traced her progress from injuries to arms and from arms to liberty. Spirit of Swift! spirit of Molyneux! your

* His father was one of the seven sons of Dr. Patrick Grattan, Senior Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin," a venerable and well beloved clergyman, who gave them all a liberal education: and at the same time, says an eminent Irish divine, "as I have often heard the old Bishop of Clogher declare, kept hospitality beyond both the lords who lived on either side of him; tho' both reputed hospitable. One of these brothers was an eminent physician, another an eminent merchant, who died Lord Mayor of the city of Dublin: the youngest was first a fellow of the college of Dublin, and after master of the great free School at Enniskillen. The eldest was a justice of the peace, who lived reputably upon his patrimony in the country. The three other brothers were clergymen of good characters, and competently provided for in the church. Two of them Swift found in his cathedral; nothing was more natural than that he should cultivate an acquaintance with them. A set of men, as generally acquainted, and as much beloved, as any one family in the nation. Nay to such a degree, that some of the most considerable men in the church desired, and thought it a favour to be adopted by them, and admitted *Grattans*."—"The Grattans had a little house, and their cousin Jackson another, near the city; where they cultivated good humour, and cheerfulness, with their trees, and fruits, and sallots: (for they were all well skilled in gardening and planting) and kept hospitality, after the example of their fathers. The opinion which Swift had of the Grattans will best be judged of by the following little memoir:—When Lord Carteret came to Ireland as Lord Lieutenant, Swift asked him, Pray, my Lord, have you the honour to be acquainted with the Grattans? Upon my Lord's answering that he had not that honour, Then, pray, my Lord, take care to obtain it, it is of great consequence: the Grattans, my Lord, can raise ten thousand men." A Dublin wit of the last century has chronicled their hospitality in a poem commencing:—

"My time, O ye Grattans, was happily spent,
When Bacchus went with me, wherever I went;
For then I did nothing but sing, laugh and jest;
Was ever a toper so merrily blest!"

genius has prevailed ! Ireland is now a nation ! in that character I hail her ! and, bowing to her august presence, I say, *Esto perpetua*. She is no longer a wretched colony, returning thanks to her governor for his rapine, and to her king for his oppression ; nor is she now a squabbling, fretful sectary, perplexing her little wits, and firing her furious statutes with bigotry, sophistry, disabilities, and death, to transmit to posterity insignificance and war."

The General Post Office of Dublin stood in Fishamble-street until the early part of the eighteenth century.

Post houses were first established throughout the chief towns of Ireland in the reign of Charles II. A writer in 1673 makes the following observations on this subject :—

"Though Dublin is not seated in the best and most convenient place, that is, the middle, yet it is seated in the second best, that is, over against the middle of Ireland ; and directly opposite to the nearest passage into England, being Holyhead, twelve hours sail with a prosperous gale of wind, and about twenty leagues distant from this place. The first affords it an excellent conveniency for all manner of business to be transacted to and from this city (as well by water as land) into all parts of the kingdom, with as little delay as possibly may be. The other a rare advantage for the maintenance of traffic and commerce with England, and all other parts of the world, especially with the city of London, from whence (upon the least notice given) merchantable goods are soon despatched hither, or into any other parts of this realm, as occasion requires ; and that with far more speed than formerly, by reason of the late erecting of post houses in all the principal towns and cities of this kingdom, which accommodates all persons with the conveniency of keeping good correspondence (by way of letters, and that most commonly twice a week) with any, even the remotest part of Ireland, at the charge of eight pence or twelve pence, which could not formerly be brought to pass under ten or twenty shillings, and that sometimes with so slow a despatch, as gave occasion many times of no small prejudice to the party concerned. All these conveniencies and advantages have so far contributed to the present splendour and great increase of this city, as that it now (1673) may be justly conceived to be grown (within this fifty or sixty years) twice as large, and for handsomeness of building, beyond all compare, of what it might any way pretend unto in any former age."

During the Irish wars of the Revolution, the letters were despatched to the camp of General Ginckell from the General Post Office at Dublin, on the nights of Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. After the removal of the Post Office, the

buildings were converted to various uses. A newspaper* called the "Flying Post," was published in the "Old Post Office Yard" in 1709; and subsequently a noted school was kept in the same locality by the Rev. Thomas Benson, D.D.,

* The following extract from a local journal of 1708, exhibits the spirit in which newspaper controversy was then conducted:—

"Satan correcting Sin: Or an answer to a horse-heel rubber: who, in the late war in this kingdom was a Gassooner that followed the camp, tho, now sets up for an author and printer. As to this Irish Newsmonger, or Paris Gazeteer-Gelder, he has and daily continues to impose on the publick by false and sham News, for which he hath been lately indicted at the Quarter Sessions in this city: He is a tool to the Papists by keeping them in heart, and hopes of great matters; for he stuffs his Intelligence with false stories out of the Paris and A-la-main Gazettes. He, in his lying Intelligence of February last, said the Lord Galway was dead, which is as false as himself. Nay, that poor empty animal had the impudence to publish an elegy on the death of his Lordship, who is still alive. In short, that Billingsgate scribbler has imposed more on this city in one month, than he can make amends for in twenty years; but 'tis hoped we shall not be troubled with him quarter that time."

The following document connected with this locality, and now for the first time printed, illustrates the manner in which "elegies" and "dying speeches" were concocted in the early part of the eighteenth century:—

"The Examination of the Revd. Mr. Edwd. Harris of Fishamble-street, taken before the Honble Wm. Caulfield, Esqr., one of the Justices of his Majesties Court of King's Bench.

Who, being duly examined, sayth that on Thursday morning last, being the 24th instant, Cornelius Carter, a printer who lives in Fishamble-street, sent one Sweeny, a servant of his, to this Examt, to desire him to write an Elegy on Col. Henry Lutrell, deceased, that the Examnt. made answer hee could not, being an intire stranger to the life and actions of the said Col. Henry Luttrell, but that if the said Carter would send this Examt. a history of the life and actions of the said Lutrell, he, this Examt, would make an Elegy; that in some short time after the said Sweeny brought a written paper to this Examt. as from the said Carter, to the effect and purport following, vizt., that Henry Lutrell and Symon were brothers, that Symon alwaies stood firm to King James's cause, went to France with him and died there; that Henry forsook his master, and betrayed a pass near Aghrim, that he was afterwards tried at Limbrick, that Tyrconnell and Sarsfield were of the Court Marshall; that he abused them on his tryal and called them cow-boys; that he had 500 per annum from King William for his good services, and his brother's estate; that he kept several misses, and disinherited a sonne by a former miss, but left him £3,000; that he declared on his death-bed, he was married to his last miss, and left her £300 per annum; that he made Lord Cadogan his executor with others; that he was to be hanged or shott, but was-repreived by the suddaine surrender, from that time till Tuesday the 22d of October, 1717. This Exmt. further sayth, that upon the receipt of the said paper, and at the desire of the said Carter, he, this Examt, did compose an Elegy on ye said Col. Henry Lutrell, and sent the same to the said Carter; that the said Carter, as soon as he heard that Col. Lutrell was shott, desired this Examt. in case the said Lutrell died, to make an Elegy on him; and after the said Lutrell died, desired this

from whom many distinguished men received their education ; among them may be mentioned the Right Hon. George Ponsonby, the uncompromising and eloquent parliamentary opponent of the corrupt Union faction, and subsequently Lord Chancellor of Ireland in 1806. The "Crown Tavern" and the "Post Office Coffee House" also stood in this street. Opposite to the former, was the office of the "Dublin Mercury," a newspaper published in 1705 ; while the latter, having been closed in 1703, was tenanted by Cornelius Carter, the publisher of a large number of tracts and broadsides, which frequently brought him into trouble,

In Fishamble-street was the residence of Sir Francis Annesley, who was created a Baronet in 1620, being the second in Ireland on whom that title was conferred. In 1628 he was advanced to the dignity of Baron of Mount Norris, by which name he is better known in history. During the Earl of Strafford's administration he was tried by a council of war, and condemned to death for an unguarded expression uttered in the presence chamber of the Castle. The King's letter, in 1636, informs us that "it hath been held fit to cause his study door to be sealed up by the Committee, who have the cognizance of that business ; and it is likewise conceived that

Examt alsoe to make the said Elegy. Sayth that upon the receipt of said paper from the said Carter, this Examt. delivered the same to two of his scholars, and ordered them to make a copy of verses on the said Luttrell, which they accordinly did ; but the said verses which the scholars made, being soe balde and virrulent, this Examt thought them not fitt to be printed, and thereupon this Examt made the said Elegy. Sayth he never made any Elegy before, but one upon the late Bishop of Derry, and never got a penny for writing either ; or for teaching the said Carter's sonne, who is at schoole, with this Examt. The Examt. further sayth that on Thursday night, the 24th instant, he went to Carter's owne house, to see if the said Elegys were printing ; and saw the said Carter at the press working off the said Elegys himself, and further sayth not.

Edwd. Harris.

Capt. cor me 30^o die Octobris.

1717

W. CAULFEILD.

100^l to prosecute next terme in
Banco Regis."

Carter appears to have been a victim to prosecutions against the press : in 1721 he was attached for printing the Lord Lieutenant's speech to Parliament, and in 1727 he and his wife were imprisoned for publishing some false intelligence relative to Gibraltar.

An account of Colonel Henry Luttrell, and of the circumstances connected with his death, shall be given in our notice of the locality where the assassination was perpetrated.

the view and perusal of his papers may be of use." He remained a close prisoner in the Castle, until a royal pardon was granted to him in 1637. His son, Arthur, afterwards Earl of Anglesey, was born in Fishamble-street in 1614, and baptized in St. John's Church. He became a member of the Oxford Parliament in 1643, was deputed as Commissioner into Ulster in 1645, under the great seal of England, and was the chief of the party to whom the Marquis of Ormond surrendered Dublin in 1647. In 1670 he was chosen president of the new council of state, having had a considerable share in bringing about the Restoration, for which, in 1661, he was rewarded with the title of Earl of Anglesey. So great was his influence at that time that he is said to have declined the post of Prime Minister of England. He sat in judgment on the regicides, and was one of the three commissioners appointed to report concerning the settlement of Ireland: after which, in 1673, he was advanced to the great office of Lord Privy Seal, and died in 1686. Our limits will not here permit us to enter into an examination of his literary controversy with the Duke of Ormond and the Earl of Castlehaven. Several of his writings are extant; but his history of the affairs of Ireland, during his own times, is supposed to have been destroyed, as it revealed unpleasant facts; Anglesey, through life, having been noted for boldly expressing his manly and liberal sentiments. He was the first nobleman in Great Britain who formed a large library, which he did at great expense, intending that it should remain in his family; it was, however, sold by auction soon after his death. This sale was rendered remarkable by the discovery in the Earl's collection of his autograph note in a copy of the *EIKON BASILIKE*, asserting that book to be the composition of Dr. Gauden; a statement which has caused much literary disputation, and is not yet finally settled.

In the last century, a large cage-work house, then known as the "Bull's-Head Tavern," on the west side of Fishamble-street, was traditionally said to have been the residence of Lord Anglesey. The Bull's-Head Tavern, kept by Pattin, was one of the most noted in Dublin. Early in the eighteenth century, a club for the cultivation of music,* known as the "Bull's-Head Society," was formed

* The citizens of Dublin have been long famed for their musical taste. In 1711, the celebrated Nicolini came to our city under the patronage

here, and held its meetings on every Friday evening; the subscription was an English crown each, and after performing a concert, the members concluded the night with "catch sing-

of the second Duke of Ormond. The Parliament being then sitting and the town thronged with nobility, he was followed by crowded audiences. The "Tatler" and Colley Cibber—no mean judges—have been lavish in their praise of the acting and voice of Nicolini, who was engaged at the then enormous sum of eight hundred guineas a year by our countryman, Owen Sweeny, manager of the first regular Italian Operas performed in England. As Nicolini's visit to Dublin has not been mentioned by any writer on music, we are unable to determine whether he was attended with a full Italian company or not. An Opera had been sung for the first time, entirely in Italian, in London in 1710. Previous to which the foreign performers sung in Italian, while the subordinate characters acted their parts in English. In 1713, the famous trumpeter Jacob Twisleton, came to Dublin, and, having been patronized by the Lords Justices, became much in fashion and played at concerts, the theatre, and the balls of the nobility, large numbers of whom then resided in Dublin. His performance, we are told, consisted of a medley of his voice and the music of the trumpet. Party spirit at this time ran high in Dublin, and an industrious member of the Whig party in the House of Commons discovered that Twisleton had been one of King James's State trumpeters, that he had come to England with the Duke d'Aumont, and that he had also been engaged by the Duke of Orleans, and had performed at the Opera in Paris. His greatest crime was, however, that of having, during his travels, played before the Chevalier de St. George, on which charge the unfortunate musician was committed to Newgate in December 1713. In the following February, he was released for want of evidence, giving bail for a year, at the expiration of which we conclude that he left the kingdom. Sir Constantine Phipps, one of the Lords Justices, was regarded by the Whigs as a dangerous Tory, and the permission which he gave Twisleton to play in public was one of the many charges brought forward against him by his political opponents. A satirical writer of the day represents Phipps as answering this charge in the following manner—"I freely own, that not knowing of what vast consequence the religion of a player, a fiddler, or a trumpeter is to the Protestant interest of this kingdom, I, together with my Lord Archbishop of Tuam (John Vesey), did give leave to Twisleton to mention in his bills that the concert of music was by our commands. I did, likewise, hear his performance at the Play-house; but having no good ear for musick, I could not distinguish his religion by his sounding." Dr. Benjamin Pratt, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, (1710—1717) was an ardent cultivator of the classic music of Italy, which country he visited, as did also Tom Rossengrave, the accomplished organist of St. Patrick's Cathedral. Dr. John Eclin, the friend of Swift, was "as compleat a man, and as fine a gentleman, as any of his age. Besides his skill in polite literature, and that of his own profession (divinity) he was highly distinguished for mathematical learning; and had a thorough knowledge and fine taste, in that branch of it, which treats of music." Swift, not being a musician himself, used to consult Dr. Eclin, on all matters connected with the affairs of the choir of the Cathedral. Arthur Dawson, Baron of the Exchequer in 1741, author of the well known song of "Bumper Squire Jones," and Garrett Wellesley, father of the composer

ing, mutual friendship and harmony." The series of musical performances for each year was regulated by a Committee. The annual dinner of the Society was held in December, the

of "Here in cool grot," were famed for their musical tastes. To these individuals, together with Kane O'Hara, and Laurence Whyte, an excellent mathematician and author of some poems of merit, may, we believe, be traced the foundation of the Musical Society of Dublin, early in the eighteenth century. Mrs. Sterling, the original Irish Polly in the Beggar's Opera, was a most accomplished singer; and Tom Walker, the original Macheath, was so well received in Dublin that he finally settled there. Pope, in his verses on Southern, styles Ireland, "the mother of sweet singers;" much of the time of Dr. Arne, composer of "Rule Britannia," was, as we shall hereafter see, passed in Dublin. In a future paper we shall give some account of Geminiani, Castruccio, Dubourg, and other eminent foreign musicians of the last century connected with our city.

The Musical Society of Dublin held their annual concert in St. Patrick's Cathedral, on the feast of St. Cecilia. This is alluded to in the following verse:—

"Grave Dean of St. Patrick's, how comes it to pass,
That you, who know music no more than an ass;
That you, who so lately were writing of Drapiers,
Should lend your Cathedral to players and scrapers?
To act such an opera once in a year,
So offensive to every true Protestant ear."

The allusion in the last line is explained by a sermon preached in 1731, by Dr. Thomas Sheridan—himself an inveterate musician—before the Musical Society, from which we learn that an attempt was made about that time, by the puritanical portion of the community, to abolish instrumental music in churches. They were, however, unsuccessful; and on the following anniversary St. Cecilia was commemorated with more grandeur than before. Purcell's *Te Deum* and Corelli's *Concerto* were performed, and a sermon suitable to the occasion preached by Dr. Sheridan.

An unique copy of an original hand-bill of one of these performances, now before us, bears the following title—"The Power of Music, a Song in honour of St. Cecilia's Day. Occasionally published on the grand assembly of the Musical Society, at St. Patrick's Church, this twenty third day of November, 1730. Dublin: Printed by Richard Dickson, and sold at the Globe Coffee-house on Essex-bridge, 1730."

In the Dean's "Exhortation, addressed to the Sub-Dean and Chapter of St. Patrick's Cathedral," in 1741, he says, "I do hereby require and request the very reverend sub-dean not to permit any of the vicars-choral, choristers, or organists, to attend or assist at any public musical performances, without my consent, or his consent, with the consent of the chapter first obtained. And whereas it hath been reported that I gave a license to certain vicars to assist at a club of fiddlers in Fishamble-street, I do hereby declare that I remember no such license to have been ever signed or sealed by me; and that if ever such pretended license should be produced, I do hereby annul and vacate the said license. Intreating my said sub-dean and chapter to punish such vicars as shall ever appear there, as songsters, fiddlers, pipers, trumpeters, drummers, drum-majors, or in any sonal quality, according to the flagitious aggravation

season for their entertainments closed in May; and the proceeds were allocated to various laudable purposes. Sometimes they were given to the Dublin Society for premiums, but more generally a Committee was appointed to visit the various gaols of the city and compound for the liberation of the distressed incarcerated debtors, large numbers of whom were thus restored to liberty; for the same charitable object, plays were occasionally performed under the superintendence of the Society.

In the "Bull's-Head" Tavern, early in the eighteenth century, the anniversary dinners and banquets of the various guilds and public bodies of the city were generally held. On such occasions, a congratulatory poem was usually presented to the assembled parties. Many of these documents contain much curious local information, but being of an exceedingly perishable nature, very few of them have been preserved. We have now before us one of those papers printed in red ink, on a large sheet of paper, bearing the following title: "A Poem in honour of the Loyal Society of Journeymen Shoemakers, who are to dine at the Bull's Head in Fishamble-Street, on Tuesday, October the 28th, 1726. Being the anniversary of St. Crispin. Written by R. Ashton, S.M., a member of the Society. John Blackwood, Master, Thomas Ashton and William Richardson, Stewards."

Robert Ashton, it may be here observed, was author of a large quantity of fugitive verses on various local topics; he also wrote the well known play of the "Battle of Aughrim or the fall of Monsieur St. Ruth," relative to the author of which, former writers, and even the Rev. Mr. Graham, by whom it has been lately republished, possessed no information.

The "Bull's Head" Tavern was also much frequented at

of their respective disobedience, rebellion, perfidy, and ingratitude. I require my said sub-dean to proceed to the extremity of expulsion, if the said vicars should be found ungovernable, impenitent, or self-sufficient, especially Taberner, Phipps, and Church, who, as I am informed, have, in violation of my sub-dean's and chapter's order in December last, at the instance of some obscure persons unknown, presumed to sing and fiddle at the club above mentioned."

From an early period, a band of musicians was attached to the court of the Lord Lieutenant; they were presided over by the "Supervisor of the State Music;" and, down to a short time before the Union, a musical ode was always performed at the Castle, on the birth days of the King and Queen.

this period by the Irish Free-Masons, whose history is as yet total blank, and such it should not be allowed to remain, for in the last century the philanthropic brethren of the "Craft" extended the generous hand of charity to the friendless, and drove penury and distress from the hearths of their afflicted brethren. James King, Viscount Kingston, who had been the Grand Master in England* in 1729, was in 1730 the first who filled the office of Grand Master of the Irish Free-Masons; and in 1731, at the Bull's-head Tavern, on Tuesday the 6th of April, he was again unanimously chosen and declared Grand Master for the ensuing year. Their Records further informs us, that

"On Wednesday, 7th of July, 1731, was held a Grand Lodge in ample form. When the Right Worshipful and Right Honourable the Lord Kingston was installed and proclaimed aloud, Grand Master of Masons in Ireland, and was most cheerfully congratulated and saluted in the ancient and proper manner: His Lordship was pleased to appoint Nicholas Nettirvill, Lord Viscount Nettirvill, his Deputy. The Grand Lodge (as is their ancient practice in Ireland) chose the Honourable William Ponsonby, and Dillon Pollard Hampson, Esqrs., for Grand Wardens, who were all declared, congratulated, and saluted.

"Tuesday 7th of December, 1731. Grand Lodge in ample form. When the Right Worshipful and Right Honourable the Grand Master took the chair, attended by his Deputy and the Grand Wardens, the Right Honourable Thomas Lord Southwell, Sir Seymour Pile, Bart., Henry Plunket, and Wentworth Harman, Esqrs.; with many other brethren of distinction. The journal of the House, and several rules and orders for the better regulation thereof being read, his Lordship was pleased to signify his concurrence thereto, by signing them with his name."

The "Lodge-hall" of the Grand Lodge was held in Fishamble-street in the year 1768, when the Earl of Cavan was elected Grand Master. The following were the contemporary officers of the Lodge: George Hart, Deputy Grand Master; John Latouche, Senior Warden; John Jones, Senior Warden; Holt Waring, Grand Treasurer; and Major Charles Vallancey (afterwards editor of the "*Collectanea de rebus Hibernicis*"), Grand Secretary. As the Dublin Free-Masons subsequently transferred their meetings to another locality where we shall, in a future paper, encounter them,

* Another Irish nobleman, the Earl of Inchiquin, was Grand Master of the English Free Masons in 1727.

we must here postpone our further notice of their proceedings.

The Members of the Bull's-Head Musical Society having raised sufficient funds by subscriptions, decided on erecting a hall for the performance of their concerts. This building was executed under the superintendence of Richard Castles, architect of Leinster House and other elegant edifices. On Friday the second of October, 1741, the Music Hall was opened for the first time, with a concert "for the entertainment of the members of the Charitable and Musical Society." A ball was held in it on the next night, and fashionable "assemblies" were continued there on every Saturday evening during the season, which commenced in October, and terminated in June. At this period, Dublin, owing to the presence of the resident nobility and gentry, and the numbers of people attracted to the seat of government, was one of the most brilliant and gay capitals in Europe. The citizens were noted for their attachment to classic music, and for the profuse splendour of their entertainments. "As to pleasure," writes a French tourist in 1734, "every entertainment which has the authority of fashion in England prevails here, and some it may be, in a yet greater degree."

"There is hardly a family of any account in the kingdom which does not spend the winter evenings in gaming. The ladies are rather fond of this amusement than the men. Dancing, that pretty innocent house diversion, hardly yields to that vice in their eyes. The gentry are not so fond of hunting and fishing as the English and other nations. Though there is no country in the world abounds with more, or perhaps, with so much game of all sorts, whether for the hound, the gun, or the rod, as Ireland; witness their well-furnished tables, which for variety of good dishes, far surpass those of their neighbours, and are equalled only by the Germans and Poles. The empire of letters is farther extended than you imagine. There is classic ground out of Italy. The better to form a judgment of the taste of this people, in matters of learning, I have passed some hours in a bookseller's shop, whereof there is a great many in the capital (Dublin). I found there is no city in Europe (*ceteris paribus*) where there are so many good pieces printed, and so few bad. They do not believe this, but it is because they do not know what is done in other places. Printing and books are cheaper here than in London, but dearer than in Holland, and near a par with France. English editions are sold at the same rate as in London. But the prices of foreign books are exorbitant, and pass all bounds, the prime cost whereof in Holland,

whether they be bought new, or at auctions, is very moderate, and a mere trifle. Coffee-houses here are much frequented; they have the best English papers, the Amsterdam Gazette, and three good newspapers, taken out of the English; of their own. After the four capitals of Europe, Paris, London, Rome, and Amsterdam, Dublin, I think, may take place. It is a very large, populous, and well-built city. It stands on near as much ground as Amsterdam, and would take an oval wall of six miles and a-half to encompass it. According to the manuscript account (taken in 1733) of all the several baronies and counties in the Kingdom of Ireland, as the same were returned, and are now remaining in his Majesty's Surveyor General's office, there are 12,000 houses in Dublin, which at the rate of ten persons to a house makes the number of inhabitants amount to 120,000. The river Liffey, over which there are five stone bridges, runs through the middle of the city, ships of good burthen come up to the lowermost bridge, and unload at the Custom House-quay; from this bridge there is a noble view down the river, which is always full of vessels; and in winter evenings, when all the lamps are lighted, you have three long vistas, resembling fireworks, both up and down the river, and before your face as you pass the bridge from the old town. The outlets of Dublin into fine fields, the banks of the river, a royal park, the sea shore, &c. are very beautiful, and in this, far exceed London, and indeed most other Cities in Europe, which I have seen."

"One would think Apollo, the God of Music, had taken a large stride from the Continent over England to this island. The whole nation are great lovers of this high entertainment. A stranger is agreeably surprised to find almost in every house he enters, Italian airs saluting his ears. Corelli is a name in more mouths than many of their Viceroys. Why may not we attribute the humane and gentle dispositions of the inhabitants to the refinements and powers of that divine art? The harp, which you know is the arms of Ireland, wrought greater achievements in the hands of the Israelite king."

Scarcely had the building of the Music Hall* been completed, when Handel, disgusted with the insensibility of the English aristocracy to the excellence of his compositions, resolved to try his fortune among the music-loving people of

* A writer of the last century, quoting from authentic manuscripts, tells us, that "from the bowed part of Fishamble-street, near the place where the Music-hall at present stands, to Castle-street, formerly extended a lane called Cow-lane, which is now (1763) totally shut up by buildings, and the large elegant structure at the corner of Fishamble-street and Castle-street, now inhabited by Mr. Bond, tobacconist, built by Sir Daniel Bellingham, the first lord mayor of Dublin, and wherein he kept his mayoralty in 1665, was erected across that lane, which in the mayoralty of Nicholas Weston in 1598 was set to farm by the city to John Weston, and many houses built on it, and almost as many contests had for the property of the ground in the courts of law."

Dublin. Pope alludes to his Oratorios in the following lines, apostrophizing the Goddess of English dulness :—

“ Strong in new arms, lo ! giant Handel stands,
Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands ;
To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes,
And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums ;
Arrest him, Empress ! or you sleep no more—
She heard, and drove him to th' Hibernian shore.”

The following was the first public announcement of the intended proceedings of the great German :—

“ At the new Musick Hall in Fishamble-street, on Wednesday next, being the 23rd day of December, (1741). Mr. Handel's Musical Entertainments will be opened, in which will be performed *L'Allegro il Penseroso, il Moderato*, with two Concertos for several instruments, and a Concerto on the Organ. To begin at 7 o'Clock. Tickets for that night will be delivered to the Subscribers (by sending their Subscription Ticket), on Tuesday and Wednesday next, at the place of Performance, from 9 o'Clock in the Morning till 3 in the afternoon ; and attendance will be given this Day and on Monday next, at Mr. Handel's House in Abby-street near Liffey-street, from 9 o'Clock in the morning till 3 in the afternoon, in order to receive the Subscription Money, at which time each Subscriber will have a Ticket delivered to him, which entitles him to three Tickets each night, either for ladies or gentlemem.

“ N.B. Subscriptions are likewise taken in at the same place. Books may be had at the said place, Price, a British Sixpence.”

The composer's merit was immediately recognized by the Dublin critics, and his entertainment was at once patronized by the Viceregal court :—

“ *By their Graces the Duke and Dutchess of Devonshire's Special Command.*

AT the new MUSICK HALL in FISHAMBLE-STREET.

To-morrow being the 20th day of January (1742), will be performed *ACIS and GALATEA* ; to which will be added, an ODE for *St. Cecilia's Day*, written by *Dryden*, and newly set to music by *Mr. Handel*. With several Concertos on the Organ and other instruments. The Tickets will be delivered to the Subscribers (by sending their Subscription Ticket) this Day and To-morrow at the said Hall, from 10 of the Clock in the Morning till 3 in the Afternoon, and no person will be admitted without a Subscriber's Ticket. To begin at 7 o'Clock. Gentlemen and Ladies are desired to order their Coaches and Chairs to come down Fishamble-street, which will prevent a great deal of inconveniences that happened the night before.

“ N.B. There is another convenient passage for chairs made since the last night. There is a convenient room hired as an addition

to a former place for the footmen ; it is hoped the ladies will order them to attend there till called for."

Considerable doubts have been expressed in opposition to Dr. Burney's statement, that the "Messiah" was first performed in Dublin, where it was rehearsed in Passion-week, 1742, as appears from the following:—

"At the new Musick Hall in Fishamble-street, on Wednesday next, being the 7th of April, will be performed an Oratorio called *ESTHER*, with several concertos on the Organ, being the last time of Mr. Handel's Subscription Performance. On Thursday next, being the 8th Instant, at the Musick Hall in Fishamble-street, will be the Rehearsal of Mr. Handel's new grand Sacred Oratorio, called the *MESSIAH*, in which the Gentlemen of the Choirs of both Cathedrals will assist, with some Concertos on the organ by Mr. Handel. The Doors will open at Eleven, and no Person will be admitted without a Rehearsal Ticket, which is given gratis with the Ticket for the Performance, when paid for.

"Tickets to be had at the Musick Hall, and at Mr. Neal's in Christ Church Yard, at half-a-guinea each.

"For the conveniency of the ready emptying the house, no chairs will be admitted in waiting but hazard chairs at the new passage* in Copper Alley."

* This entrance, although long closed, is still discernible in Copper alley, which takes its name from the copper money there coined, and distributed by the Lady Alice Fenton, widow of Sir Geoffrey Fenton. A portion of the ground on which Copper-alley is built was formerly known as Preston's Inns.

In 1610, we find from an official document that Sir Geoffrey's only son, William Fenton, was in possession of "the old house or toft called Preston's Inns, with all the barns, backsides, and places thereto belonging, upon which are now (1610) built certain houses or tenements near Alderman John Forster's ground; with an orchard or garden on the south of the said house, in the tenure of Lady Alice Fenton, widow, two gardens near the same, extending to Croker-lane, west to the land of St. John's church and Castle street, south, and to street near Isod's tower, east, upon which gardens several houses were lately built by Sir Geoffrey Fenton, Knight, deceased, now called Ladyrents, otherwise Copper rowe, together with the street between the said houses, extending to the street near Dame's-gate, in the tenure of the said Lady Fenton." In 1619 Sir William Fenton, Knight, held also "the twelve messuages or tenements and gardens in Copper-alley, as also the street or lane called Copper-alley, together with a straight passage or lane under William Hampton's house, leading from Copper-alley to Scarlet-lane," now Upper Exchange-street. Sir Geoffrey Fenton was a writer of considerable merit, and Secretary of State and Privy Counsellor to Elizabeth and James I. in Ireland, till his death in 1608. His wife, Alice, "whose religious and charitable courteous life was an example to her sex," was the daughter of Robert Weston, one of the Lords Justices and Chancellor of Ireland from 1567 to his death in 1573; and we are told, that he was "so learned, judicious, and upright in the course of judicature, as in all the time of that

The fate of the "Messiah" was at once decided. A contemporary Dublin critic tells us, that,

"Yesterday morning at the Music Hall in Fishamble-street, there was a public Rehearsal of the Messiah, Mr. Handel's new Sacred Oratorio, which in the opinion of the best Judges, far surpasses any thing of that nature, which has been performed in this or any other kingdom. This elegant entertainment was conducted in the

employment, he never made order or decree that was questioned or reversed." The Lady Katherine, daughter of Sir Geoffrey Fenton, became the wife in 1609 of Richard Boyle, the first Earl of Cork. Her effigy, with those of her parents, husband, and children, is preserved in the "Boyle-monument" in St. Patrick's Cathedral. A writer of the seventeenth century tells us, that on the 22nd of October, 1641, previous to the intended seizure of Dublin by the Irish, "The conspirators, being many of them arrived within the city, and having that day met at the Lion Tavern, near Copper-alley, and there turning the Drawer out of the room, ordered their affairs together, drunk healths upon their knees to the happy success of the next morning's work."

At the sign of the Royal Arms in Copper-alley was the printing-office of Andrew Crooke, the King's printer-general in Ireland, from 1693 to 1727, when he was succeeded in office by George Grierson, the first of that family who held the appointment, and of whom, together with his learned wife Constantia, an account shall be given in the proper place.

In Copper-alley was the establishment of Samuel Powell, one of our most eminent Dublin printers. Among the works published by him while resident here, we may mention "A Brief Discourse in Vindication of the Antiquity of Ireland: collected out of many authentic Irish histories and chronicles, and out of foreign learned authors. Dublin: Printed by S. Powell, at the sign of the Printing Press in Copper-alley, for the Author, 1717," as some hitherto unknown circumstances connected with it, when coupled with the treatment of Twistleton, the musician, before mentioned, serve to exhibit the amount of liberty introduced into this country by the revolution of 1688. The writer of of this work, a learned Irish historiographer, Hugh Mac Curtin, of the ancient clan of that name, who had long been chroniclers to the O'Briens of Thomond, presuming on the immunities of the Republic of Letters, commented severely on the absurdly ignorant calumnies put forward by Sir Richard Cox in his "Hibernia Anglicana," or History of Ireland, published some years before. Sir Richard, who had advanced himself, by his zeal for the Hanoverian party, from the position of the son of a regicide trooper to the rank of Chief Justice of the King's Bench, committed the over zealous Mac Curtin to gaol for having dared to impugn his unfounded statements relative to the barbarity of the old Irish. This conclusive manner of settling historical points, and the experience of the horrors of the most loathsome gaol in Dublin, deterred the antiquary of the County Clare from publishing the concluding portion of his vindication of the antiquity of his country.

Towards the middle of the last century, Copper-alley was noted for its eating-houses, one of the most frequented of which was the "Union Tavern." In 1766, "The Copper-alley Gazette" was occasionally published, and contained a satirical account of the proceedings of the politicians of the day, under feigned names.

most regular manner, and to the entire satisfaction of the most crowded and polite assembly."

On the 13th of April, the "Messiah" was produced at the Music Hall, which Handel considered to be one of the best constructed edifices of the kind in Europe. More than seven hundred persons were present, and the sum collected for charity on the occasion amounted to nearly four hundred pounds. "On Tuesday last," says an eye witness,

"Mr. Handel's Sacred Grand Oratorio, the MESSIAH was performed in the new Musick Hall in Fishamble-street. The best Judges allow it to be the most finished piece of music. Words are wanting to express the exquisite delight it afforded to the admiring crowded audience. The sublime, the grand, and the tender, adapted to the most elevated, majestick, and moving words, conspired to transport and charm the ravished heart and ear. It is but justice to Mr. Handel, that the world should know, he generously gave the money arising from this performance to be equally shared by the Society for relieving prisoners, the Charitable Infirmary, and Mercer's Hospital, and that the gentlemen of the choirs, Mr. Dubourg, and Mrs. Cibber, who all performed their parts to admiration, acted also on the same disinterested principle, satisfied with the deserved applause of the publick, and the conscious pleasure of promoting such useful and extensive charity."

Handel's success was now complete: the enthusiasm of the people of Dublin was unbounded. The Music Hall could not contain the numbers of gentry and nobility of the highest rank who sought admittance; to remedy this, in some measure, the ladies consented to lay aside their hoops during their presence at "Mr. Handel's entertainment."

His last concert here was given on the 3d of June, 1742:—

"At the particular desire of several of the Nobility and Gentry, on Thursday next, being the 3d day of June (1742), at the new Musick Hall in Fishamble-street, will be performed Mr. Handel's new Grand Sacred Oratorio, called MESSIAH, with Concertos on the Organ. The Rehearsal will be on Tuesday the 1st of June, at Twelve, and the Performance at Seven in the evening. In order to keep the Room as cool as possible, a Pane of Glass will be removed from the Top of each of the Windows.

N.B.—This will be the last Performance of Mr. Handel's during his stay in this Kingdom."

Handel left Dublin, loaded with honors, on the 15th of August, 1742. The people of London, aroused from their former apathy, and rebuked by the enthusiastic approbation given to Handel by the musical critics of Dublin, at length

discerned the talents of the composer, and yielded a tardy approval to his immortal productions.

The present condition of Dublin forms a melancholy contrast to the gaiety and wealth of the city in the year 1742. Large numbers of the nobility and gentry, at that period, resident in or near the metropolis, vied with each other in their displays of magnificent hospitality. The most eminent performers of the age then found it their interest to seek the Dublin stage. Handel, as we have seen, gave his entertainments at the Music Hall; David Garrick, Mrs. Woffington, and Giffard were performing at Smock-Alley, to houses crowded to suffocation; while Quinn and the inimitable Mrs. Cibber drew immense numbers to Aungier-street Theatre. When to those eminent names we add that of the celebrated composer, Thomas Augustine Arne,* it must be admitted that

* The room of the "Philharmonic Society" was in Fishamble-street, opposite the church. The following is the programme of one of the concerts held there in 1742:—

"At the particular Desire of several Persons of Quality, for the Benefit of Mrs. Arne, at the Great Room in Fishamble-street, on Wednesday next, being the 21st of this instant July, will be performed a **GRAND ENTERTAINMENT OF MUSICK**. To be divided into three Interludes. Wherein several favourite Songs and Duettos will be performed by Mrs. Arne and Mrs. Cibber, viz.—In the first Interlude (after an Overture of Mr. Handel's), A Scene from Mr. Arne's Opera of Rosamond, by Mrs. Arne. O beauteous Queen, from Mr. Handel's Oratorio of Esther, by Mrs. Cibber. Non Chiamarmi, from an Opera of Sig. Hasse's, by Mrs. Arne; and a Duetto of Mr. Handel's in Saul, by Mrs. Arne and Mrs. Cibber. In the second Interlude (after an Overture of Mr. Arne's), Lascia cadermi in Volto, a Song of Farinelli's singing by Mrs. Arne. Chi scherza colle Rose, from Mr. Handel's Opera of Hymen, by Mrs. Cibber. Vo folcindo, a Song of Sig. Vinci's, by Mrs. Arne. Vadoe vivo, a Duetto of Mr. Handel's in Faramond, by Mrs. Arne and Mrs. Cibber. In the third Interlude (after an Overture of Mr. Arne's,) O Peace thou fairest Child of Heaven, from Mr. Arne's Masque of Alfred, by Mrs. Arne. Un Guardo solo, from Mr. Handel's Opera of Hymen, by Mrs. Cibber. (By particular Desire) Sweet Bird, from Mr. Handel's Allegro, by Mrs. Arne; and Per le Porte del Tormento, a favourite Duetto of Mr. Handel's in Sosarmes, by Mrs. Arne and Mrs. Cibber. To begin precisely at seven o'Clock."

Mrs. Arne, on those occasions, was usually accompanied by the performance of her husband on the violin, and "between the acts of his serenatas, operas and other musical performances, he introduced comic interludes (after the Italian manner), amongst which were Tom Thumb, the original burlesque opera, composed by him; the Dragon of Wantley; Miss Lucy in town, &c., intended to give relief to that grave attention necessary to be kept up in serious performances, which he began in January 1743." The following is a list of some of the performances of

Dublin well merited the character, which it then enjoyed, of being one of the gayest and most intellectual cities of Europe. In the midst of all this pleasure, the claims of the afflicted were not forgotten. The present generation, with its boasted advances in morality and civilization, would do well to emulate the philanthropic munificence of those ages which are generally depicted by ignorant moralizers, as distinguished only by vice and sensuality.

After Handel's departure entertainments of various kinds continued to be performed in the Hall. A company of the best singers ever heard in Dublin, who appeared here in 1743, under the management of Dr. Arne, were engaged for Aungier-street Theatre, where Arne produced his new setting of "Comus," which was received with unbounded applause.

A minute recapitulation of the various purposes for which the Music Hall was used would probably possess but little attractions for the generality of readers, we shall therefore confine ourselves to the mention of some of the principal events in its history.

In 1750, the annual subscription of the members amounted to three hundred pounds, for which sum they engaged Lampe, the composer, Pasquali, the eminent violinist, and a host of other accomplished musicians, who formed a part of the "Smock Alley" company.

The concerts of the Charitable Musical Society for the relief of poor debtors were generally performed at the Music Hall. The cost of a ticket was half a guinea, which entitled the holder to be present likewise at the rehearsals which took place at twelve o'clock in the day. A vast amount of good was effected by this society. From its formation to the year 1750 its ex-

the Philharmonic Society for the year 1744:—"Solomon, a serenata; Esther; Athalia; Acis and Galatea; Israel in Egypt; Alexander's feast, by Handel; Solomon; Lockman's ode on St. Cecilia's day; David's lamentation over Saul and Jonathan; Hart's Pindarick ode by Boyce, &c."

Lectures on philosophy and other subjects were frequently delivered at the Philharmonic Room, so early as 1749; the usual hour, at that period, for their commencement was six p.m. Among other performances here may be noticed the following, the original of which is extant:—

"Solomon's Temple: an Oratorio. The words by Mr. James Eyre Weeks. The music composed by Mr. Richard Broadway, Organist of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, as it was performed at the Philharmonic Room in Fishamble-street, for the benefit of sick and distressed Free-Masons."

ertions released nearly twelve hundred prisoners, whose debts and fees exceeded nine thousand pounds; in addition to which, a certain sum was presented to each debtor on his liberation. The annual average of prisoners thus relieved amounted to one hundred and sixty.

In 1751, Neale, the music-publisher of Christ Church Yard, who, in conjunction with Mrs. Hamilton and Mrs. Walker, was the manager of many fashionable entertainments, added a "very elegant additional room" to the Music Hall. The balls, at this period generally styled "Ridottos," were carried on by subscriptions; a few particulars of which may be interesting. For admission to a series of four of these balls, a gentleman paid three guineas, which entitled him to tickets for two ladies and himself, for each night. A single ticket for a lady cost one crown, and for a gentleman, half a guinea. The interior of the Hall was on those occasions lighted by wax candles; the doors opened at 7, p.m.; the "Beaufets," at ten, and the supper-room, at eleven o'clock.

Annual concerts were held here, for the benefit of the Musical Academy, founded in 1757. In four years, by loans of small sums, of about four pounds each, this society relieved nearly thirteen hundred distressed families.

Here, in 1757, to a distinguished and learned auditory, Thomas Sheridan delivered his oration demonstrating the importance of making the then neglected study of the English language an indispensable portion of education,* and proposed the establishment of a public school for the youth of Ireland. This oration, as we shall see in a future paper, led to the formation of the "Hibernian Society." Sheridan's public discourses on the cultivation of the English language, delivered at Oxford and Cambridge, were received with great applause, although his rational principles as to its cultivation are not yet fully recognized by any collegiate body. Breslau, the famous conjurer, exhibited his feats here in 1768, and in the same year the "Mecklenburgh Musical Society," assisted by the choirs of both Cathedrals, gave concerts here, patronized by Lord and

* "An oration pronounced before a numerous body of the nobility and gentry, assembled at the Musick Hall in Fishamble-street, on Tuesday the 6th of this instant December, and now first published at their unanimous desire. By Thomas Sheridan, A.M. Dublin: Printed for M. Williamson, Bookseller in Dame-street, over against Sycamore-alley, 1757," 8vo. pp. 32.

Lady Townshend, for the benefit of the poor confined debtors in the different prisons. Sheridan also at the same period delivered a course of evening lectures here on the art of reading. The "Constitutional Free Debating Society" began to hold their meetings in the Music Hall, in the year 1771; the debates began at eight in the evening, and generally terminated at ten. The speaker stood, while addressing the meeting, and any member who broke silence was liable to expulsion. Crowds of the most fashionable persons attended to hear the orations; and seats were provided in the orchestra for the ladies. The number of members exceeded eight hundred; a medal, value four guineas, was awarded every fourth evening to the author of the speech most highly approved. On the Tuesday evening, preceding the disposal of the medal, the Society decided on six questions to be argued on the night of speaking for the prize, these six questions were written and ballotted for, and whichever was drawn became the subject of debate. Attempts were made by Lord Townshend to suppress these meetings, but without success. One of its most prominent members was Henry Lucas, a son of the celebrated Tribune. All topics connected with politics and government were argued here with the greatest freedom. Some idea of the degree of liberty which they claimed for their debates may be gathered from the following question, which formed the subject of a night's declamations:—"Whether removing Lord Townshend from the government of Ireland would not be a speedy way for redressing our grievances?" After a short discussion, this question was resolved in the affirmative.

Towards the close of the year 1771, a second society, on the same principles, called the "Ciceronian Society," held their meetings at the Music Hall.

Ridotto Balls were held here in 1773 and 1774. The rooms were elegantly fitted up, and decorated with transparent paintings by Roberts and Tresham. On these occasions, the carriages and chairs entered Fishamble-street from Castle-street, the chairs turned down Copper-alley to the door of admittance there. In going away, the carriages went from the Music Hall to Smock-alley, and the chairs, through Copper-alley to the upper Blind Quay. Subscription Balls under the management of the chief of the Irish nobility continued to be held here for many years. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood, however, complained that the great and incessant clamor made

by the chairmen and servants, at the breaking up of those assemblies, totally deprived them of sleep. The Hall was also used for other purposes; in 1773, a public procession of the chief Roman Catholics of Dublin was made from it to the castle, to present an address to Lord Harcourt. On this occasion it was remarked that there was not a single hired coach in the entire eighty which formed the procession.

In 1774, John Walker, author of the "Pronouncing Dictionary," who for some time kept school in Dublin, delivered a course of lectures on English pronunciation, in the "Supper room" of the Music Hall.

The first masked ball held in Ireland took place here on the 19th of April, 1776. The following contemporary account of one of these entertainments, given at the Music Hall on the eve of St. Patrick's day, 1778, may interest our readers:—

"About twelve at night the company began to assemble; and at two, the rooms were quite full, upwards of seven hundred persons being present. The motley groupe afforded much entertainment; they displayed a variety of taste, elegance, and splendour, in their dresses, and were supported with a fund of wit, humour and vivacity. The following were the most conspicuous characters:—The Duke of Leinster appeared as a fruit-woman, who changed her oranges for shamrocks, as Patrick's day advanced—and afterwards a physician—both of which characters were well supported. Mr. Gardiner, as an old woman, carrying her father in a basket, and her child in her arms. This was considered as one of the best and most laughable Masks in the room. Mr. Gardiner, at supper, was in a black domino. Mr. Sackville Hamilton, a French Governante, well dressed and inimitably supported. Mr. Burgh and Mr. O'Reilly, as Hussars. Mr. Yelverton, a Methodist preacher, characteristic, masked with judgment. Counsellor Doyle, a friar, well supported. Lord Ely, a hermit. Lord Glerawly, a side-board of plate. Counsellor Day, a cook maid, very well supported. Lord Jocelyn, a house maid. Counsellor Caldbeck, a sailor. Mr. Handcock, half abbé, half officer—a very laughable character. Mr. Hunter, a French soldier. Mr. Coote, a battle axe guard. Captain Southwell, a rifle-man. Mr. Boswell, as Douglas. Mr. Finlay, senior, a huge fashionable lady. Mr. Finlay, junior, an American Warrior. Mr. Eyres, St. Patrick, with a piper. Sir Richard Johnston, in the character of Pan, allowed to be an excellent mask, though he neither sung nor played the bag-pipes. Mr. Robert Alexander, the Great Mogul. Lord Antrim, a Highlander. Mr. Lyster, a Judge in his robes, a very good mask and very humorous. Mr. Marsden, a most excellent miller. Captain French, first as Diana Trapes, which afforded much entertainment—and afterwards in the character of Tancred, elegantly dressed. Sir Vesey Colclough, a sweep-chimney. Mr. Rowley, 'Isaac,' in the 'Duenna.' Mr. Scriven, a Bussora. Mr. Wilson, in the character

of an old poet, repeating and distributing humorous verses. Mr. W. Finey, in the character of a magician. Mr. Byrne of Cabin-teely, Pam, or the Knave of Clubs, very picturesque. Mr. Baggs, in the character of 'Linco.' Mr. Mossom, Zanga. Mr. Knox, as a female gipsey. Mr. Geale, as a grand Signior. Mr. Penrose, as Tycho. Mr. Bellingham, a Sailor. Mr. James Cavendish, as Mercury. Mr. M'Clean, a Dutchman. Sir Michael Cromie, a Sailor. Surgeon Doyle, a good piper. Captain Barber, a butterfly-catcher. Mr. Broughill, a malefactor going to an Auto da Fe. Mr. Archdall personated the man with the charity-box on Essex-bridge, and collected £5 9s. 10d. for the confined debtors. An excellent Harlequin who was metamorphosed to a Shylock. Mr. Pollock as Diego, the curious stranger of Strasbourg, from the promontory of noses, as mentioned in Tristram Shandy's tale of Slawkenbergius. The gravity, courtesy, and humour which Sterne so happily contrasted in his description of Diego, was well supported by this mask, and on his nose, which was a nose indeed, there appeared the following inscription, 'This nose hath been the making of me.' His dress was a Spanish habit, and crimson satin breeches with silver fringe. Among the female characters which deserve to be mentioned, were—Mrs. Gardiner in the character of Sestina the Opera singer, a most inimitable mask; she sung one of Sestina's songs. Lady Ely, as a wash-woman. Mrs. F. Flood, a child and doll. Mrs. Crofton, a young miss, well dressed and characteristical. Miss Gardiner as a Florentine peasant. Miss Graham, a female savage, and afterwards a dancer. The two Miss Normans, witches. Miss Evans and Miss Saunders two Dianas. Miss Beston as a nun. Mrs. Trench as a house-maid. Miss Blake-ney and Miss Whaley as Night. Miss O'Connor, Night. Miss Stewart, an Indian Princess, with a great quantity of jewels. From seven o'clock in the evening till twelve at night, the following houses were open to receive masks: Lord Roden's, Mr. Rowley's, Mr. Aylmer's, Mr. Kilpatrick's, Mr. Latouche's, Lady Arabella Denny's, and Counsellor Davis.' At these several houses the masks were entertained with wine and cakes, and among the rest there was an inimitable old beggarman, who excited charity in the breasts of the compassionate; he was dressed in a rug cadow, and liberally supplied with viands from the fair hands of Nuns, Dianas, and Vestals. He was accompanied by Jobson with a Nell, two characters supported with remarkable vivacity and well dressed. The decorations of the rooms were admirable, and formed a suite, the effect of which, as to convenience, singularity, and ingenuity was exceedingly pleasing. The company did not begin to retire until five, and it was half an hour after eight before the rooms were entirely cleared."

In 1780, the first Irish State Lottery was drawn at the Music Hall. Balls and masquerades continued to be held there till 1782, when the floor of the "Grove room"* sud-

* The apartments called the "Grove rooms" stand on the left of the stage forming, at present, the scene and green rooms. The upper "Grove room," above referred to, was generally used as a wardrobe

denly gave way, wounding many people who were assembled in it at a meeting relative to the election of a member of Parliament for the city of Dublin. This accident and the entertainments at the Rotunda turned the stream of pleasure from the Music Hall, which was taken by the Honorable Society of King's Inns, who finding the building not suited for their purposes, subsequently relinquished it. In 1793 it became a private theatre under the management of the Earl of Westmeath and Frederick E. Jones, afterwards lessee of the Dublin Theatre Royal.

J. D. Herbert, an artist and amateur, who performed here, has given the following account of the circumstances which led to the Music Hall having been selected for this purpose :—

“Jones told me of a notion he had conceived of getting up a private theatre on an elegant and extensive plan, that would require premises of great space ; and asked me if I could direct him to any building that might suit his purpose. I mentioned Fishamble-street. He observed, there would be a good subscription from persons of the first rank, and he should feel obliged if I would accompany him to view it. I accordingly attended him, and on our way I pointed out the great advantage of having a shell, so appropriate for his plan, that he could decorate it as he wished, but that must not be made known until he got it into his possession ; and that I thought it might be had a bargain, from its having been some time on hands with the proprietor. We arrived, and found the owner at home. Saw the house and all its appurtenances. We inquired the lowest terms. It was to be let by lease at £80 per annum.—Mr. Jones, in a hasty manner, decried its value, and said £60 was enough, and he would give no more ; his offer was as hastily rejected ; and he turned on his heel and went away. I spoke to the proprietor civilly, and excused Mr. Jones on the score of incompetency to estimate its true value ; and I added, that I would advise him to agree to the rent of £80, and if I should succeed, we would return. I then followed Mr. Jones, pointed out the necessity of securing it, for, should the owner learn who were to be the performers, double that sum would not be taken. I advised him to return, and let me write a few lines of agreement, have it signed, and I should witness, and give earnest, to all of which he consented, and the next day he got posses-

while the building was a private theatre. The original entrance (now closed) to the pit was by a flight of steep steps. When lotteries were held at the Music Hall it was usual to place the large mahogany wheel (whence the numbers were drawn by two boys from the Blue coat hospital) at the box entrance, the public not being then admitted to the interior of the edifice. On these occasions, Fishamble-street was always densely thronged by the expectant votaries of the blind goddess.

sion, then set men to work to make the house perfectly secure to receive an audience. Lord Westmeath induced Valdre, an Italian artist, to direct the ornamental parts, to paint the ceiling and proscenium, also some capital scenes. I added my mite, and painted two figures, Tragedy and Comedy, for the front, also a chamber of portraits for the School for Scandal. When finished, so splendid, tasteful, and beautiful a theatre, for the size, could not be found, I may say, in the three kingdoms: indeed, I never saw anything comparable with it on the Continent. The subscribers now thronged, the first men in the land, and from these were selected the performers, who were for the greater part worthy of the house. The *dramatis persona* were as follows:—Captain Ashe, Mr. Charles Powel Leslie, Mr. Cromwell Price, Mr. Lyster, Mr. Westenra, Mr. Humphrey Butler, Col. Robert Howard, Mr. Thomas Goold, Mr. M'Clintock, Mr. Allen M'Clean, Mr. J. Crampton, Col. Edward Nugent, Col. Barry, Lord Westmeath, Sir Charles Vernon, Mr. Frederick Falkner, Sir Edward Denny, Mr. Wandesford Butler, and Mr. Hamy Stewart, &c."

A contemporary has left us the following correct description of the internal arrangement of this theatre:—

"The interior of the house formed an ellipse, and was divided into three compartments—pit, boxes, and lattices, which were without division. The seats were covered with rich scarlet, and fringe to match, while a stuffed hand-rail carried round gave them the form of couches, and rendered them particularly agreeable for any attitude of repose or attention. The pilastres which supported the front of the boxes were cased with mirror, and displayed various figures on a white ground, relieved with gold. The festoons were fringed with gold, and drawn up with golden cords and tassels. The ceiling was exquisitely painted. In the front was a drop curtain, on which was depicted an azure sky with fleeting clouds, from the centre of which was Apollo's lyre emerging in vivid glory; on each side were the figures of Tragedy and Comedy, appearing, between the pillars in perspective, to support a rich freeze and cornice; in the centre was the appropriate motto, 'For our Friends.' The stage and scenery were equally brilliant; and that nothing might be wanting to complete the costume, servants in rich and costly liveries attended on the stage and in the box rooms, to accommodate the company. The orchestra was filled with amateurs and professors. The male characters were performed by gentlemen subscribers, but the female by public actresses engaged for the purpose. In effect, every thing that could contribute to the splendour and elegance of the ornament, the excellence of the performance, and the decorum of the company, was scrupulously attended to. The house opened for the first time on the 6th of March, 1793, with the Beggar's Opera and the Irish Widow."—"Among the performers, Captain Ashe and

* The parts in these plays were allotted as follows:—

BEGGAR'S OPERA. Capt Macheath—Capt. Ashe. Peach'em—Capt.

Lord Westmeath were particularly distinguished. His Lordship's performance of Father Luke, in the Poor Soldier, was considered a masterpiece, and gained for the noble representative the celebrity of having his portrait in that character exhibited in all the print-shops and magazines of the day. The audience were always distinguished by rank and fashion, but by the rules of the theatre, were almost entirely females, no gentleman who was not a subscriber being on any account admitted."

This company continued their performances here till 1796. The Music Hall has been occasionally used in the present century for various entertainments, on a scale very different to the style in which they were conducted before the Union.

A few paces to the south of Fishamble-street, stands the street of St. Werburgh, the early history of which is connected with the final destruction of the Danish power in Dublin.

On the festival of Saint Matthew, the Apostle, in the year 1170, when the "town of the ford of hurdles"* was treacherously taken by the Irish and their Anglo-Norman allies, Asculph Mac Torcall, its Danish governor, and "many of the citizens, in little ships and boats, that then lay ready in the harbour, with the best of their goods, made their escape to the Orkney Islands." The old chronicler tells us, that:—

Browne. Lockit—Capt. Stewart. Mat-o'-the-Mint—Mr. H. Butler. The Gang—Lord Thurles, Mr. W. Butler, Mr. Holmes, Mr. Vernon, Mr. Herbert, Mr. Rochfort, Lord Cunningham, Mr. Whaley, Mr. Talbot. Filch—Mr. Howard. Lucy—Mrs. Garvey. Mrs. Peach'em—Diana Trapes. Mrs. Slammekin—Mrs. Dawson. Women—Mrs. Wells, Miss Atkins, Miss Kingaton, Miss O'Reilly. Polly—Mrs. Mahon.

THE IRISH WIDOW. Whittle—Mr. Howard. Sir Patrick O'Neil—Mr. Nugent. Nephew—Capt. Witherington. Bates—Mr. Holmes. Thomas—Capt. Browne. Kecksey—Capt. Stewart. The Irish Widow—Mrs. Garvey. The following were the dramatis personæ in "THE RIVALS," as performed here in 1793: Sir Anthony Absolute, Mr. Lyster. Captain Absolute, Captain Ashe. Falkland, Mr. Witherington. Bob Acres, Mr. Howard. Fag, Mr. Humphrey Butler. Coachman, Mr. Vernon of Clontarf. Jacob Gawkey, Capt. Hamilton. Sir Lucius O'Trigger, Mr. F. Jones. Women: Miss Campion, Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Garvey.

* "The Irish name of Dublin is *bayle ata cliath* or the 'Town of the Ford of Hurdles,' and the name of that part of the river Liffey on which it is built, *Duibh-linn* (*Duibh-linn*) or the 'Black Water.' The Book of *Dinn Seanchus* informs us," says Dr. O'Donovan, "that this ford across the river was called *Ath-cliaith*, or the Ford of Hurdles, from hurdles of small twigs which the men of Leinster, in the reign of their king *Mesgeidhra*, placed across the river, for the purpose of conveying the sheep of *Athirne Ailgeasach* to *Dun-Edair*, a fortress on the hill of Howth, where many of the young warriors of Ulster were then stationed."

"At this time about the feast of Pentecost or Whitsuntide, Hasculphus, who was sometime the chiefe ruler of Dublin, sought, by all the waies he could, how he might be revenged for the reproch and shame which he had received when the citie of Dublin was taken, and he then driven to flie to his ship, and to save himselfe. This man had been in Norwaie, and in the North Islands to seeke for some helpe and aid; and having obtained the same he came about the feast of Pentecost, with threescore ships well appointed, and full fraughted with lustie men of warre unto the coasts of Dublin, minding to assaile the citie and hoping to recover the same. And without anie delaings he landed and unshipped his men, who were guided and conducted under a capteine named John Wood or John Mad, for so the word Wood meaneth. They were all mightie men of warre, and well appointed after the Danish manner, being harnessed with good brigandines, iacks, and shirts of male; their shields, bucklers, and targets were round, and coloured red, and bound about with iron: and as they were in armor, so in minds also they were as iron strong and mightie. These men being set in battell arraie, and in good order, doo march onwards towards the east gate of the citie of Dublin, there minding to give th' assault, and with force to make entrie. Miles Cogan then warden of the citie, a man verie valiant and lustie, although his men and people were verie few, and as it were but a handfull in respect of the others: yet boldlie giveth the adventure and onset upon his enimies: but when he saw his owne small number not to be able to resist nor withstand so great force, and they still pressing and inforcing upon him, he was driven to retire backe with all his companie, and with the losse of manie of his men, and of them one being verie well armed, yet was his thigh cut off cleane at a stroke with a Galloglasse axe. But Richard Cogan, brother unto Miles, understanding how hardlie the matter passed and had sped with his brother, suddenlie and secretlie with a few men issueth out at the south posterne* or gate of the citie, and stealing upon the

* The Norman romance tells us that Richard de Cogan, with thirty horsemen, issued "*pur la dute del occident*," and attacked the Danes, shouting,

"*Férés, chevalers vaillant;*"

and, continues the romance:—

"*Mult fu grant la mellé
E li hu e la crié.*"

Miles de Cogan then sallied from the city, crying

"*Férés, baruns aloes!
Ferez, vassals, hastivement;
N'esparniez loel gent!*"

Cambrensis makes no mention of Gilmeholmoc, the prince who assisted the Anglo-Normans on this occasion. He probably thought proper to give the entire merit of the action to his countrymen, but in this, as in every other case, the strangers were assisted by large bodies of natives; a fact which has been studiously kept concealed. The chivalric compact said by the Norman rhymers to have been entered into by

backs of his enimies, maketh a great shout, and therewith sharpelie giveth the onset upon them. At which suddaine chance they were so dismaied, that albeit some fighting before, and some behind, the case was doubtfull, and the event uncerteine: yet at length they fled and ran awaie, and the most part of them were slaine, and namelie John Wood, whom with others John of Ridensford tooke and killed. Hasculphus fleeing to his ships was so sharpelie pursued, that upon the sands he was taken, but saved; and for the greater honour of the victorie was carried backe alive into the citie as a captive, where he was sometime the chief ruler and governor: and there hee was kept till he should compound for his ransome."

The "south posterne," through which Richard de Cogan sallied on this occasion, stood in the city wall, at the end of Werburgh-street, and was known as the "Pole Gate," being one of the gates of the town. It is said to have acquired the name of Pole or Pool from a confluence of water which settled in this hollow, and was often troublesome to passengers, till a bridge was thrown over it, which was repaired in 1544, by Nicholas Stanihurst, and known as the "Poule gate bridge." In latter times the gate was called St. Werburgh's gate, and in the early part of the seventeenth century, it was still standing at the end of Werburgh's-street, which it divided from St. Bridget's or Bride's-street."

Near the "Pole gate" and close to the city wall stood, in very remote times, the church of St. Martin, the vestiges of which were scarcely visible in the early part of the sixteenth century. Not far from its site was erected the Church of St. Werburgh, whence the street takes its name. The earliest notice of this edifice is to be found in a document of the twelfth century, in which it is mentioned among the parochial churches of Dublin. It had originally two chapels annexed; one called our Ladie's chapel, the other named St. Martin's, from the old church. St. Werburgh,* who is commemorated on the 3d of

the De Cogans with prince Gilmeholmoc was, no doubt, introduced to give colouring to the picture, as it cannot be supposed that the Anglo Normans alone, amounting only to three hundred and thirty, were able to repulse a body of well armed Scandinavians numbering nine or ten thousand "lustie men of warre." The whole account we at present possess of the Anglo-Norman invasion and establishment in Ireland, is evidently romantic: the original documents and rolls must be carefully examined before the history of this period can be set in a true light.

A description of the Galloglasse, above referred to, will be found in the IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. I. page 644.

* Among the many ecclesiastical establishments wrested from the Irish by the Anglo-Normans, under the authority of the Popes, was the catho-

February, was daughter of Wulfer, King of Mercia, and said to be descended from "four kynges of the lande of England and of the riall bloode of Fraunce." She was considered the patron of Chester, to which her shrine was brought in 875, and her intercession is said frequently to have preserved that town from fire, enemies, and plague. Her body, which, according to her panegyrist, was "magnified with miracles next to our Ladie," after having remained perfect for two hundred years after death, miraculously resolved itself into dust, to prevent its being polluted by the Pagan Danes. Part of St. Werburgh's shrine now forms the Bishop's throne in the Cathedral of Chester. In the year 1301, on the night of St. Colum's festival, a great part of the city of Dublin, together with St. Werburgh's Church, was accidentally burned down. The cure of this parish has since the time of Archbishop Henri de Loundres, always been filled by the Chancellor of the Cathedral of St. Patrick. In a valuation made in the thirty-eighth year of King Henry VIII. we are told that the tithes and oblations of the Rectory or Chapel of St. Werburgh are of no value, beyond the alterages, which are assigned to the curate and repair of the Chancel.

Nicholas Walsh was minister of St. Werburgh's from 1571 to 1577, when he was appointed Bishop of Ossory. He, with his friend John Kearney, Treasurer of St. Patrick's, was the first who introduced Irish types into Ireland; Queen Elizabeth at her own expense provided a printing press and a fount of Irish letters, "in hope that God in mercy would raise up some to translate the New Testament into their mother tongue." They also obtained an order that the prayers should be printed in that character and language, and a church set apart in the chief town of every diocese, where they were to be read, and a sermon preached to the common people. In 1607, James Ussher, afterwards Primate of Ireland, a divine and scholar of European reputation, was

dral of Down, whence the secular native canons were expelled by Sir John de Courcy, who introduced in their place English Benedictine monks from St. Werburgh's in Chester. St. Werburgh's name is still associated with a spring in Fingal, known as "Saint Werburgh's well." Her legend has been published under the following title:—"Here begynneth the holy lyfe and history of saynt Werburge, very frutefull for all christen people to rede." Imprynted by Richarde Pynson, prynter to the Kynge's noble grace, 1521.

appointed to this Church. His successor here was William Chappel, who had been John Milton's tutor at Cambridge, and who, according to Symmonds, was the reputed author of the celebrated "Whole Duty of Man:" he was afterwards Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, and Bishop of Cork and Ross. The titular Bishop of Down and Connor, who died in 1628 during his imprisonment in the Castle, on a charge of conspiring with foreign powers against the government, was buried in this churchyard at four in the morning, before the citizens were astir.

"St. Warburr's," says a writer in 1635, "is a kind of cathedral;* herein preacheth judicious Dr. Hoile about ten in

* Next to the church, and almost on the site of the present passage into the female school, stood Blue Boar-alley, so called from a sign at its entrance; it ran to the rear of Daly's tavern, in which, down to the year 1818, the principal Orange lodges of Dublin used to hold their meetings. Next to this, from an early period, was located the "Main Guard" of the city, referred to in the following extracts from the original unpublished official record of the proceedings of the Courts Martial, in Dublin, during the Protectorate.

"Att a Court Martiall held at the Castell 19^o Martii, 1651."

"James Lutrill Informant; Evan Jones Defdt, soldier under Captn. Hewlett:—

"This day the Defdt being convicted for stealing the Iron and sockett of a pump worth 5s. of the informant's goods, ordered, that he shall ride the wooden horse at the maine garde, with two musketts att each heele, with the iron and sockett att his necke and inscription on his breaste for one hower." "Symon Donelan Informant. Thomas Worthen and Thomas Kardell Defdts. 2 Julii, 1652. The Defendants being accused for the violent taking of 5s. in money and 8s. worth of goods from the Informant and others in protection, and thereof founde guilty, it was ordered, that they should be whipt from the main guard to ye Gallows and backward againe to ye sd guard, each of them to receive 40 lashes, being first dismounted and reduced as foote souldiers into Captn Woodcock's Company."

The station of the Main Guard appears to have been afterwards used as a watch-house, but the vestiges of its original use were preserved in the name of "Gun-alley," situated next the watch-house, and in which, at the commencement of the present century, the parish engines were kept. "Blue Boar-alley" and "Gun-alley" have been entirely erased by the erection of the modern parish schools on their site.

The Goldsmith's Hall was held till late in the last century in the house nearly opposite to Hoey's-court: it was the general place so early as 1742, for holding auctions of plate and valuables. In this Hall was the office of the Assay master and receiver of the duties upon plate.

The "Yellow Lion" Tavern was also in Werburgh-street; in it we find a lodge of Free Masons meeting so early as 1725. Here also was the "Cock Ale-house," over which, in 1746, William Kelly, the fencing master, kept his school. He was the son of Cornelius Kelly, of whom we have before spoken. John Bowes, the Solicitor-General, and after-

the morning, and three in the afternoon; a most zealous preacher, and general scholar in all manner of learning, a mere cynic." Dr. Hoyle, the friend of Ussher, and the "tutor and chamber fellow" of Sir James Ware, was elected Professor of Divinity in, and Fellow of, Trinity College, Dublin; he sat in the Assembly of Divines, witnessed against Laud, and in 1648 was appointed master of University College, Oxford. In the seventeenth century St. Werburgh's church was the burial place of many of the chief Anglo-Irish families: the gallant Sir Arthur Blundell, who had served in Elizabeth's wars, and commanded the troops sent from Ireland to assist Charles I. at Carlisle, was interred here in 1650; as was also in 1666, Sir James Ware, Auditor General, confessedly the ablest Anglo-Irish antiquary of his time. "He was buried," says his biographer, "in the Church of St. Werburgh, in the city of Dublin, in a vault belonging to his family, without either stone or monumental inscription. But he had taken care in his life time to erect a monument for himself by his labours more lasting than any mouldering materials." To the disgrace of the literary classes of Dublin, no memorial marks the resting place of one of the most distinguished scholars ever produced by their city. Ware's fame was not

wards, in 1756, Lord Chancellor, resided in Werburgh-street from 1730 to 1742; and here in 1732 died Edward Worth, one of the most eminent physicians of his day in Ireland. Being suspected of Jacobitism, he was satirized under the name of "Sooterkin," in a poem published in 1706, and accused of being an atheist. Dr. Worth was the greatest and most "curious" book collector of his time. He left his library, valued at £5000, to Stevens' Hospital (where it is still preserved), together with £100 for fitting it up, and a legacy of £1000. One thousand volumes of his collection were left by him to Trinity College, Dublin, with an annuity of ten pounds for a yearly oration in praise of Academic learning. He also bequeathed £120 per annum, for ever, to Merton College, Oxford, where he had received his education. The remainder of his immense property devolved to Edward Worth of Rathfarnham, a distant relative.

In Werburgh-street, towards the middle of the last century, resided Edmond Dillon, an apothecary and the most expert player at hurling of his time. To him was apprenticed William O'Reilly, who afterwards became one of the best comedians of his day. On his death, in 1791, his funeral was attended to the churchyard of St. James, with the largest concourse of people seen for many years; so deep was the regret of the citizens of Dublin at losing their favorite actor, who, it may be observed, was nephew to the famous Count O'Reilly of Spain.

confined to Ireland; his writings are well known and esteemed on the Continent, and their high merit was recognized, even at the time of their publication, by Bochart, Selden, and Sir Robert Cotton. In 1672, Edward Wetenhall was curate of St. Werburgh's. He was appointed Bishop of Cork and Ross in 1678, and of Kilmore in 1699. A noted controversialist he wrote against Baxter, Stillingfleet, and William Penn; and attacked Sherlock in a treatise entitled—"The Antiapology of the melancholy Stander by," 4to, 1693. He also wrote "The Wish: being the tenth satire of Juvenal, paraphrastically rendered in Pindarick verse," published at Dublin in 1675, and dedicated to Murrough, Lord Viscount Blessington. Wetenhall was the author of the well known Greek and Latin Grammars which have gone through innumerable editions, and are still in use. William King, subsequently Archbishop of Dublin, and author of the celebrated treatise, "De origine mali," was minister here from 1679 to 1688. In King James's time, Pierce Butler, Viscount Galway, a distinguished soldier, was, "for some insolent or ill actions committed by him in these days in the Parish Church of St. Werburgh's, Dublin, ordered to do penance in the said church, but it was remitted for some certain mulct to be given for the use of the poor of that Parish." "This," says a contemporary, "I saw publickly performed at a vestry in the said church."

Samuel Foley, who succeeded Dr. King, was appointed Bishop of Down and Connor in 1694, in which year he published, in the "Philosophical Transactions," the first account given to the public of the Giant's Causeway. "Good John" Stearne, afterwards Dean of St. Patrick's, officiated here from 1702 to 1706. He was distinguished by his munificence to our literary establishments, his splendid collections of books and manuscripts, and his unbounded charity to the poor, as well as by his profuse hospitality; for Dean John's "beef and claret" were long famous in Dublin. Edward Synge was for six years minister of this parish, "preaching almost constantly to crowded congregations:" owing to his zeal for the House of Hanover, he was promoted in 1714 to the Bishopric of Raphoe, and in 1716 to the See of Tuam. His theological works are highly esteemed, and have been published in four volumes. He incurred much censure for some expressions used in a sermon at St. Werburgh's, on Sunday, 3d October, 1714: a

contemporary manuscript in our possession states, "that it was publickly said in the City that the Doctor was preaching a new religion;" he accordingly printed the obnoxious sermon, as he says himself, "to put a stop to the false and altogether groundless reports that had been spread abroad concerning it." Dr. Synge, it has been remarked, was the son of one Bishop, the nephew of another, and the father of two Bishops, namely, Nicholas, Bishop of Killaloe, and Edward, Bishop of Elphin, commonly called "Proud Ned."

In this church, in the last century, the charity sermons for relief of the surviving soldiers who had fought for King William III. were generally preached. The ungrateful manner in which those men were treated by the party who owed its ascendancy to their exertions, has been noticed by a late Presbyterian writer:—

"Instead of being in any wise rewarded, they did not even receive the amount of pay which was acknowledged by parliament to be justly due to them. In 1691 the officers and men of both garrisons constituted Colonel Hugh Hamill of Lifford, their agent and trustee, and authorized him to make the necessary applications to the crown and to parliament for their arrears. Seven years afterwards he resigned this office, and his brother, William Hamill, who resided principally in England, was appointed in his room. He used every effort in his power on behalf of his employers, but without success; and in 1714 he published a statement of his proceedings and a strong appeal to the public, entitled 'A Memorial by William Hamill, Gent., agent and trustee for the officers and soldiers of the two late garrisons of Londonderry and Enniskilling in Ireland, their relicts and representatives. Dedicated to his principals.' Lond. 1714, 8vo. pp. 40. This effort in their favour met with no better success; and he was again compelled to lay their hard case before the nation in a second publication with this sarcastic and significant title, 'A view of the danger and folly of being public-spirited and sincerely loving one's country, in the deplorable case of the Londonderry and Enniskilling regiments; being a true and faithful account of their unparalleled services and sufferings at and since the Revolution. To which is added the particular case of William Hamill, Gent. their agent.' Lond. 1721, 4to. pp. 74. From this work it appears that, after two and thirty years tedious and fruitless negotiations, the following arrears were still due to the eight regiments that formed the garrison of Derry during the siege:—Baker's regiment, £16,274. 9s. 8d; Mitchelburn's, £9,541. 16s.; Walker's, £10,188. 13s. 6d.; Munroe's, £8,360. 2s.; Crofton's, £7,750. 11s. 6d.; Hamill's, £8,969. 13s. 6d.; Lane's, £8,360. 2s.; Murray's, £5,312. 9s. 6d.; making a total of £74,757. 17s. 8d., not a farthing of which appears to have been ever paid."

*letters in the
there being
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Although recent researches among original documents have proved that the garrison of Derry* vastly exceeded the number of its besiegers, and that the history of other events of these wars has been equally falsified, no palliation is to be found for the shameful manner which the Irish Williamite officers and soldiers were defrauded by their employers.

In 1715, we learn from official authority that the parish church of St. Werburgh's was "so decayed and ruinous, that the parishioners could not with safety assemble therein for the performance of Divine Service, and likewise, so small in extent, that great numbers of the conformable inhabitants were forced either to neglect the public worship of Almighty God or repair to other parish churches," and as the parishioners were mostly shop-keepers and tradesmen who paid "great and heavy rents," the king granted the plot of ground on which the Council Chamber formerly stood, towards the rebuilding of

* The account hitherto received of the siege of Derry in 1689 is now proved by incontestable evidence to be totally false. When that town was besieged, the number of its armed garrison amounted to 12,000 men, exclusive of 20,000 inhabitants; yet, although aided by an English fleet of 30 sail, they allowed themselves to be blockaded for three months by a miserably provided force of 6,000 Jacobites, who were unable to make any regular attack on the place, and obliged to divide their men to oppose the Enniskilleners. The Williamites, who deserved merit for their services in these wars, were deprived of their just recompense by the fraudulent and mendacious representations of the Rev. Colonel George Walker, who arrogated all the merit to himself, and while the foreign soldiers were fully paid, Colonel Mitchelburne and other Irishmen, deserving well of the Prince of Orange, were allowed to die of starvation.

Another gross misrepresentation still exists with regard to Colonel Lundy, Governor of Derry. "The real facts connected with Lundy's conduct in the North, and afterwards in London, are, that he appeared before a Parliamentary Committee, where, on examination, he alleged, as the cause of his want of success, that he could not get the Ulster Williamites to stand before the Irish; and, moreover, he offered to submit to a trial in Derry itself, for whatever could be alleged against him. But a Committee of the principal Williamites—on which was, amongst others, his reverend calumniator, and the self-assumed military Governor of Derry, Walker—gave it as their opinion, that it was not expedient such a trial should take place. Yet this Lundy, whom the Ulster Williamites evidently would not dare to try, because they could not find him guilty of any thing, but not being able to resist the Irish in the field with a set of runaways, has been annually burned in effigy ever since by the Derry Orangemen, as a traitor." For further remarks on the falsification of the history of the Irish wars of the Revolution, as demonstrated by the researches of Mr. O'Callaghan, the reader is referred to the IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. I., 452, 462.

the church, which was executed in 1718, from the design of Isaac Wills, one of our most eminent architects, although totally unknown to former authors who undertook to write on the antiquities of Dublin. The lower part of the new church was the same as at present; the upper story consisted of a lofty octagonal tower, adorned with Ionic pilasters, and crowned with a dome and cross. Of the clergymen connected with this church in the last century we may mention the Rev. Patrick Delany (1730—to 1734), the intimate friend of Swift, author of the *Treatise on Polygamy*, and esteemed the best Dublin preacher of his day. John Blachford (1744–1748), father of Mrs. Tighe, authoress of “*Psyche*,” Sir Philip Hoby, Bart. (1748–1766); during his ministry, in the year 1754, an accidental fire occurred in the church and burned its roof, galleries, organ, seats, and windows, leaving nothing but the stone work and bells. The church was again rebuilt, and a steeple erected with the funds bequeathed by Hoby, and by a contribution from the Archbishop of Dublin.

Hoby, who was advanced to the Archdeaconry of Ardfert, likewise left a sum of money to purchase an organ,* which

* Thomas Carter, organist of St. Werburgh's, was the composer of the air “*Oh, Nanny, wilt thou gang with me.*” He also composed the celebrated hunting song, “*Ye Sportsmen give ear;*” and one of the most popular airs in “*Love in a Village.*” Henry Dodwell, whose “*immense learning*” has been eulogized by Gibbon, was born in St. Werburgh's parish in 1641. Garrick's rival, Spranger Barry, the great tragedian, was also a native of this parish.

Hoy's Alley or Court, off Werburgh-street, was built early in the seventeenth century on the site of St. Austin's-lane. About the period of the Restoration, this court was the residence of the chief lawyers of Dublin.

Jonathan Swift, afterwards the Dean of St. Patrick's, was born on the 30th of November, 1667, at No. 9, in Hoy's court, the residence of his uncle, Counsellor Godwin Swift. Although regarded by his relatives in early life as an incumbrance, this court must have been his chief resort from the period of his return from the Kilkenny school in 1682, to enter Trinity College, until his departure for England in 1688. It is much to be regretted that no inscription or monument exists to indicate the birth-place of the man who possessed “a genius equally suited to politics and to letters, a genius destined to shake great kingdoms, to stir the laughter and the rage of millions, and to leave to posterity memorials which can perish only with the English language.” Robert Marshall, third Sergeant of the Exchequer, resided here from 1738 to 1741. In 1753, he was appointed Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. Marshall was the friend of Swift's Vanessa. On her death she bequeathed her entire property to him and George Berkeley, afterwards Bishop of Cloyne, with a request that they would publish the correspondence which had

was built by Millar of College-street, and first publicly performed on in June, 1768, in which year the building of the steeple was completed. Richard Woodward was minister here from 1772 to 1778, when he obtained the See of Cloyne. He acquired considerable notoriety by his pamphlet reflecting on the principles of Roman Catholics, which was vigorously assailed and exposed by the able and facetious Arthur O'Leary. We have shown that a clergyman of St. Werburgh's was the first who introduced Irish types into this kingdom, and endeavoured to instruct the natives in their own language; it was reserved for his successor, Woodward, to advocate the extirpation of the Celtic tongue on the plea that it was not fashionable in England. For this absurd proposition he was held up to merited ridicule by O'Leary, who asked "whether it would not be easier for one parson to study Irish than for a whole parish to learn the English language." The Capuchin had the best of the controversy, and Bishop Woodward was forced to admit that his opponent represented matters strongly and eloquently, and that, "Shakespeare like, he was well acquainted with the avenues of the human heart."

On the 3rd of May, 1787, the annual commemoration of Handel was held in St. Werburgh's church. "A more elegant or brilliant auditory," says a contemporary, "never appeared to honour the memory of that great musical genius"

"The church could with difficulty accommodate the numbers—the pews and galleries were filled in a short time. Seats were fixed on each side of the centre aisle—even these were insufficient, and many were obliged to stand during the whole of the performance. The dispositions made were very well conceived. The performers, whose numbers were very great (about 300), but whose execution was still greater, were placed in an orchestra, extremely extensive, projecting before the organ on a temporary gallery built for the purpose, and gradually arising on each side to the roof of the church.

passed between her and the Dean. They did not comply with this request, and Berkeley is said to have destroyed the original letters; copies were, however, preserved by Marshall, and they were first published in 1825. William Ruxton, Surgeon-General, resided in Hoey's Court till his death in 1783. The Guild of Glovers or fraternity of blessed Mary the Virgin, founded by Patent of Edward IV. in 1475, and the Corporation of Brewers, or "Guild of St. Andrew's," had their public halls here till late in the last century. On the north side of Hoey's Court, stood Eades's tavern, closed about 1813.

The following were the principal instrumental performers :—

Conductor, Mr. Doyle. Organist, Mr. Cogan. Principal First Violins, Messrs. Weichsell, Neale, O'Reilly. Principal Second Violins, Messrs. Fitzgerald, Beatty, Rivers. Principal Tenors, Sir Hercules Langrishe, Messrs. Quin, French, Wood. Principal Violincellos, Baron Dillon, Mr. Ashworth, Lord Delvin, Rev. Mr. Quin. Flutes, Messrs. Ash, and Black. Hautboys, Mr. Cook, Rev. Mr. Sandys.

A throne, very superb in its construction, was prepared for the Duke of Rutland, the Lord Lieutenant, opposite the grand entrance door. About one o'clock his Grace entered, attended by his suite, and shortly after the performance began. To particularize any one instrumental performer would be doing injustice to the rest ; bewildered amidst such a display of excellence, the judgment is at a loss on which to bestow the wreath, all were perfect in their line, and perhaps all deserve it. In the vocal performance, however, we must be more particular. It was often the subject of regret that the vocal abilities of our fair countrywomen were confined to a sphere rather circumscribed—that custom had placed a bar against their exercise in public. The present case, we are happy to find, furnishes an exception to it. Lady Portarlington, Mrs. Stopford, and Miss Margram delighted the audience with their vocal powers. In the first act Mrs. Stopford executed the song, 'He shall feed his flock like a Shepherd' admirably. Lady Portarlington was equally happy in the second act, song, 'He was rejected and despised of men,' and Miss Margram was enchanting in the recitative, 'Thy rebuke hath broken his heart,' and the airs, &c., that followed. In fine, the performance went off with great eclat. It is not enough to say, that it was excellent—an idea of it may be conceived by those who feel the fervor of harmony, but it is absolutely indescribable. The whole presented a scene of splendence, which was not a little heightened by the beauty and elegance of the ladies, and the general satisfaction that sat on every face, gave an additional zest to the harmony. His Grace the Lord Lieutenant's throne had a perfect command of the orchestra, in the centre of which, exactly under the conductor of the band, was placed a likeness of Handel himself, esteemed a very good one."

In June, 1798, the corpse of the gallant but ill-starred Lord Edward Fitz-Gerald was conveyed from the gaol of Newgate, and entombed in the vaults of this church, immediately under the chancel, where it still lies.

"The dear remains," writes the incomparable Lady Louisa Conolly "were deposited by Mr. Bourne* in St. Werburgh's

* Rev. Richard Bourne was minister of Werburgh's from 1781 to 1810, when he was advanced to the Deanery of Tuam. The reason for selecting Werburgh's church as the temporary burial place of "Lord Edward" is not very obvious. Tradition states that many of the Fitz-Geralds were buried here in ancient days, which is partially confirmed by the

church, until the times would permit of their being removed to the family vault at Kildare. I ordered every thing upon that occasion that appeared to me to be right, considering all the heart-breaking circumstances belonging to that event; and I was guided by the feelings which I am persuaded our beloved angel would have had upon the same occasion, had he been to direct for *me*, as it fell to my lot to do for *him*. I well knew that to run the smallest risk of shedding *one drop of blood*, by any riot intervening upon that mournful occasion, would be the thing of all others that would vex him most; and knowing also how much he despised all outward show, I submitted to what I thought prudence required. The impertinence and neglect (in Mr. Cook's office) of orders (not-

fact of a large stone monument, apparently of the fifteenth century, having stood in the old church. It represents a knight and his lady in the usual recumbent position: on the knight's shield is a cross in saltire, the arms of the Geraldines. This monument, with some other old pieces of sculpture formerly in the interior of the edifice, is now built into a portion of the south wall of the church.

The original parish school-house, still standing on the North side of the churchyard, at present forms part of the warehouse of Messrs Sykes and Hull, army clothiers. The boys of this school in the last century were clad in an attire exactly similar to that of the "Blue Coat Hospital," whence Blue Boar-alley was sometimes styled Blue Coat-alley.

James Southwell, "Batchelor, born in the Parish of St. Werburgh's," who died in 1729, aged 88 years; bequeathed £1250 to purchase £62. 10s. for ever, for certain purposes, among which were the following:—To a Lecturer to read prayers and preach a sermon, every second Wednesday, £20. Bread for the poor, after the sermon, 3s. 6d. each night, £4 6s. 8d. Candles in dark nights at lecture, £1 0s. 0d. Coals for poor roomkeepers, £4 3s. 4d. To bind a Parish boy apprentice to a trade, £3. He also bequeathed £45 for a clock, £386 for a ring of bells, and £20 to twenty poor widows. Southwell is said to have been a silk merchant who resided on Cork-hill, near the site of the present Exchange. The Lecture is still regularly preached, and the allowance distributed to the poor. In 1760 Dr. Thomas Leland, author of the History of Ireland, the "Life of Philip Macedon," and of "Sermons on various subjects," 3 vols. 8vo. Dublin, 1768, was Southwell's lecturer in St. Werburgh's Church.

"A new and mournful elegy, on the lamentable death of the famous usurer, James Southwell, who died raving mad, on Sunday, January the 19th, 1728-9," printed by John Durneen, next door to the Waly's head in Patrick's-street," contains several particulars relative to Southwell, and concludes as follows:—

" Rejoyce St. Werburgh's, toll your knells,
To you he's left a ring of bells;
A fine new ring, that when your steeple,
Is higher built—to call the people;
Blew-boys, rejoyce! and eke ye poor,
By him ye've got now something more,
And but ye legatese complain,
To whom he left his old jack chain."

withstanding Lord Castlereagh had arranged everything as I wished it) had nearly caused what I had taken such pains to avoid. However, happily, nothing happened." "A guard," says Lord Henry Fitz-Gerald, "was to have attended at Newgate, the night of my poor brother's burial, in order to provide against all interruption from the different guards and patrols in the streets:—it never arrived, which caused the funeral to be several times stopped in its way, so that the burial did not take place till near two in the morning, and the people attending obliged to stay in the church until a pass could be procured to enlarge them."

In 1841, the remains of Major Sirr, the assassin of "Lord Edward," were deposited in this churchyard: the spot is marked out in the East corner by a broken flag with a short inscription, and shaded by a melancholy tree. The stone does not explicitly state that the town Major of '98 was buried under it, and appears to have been originally placed over the corpse of his father who preceded him in that office, and was also distinguished by his bad character; a fact unknown to the biographers of Lord Edward Fitz-Gerald. A more infamous tool than Henry Charles Sirr, was probably never employed by any government; the bare relation of his atrocities would far exceed the wildest fiction which ever emanated from the brain of the most morbid romancist.

The horrors of Continental cruelties and secret tortures, depicted in the most terrible pages of Lewis, Radcliffe, or Ainsworth, dwindle into insignificance when contrasted with the perpetrations of Sirr and his blood-stained associates, during the Irish reign of terror. "It was at that sad crisis," says Curran, "that the defendant, from an obscure individual, started into notice and consequence. It is in the hotbed of public calamity, that such portentous and inauspicious products are accelerated without being matured. From being a town-major, a name scarcely legible in the list of public incumbrances, he became at once invested with all the real powers of the most absolute authority. The life and liberty of every man seemed to be given up to his disposal."

On an upright slab in the middle of St. Werburgh's churchyard is to be seen an epitaph on John Edwin, one of the actors of Crow-street theatre, who died in 1805, from chagrin at the illiberal criticism of the anonymous author of the "Familiar Epistles on the present state of the Irish Stage." The writer

of those "Epistles," we may remark, gained considerable notoriety in the year 1849, by his vituperative attack on the greatest English essayist of the present day, who, however, did not allow himself to be "snuffed out by an article."

The steeple of this church, 160 feet in height, terminating with a gilt ball and vane, formed one of the chief ornaments of Dublin from whatever side it was viewed, but having been found in a dangerous condition, it was removed in 1810 by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, although Mr. Johnson, the late eminent architect, offered to secure it in a permanent manner. The same iconoclastical body, in 1836, had the tower of the church taken down, and unhung the bells, which are still preserved in the vestibule.

Before the Castle chapel was rebuilt, St. Werburgh's church was one of the most fashionable in Dublin, it was regularly attended by the Lord Lieutenant and his suite, and was always densely thronged. The state seat is still to be seen, in front of the organ.

It is difficult now to determine at what exact period theatrical representations were first introduced into Dublin. An ancient custom, we are told, "prevailed for a long time in the city always against the great festivals of the year to invite the Lord Deputy, the nobility, and other persons of quality and rank to an entertainment, in which they first diverted them with *stage plays*, and then regaled them with a splendid banquet. The several corporations also upon their patron's days, held themselves obliged to the like observances, which were for a long time very strictly kept up and practised." In the accounts of the cathedral of St. Patrick, for the year 1509, we find *iii. id.* charged for Thomas Mayowe, *ludenti* cum *vii. luminibus* at Christmas and Candlemas, and *ivs. vii. d.* for the *Players* "with the great and the small angel and the dragon at Whitsuntide." These were, however, but representations of the nature of miracle plays. The first notice we have of a regular dramatic piece performed in Dublin is to be found in a writer of the early part of the last century, who tells us, that "Mr. Ogilby the Master of the Revels in this Kingdom (who had it from proper authority) informed Mr. Ashbury, that plays had been often acted in the Castle of Dublin when Blount, Lord Mountjoy, was Lord Lieutenant here in the latter end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. And Mr. Ashbury saw a bill for wax-tapers, dated the 7th day of

September, 1601 (Queen Elizabeth's Birth Day), for the play of Gorboduc* done at the Castle, one and twenty shillings and two groats." "But it is to be supposed," adds the same author, "they were gentlemen of the Court that were the

* This, according to the highest authority, is "the earliest extant piece in English that can with any fitness be called a tragedy. Its correct, if not its most ancient title, is 'The tragedy of Ferrex and Porrex,' but it only bears it in the second edition of 1571, while it is called 'The tragedy of Gorboduc,' in the copies of 1565 and 1590."

The following particulars may serve to give an idea of the internal arrangements of the Theatres, at the close of the sixteenth and early part of the seventeenth century. Public Theatres were open to the sky except the Stage and Boxes or "Rooms." The Stage, covered on great occasions with mats, but in general strewed with rushes, was provided with trap-doors, pulleys, &c. Moveable scenery began to be used about 1636; previous to its adoption it was customary to affix a board in a conspicuous part of the Theatre, on which was indicated, in large letters, the place intended to be represented. The musicians played between the acts, and are supposed to have been placed in a box or "room" at the side of the stage: the present position of the orchestra, between the audience and the stage, was first introduced from France after the Restoration. The place where the spectators stood was uncovered, and called the "yard." There were also "twopenny galleries" and boxes, the admission to the latter was one shilling.

Several young gallants, to make themselves conspicuous, used to gain admission through the "Tiring Room," and having hired three-legged stools for sixpence or a shilling, they sat on the stage, attended by their pages, whose office was to keep their masters' pipes filled with tobacco. The curtain, composed of arras and worsted, until the middle of the seventeenth century, opened in the centre, running upon a rod. Besides the curtain in front, there were other curtains at the back of the stage, called "traverses," which, when drawn, served to make another and an inner apartment, when such was required by the business of the play. Private theatres, of which class the one in Werburgh-street probably was, were of smaller dimensions than the public play-houses, and entirely roofed in from the weather; the performances being by candle or torch light, although in the day time. They had pits furnished with seats; the visitors had a right to sit upon the stage, and the boxes or rooms were enclosed or locked.

The usual hour for dinner, at this period, was twelve o'clock, and the play began at three: the Prologue was spoken by an actor in a black cloak, after a trumpet had been thrice sounded; between the acts several tunes were played by the musicians. After the conclusion of the play, the more cheerfully to dismiss the spectators, a "jig" was performed. This is supposed to have been "a ludicrous composition in rhyme, sung or said, by the clown, accompanied by dancing and playing upon the pipe or tabor." On a conspicuous part of the outside of the theatre was placed a sign; a flag was hoisted on the top to give notice of the performance, and was lowered at the conclusion of the entertainment. Play-bills were used at this time, but they are supposed not to have contained the names of the actors. The audiences of the old theatres amused themselves with reading, playing at cards, drinking, and

actors on this occasion." The late J. C. Walker, an excellent Italian scholar but a shallow Irish antiquary, questioned the authenticity of this statement, because he was unable to discover the bill referred to. Ashbury, however, would scarcely have descended to an unprofitable forgery, and he may have had an opportunity of seeing the document, spoken of, in private hands or in some of the offices of the Government with which he was connected for nearly sixty years. It must also be recollected that the fire of 1711 destroyed many original papers which had survived the troubled times of the Revolution.

The "Black Book" of the King's Inns contains an entry in Hilary term 1630 of a payment of two pounds to the "Players for the grand day:" we have no means, at present, of deciding whether this performance was of a theatrical or musical nature. In 1633 John Ogilby came to Dublin in the train of the Viscount Wentworth, by whom he was occasionally employed as an amanuensis; while here he began his translation of Esop's Fables, a version still in repute, and also wrote the poem called the "Character of a Trooper," esteemed a very witty production at the time. By the favor of the Lord Deputy and the influence of his friends, Ogilby was enabled to build a "little theatre" in Werburgh-street. The time was peculiarly favorable for such an undertaking. In 1634 a Parliament, the first for nineteen years, was held in Dublin, and the number of Peers who sat in it amounted to above fifty. The splendour of the Court of Dublin during the Vice-Royalty of Strafford far exceeded anything before known in the city. "Other Deputies," says the Earl in 1633, "kept never an horse in their stables, put up the King's pay for their troop and company in a manner clear into their purses, infinitely to his Majesty's disservice in the example; I have threescore good horse in mine, which

smoking, before or during the performances. Fruit was sold in the theatre, and the cracking of nuts, to the great annoyance of the performers, was one of the chief amusements. Ben Jonson speaks of

———"the vulgar sort
Of nut-crackers, who only come for sight:"

and in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Scornful Lady," we are told of

———"fellows, that at ordinaries dare eat
Their eighteen-pence thrice out before they rise,
And yet go hungry to a play, and crack
More nuts than would suffice a dozen squirrels."

will stand me in twelve hundred pounds a year, and a guard of fifty Foot waiting on his Majesty's Deputy every Sunday, personable men and well appointed. Other Deputies have kept their tables for thirty pounds a week: Upon my faith it stands me (besides my stable) in threescore and ten pounds when it is at least." The author of the "*Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ*," writing from Dublin during Strafford's Vice-gerency, says, "Here is a most splendid Court kept at the Castle, and except that of the Vice-roy of Naples, I have not seen the like in Christendom; and in one point of grandezza, the Lord Deputy here goes beyond him, for he can confer honours, and dub knights, which that Vice-roy cannot, or any other I know of. Traffick encreaseth here wonderfully, with all kind of bravery and buildings."

A tourist who had travelled through Holland, the United Provinces, England and Scotland, tells us in 1635, that "Dublin is beyond all exception the fairest, richest, best built city he had met with (except York and Newcastle); it is far beyond Edenborough; only one street in Edenborough (the great long street) surpasseth any street here. Here is the Lord Deputy resident in the Castle, and the state and council of the Kingdom," "This city of Dublin," continues the same author, "is extending his bounds and limits very far; much additions of building lately, and some of these very fair, stately and complete buildings; every commodity is grown very dear. You must pay also for an horse hire 1s. 6d. a day. There are various commodities cried in Dublin as in London, which it doth more resemble than any other town I have seen in the King of England's dominions."

Besides the many noblemen who sojourned at this period in Dublin, we find some distinguished men among the lawyers many of the most eminent of whom were then Roman Catholics. Of the disciples of Themis the following may be noticed:—Patrick Darcy, author of the "*Argument*" delivered before the Irish House of Commons in 1641, and afterwards member of the Supreme Council of Kilkenny. Sir Audley Mervin, distinguished both as a soldier and a lawyer, who had the hardihood, in 1640, to impeach Sir Richard Bolton, the Lord Chancellor, the Bishop of Derry, Sir Edward Lowther, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and Sir George Radcliffe. Sir James Barry, Second Baron of the Ex-

chequer and founder of the house of Santry ; we are indebted to him for his excellent report on "The Case of Tenures," 1637. Sir Richard Bolton, Lord Chancellor, who in 1628 published the second edition of the Irish Statutes. Sir Richard Beling, the friend of Shirley, an accomplished scholar, author of the sixth book usually appended to Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia," and of some elegantly written Latin historical works. He was afterwards Secretary to the Confederation of Kilkenny, and, as their ambassador to the Pope, "brought back with him a fatal present in the person of the Nuncio Rinuccini." Literature was also beginning at this time to progress in Dublin. Dr. James Ussher and Sir James Ware, the auditor general, were now employed in publishing their works on our history and antiquities which spread the fame of Ireland through Europe, and which are even to this day in high esteem with the learned. The foregoing particulars may serve to give an idea of the state of our town at the time when a theatre was opened in it for the first time.* St. Werburgh's street must have presented a picturesque appearance during

* An Act of Parliament, passed at Dublin 1635—6, "for the erecting of Houses of Correction and for the punishment of Rogues, Vagabonds, sturdy Beggars, and other lewde and idle persons," contains a reference to strolling players, and gives an account of the various impostors at the time in Ireland. The Egyptians mentioned in it are the Gypsies, whose appearance in Ireland at this early period has not been noticed before.

"And be it further enacted by the authoritie aforesaid, That all persons, calling themselves Schollers, going about begging, all idle persons going about in any Countrey, either begging, or using any subtile craft, or unlawfull games or playes, or faigning themselves to have knowledge in Phisiognomie, Palmestry, or other like crafty Science, or pretending that they can tell Destinies, or such other like phantasticall imaginations, all persons that be, or utter themselves to be Proctors, Procurers, Patent-Gatherers, or Collectors for Gaoles, Prisons, or Hospitals: All Fencers, Beare-wards, Common-players of Enter-ludes, and Minstrels wandring abroad; all Juglers, all wandring persons, and common labourers, being persons able in body, using loytering, and refusing to worke for such reasonable wages, as is taxed and commonly given in such parts, where such persons doe, or shall happen to abide or dwell, not having living otherwise to maintaine themselves, all persons delivered out of Gaoles, that beg for their Fees, otherwise trawaille begging, all such as shall wander abroad, pretending loss by fire or otherwise, all such as wandring pretend themselves to bee Egyptians, or wander in the habite, forme, or attire of counterfeit Egyptians, shall be taken, adjudged, and deemed Roagues, Vagabonds, and sturdy beggars, and shall sustain such punishments, as are appointed by a statute made 33 of King Henry the eight."

the hours which immediately preceded and followed the theatrical performances. At these times it was doubtless thronged with numbers of gallants, with their long and curling locks, their peaked beards and their small up-turned moustaches, and clad in "doublets of silk, satin or velvet, with large loose sleeves, slashed up the front; the collar covered by a falling band of the richest point lace, with that peculiar edging now called Vandyke; a short cloak worn carelessly on one shoulder; the long breeches, fringed or pointed, meeting the tops of the wide boots, which were also ruffled with lace or lawn. A broad-leaved Flemish beaver hat, with a rich hat-band and plume of feathers, set on one side the head, and a Spanish rapier, hung from a most magnificent baldrick or sword belt, worn sash-wise over the right shoulder."

The excess to which luxury in dress was carried in Dublin about this period, called forth the interference of the legislature, and in 1634 it was ordered by the Irish House of Commons, that "the proposition made against the excessive wearing of bone lace, and of gold and silver lace, shall be referred to the consideration of the Committee of Grievances, to consider what persons and degrees are fit to use the same, and how, for to report their opinion thereon to the House."

In 1637, Ogilby's friend, James Shirley, came to Dublin, and appears to have taken considerable interest in the Werburgh-street theatre, where his tragi-comedy of the "Royal Master" was performed as well as at the Castle, in the presence of the Earl of Strafford, "on New Year's Day at night." His plays of "The Doubtful Heir," first styled "Rosania, or Love's Victory," "St. Patrick for Ireland," and the "Constant Maid," were likewise written for, and first performed at the theatre in Werburgh's-street. About the same period, several of the plays of Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher and Middleton, were also acted there.

The following was the Prologue spoken to one of Fletcher's plays in Werburgh's-street at this time:—

"I am come to say, you must, or like the Play,
Or forfeit, gentlemen, your wits to day.
'Tis Fletcher's Comedy: if after this,
Detraction have but so much breath to hiss,
An English poet bid me tell you, when
He shall salute his native shores again,
He will report your stories, all this while
False, and that you have serpents in this isle.

For your own sakes, though th' actors should not hit,
Be, or seem, wise enough to like the wit."

The interval between the Parliament of 1635 and that of 1639, appears to have deprived the theatre of some of its best supporters, in the persons of the members of the Houses of Peers and Commons: this is evident from the following address of the players:—

"We are sorry, gentlemen, that with all pains
To invite you hither, the wide house contains
No more. Call you this term? if the courts were
So thin, I think 'twould make your lawyers swear,
And curse men's charity, on whose want they thrive,
Whilst we by it woo to be kept alive.
I'll tell you what a poet says: two year
He has liv'd in Dublin, yet he knows not where
To find the city: he observ'd each gate;
It could not run through them, they are too strait.
When he did live in England, he heard say,
That here were men lov'd wit and a good play;
That here were gentlemen, and lords; a few
Here bold to say, there were some ladies too:
This he believ'd, and though they are not found
Above, who knows what may be under ground?
But they do not appear, and missing these,
He says he'll not believe your Chronicles
Hereafter, nor the maps, since all this while,
Dublin's invisible, and not Brasil;*

* This is, we believe, the first notice in an English writer of "that enchanted island called O'Brasil, and in Irish Beg-ara, or the lesser Aran, set down in cards of navigation," and which is said occasionally to appear on the West Coast of Ireland. "Whether it be," says an old writer, "reall and firm land, kept hidden by speciall ordinance of God, as the terrestrial paradise, or else some illusion of airy clouds appearing on the surface of the sea, or the craft of evill spirits, is more than our judgments can sound out." A curious and rare tract, entitled "O Brazile, or the Enchanted Island, being a perfect relation of the late Discovery, and wonderful Disinchantment of an Island on the North of Ireland." London: 1675, has been reprinted by Mr. Hardiman. On this subject the late Gerald Griffin wrote a ballad entitled, "Hy Brasail—The Isle of the Blest," of which the following is the first verse:

"On the ocean that hollows the rocks where ye dwell,
A shadowy land has appeared, as they tell;
Men thought it a region of sunshine and rest,
And they called it *Hy-Brasail*, the isle of the blest.
From year unto year, on the ocean's blue rim,
The beautiful spectre showed lovely and dim;
The golden clouds curtain'd the deep where it lay,
And it looked like an Eden, away, far away."

None of our bibliographers appear to have been acquainted with a tract entitled, "A Voyage to O'Brazeel: or, the sub-marine Island. Giving

And all that men can talk, he'll think to be
 A fiction now above all poetry.
 But stay, you think he's angry ; no, he pray'd
 Me tell you, he recants what he has said ;
 He's pleas'd, so you shall be, yes, and confess
 We have a way 'bove wit of man to please ;
 For though we should despair to purchase it
 By wit of man, this is a Woman's wit."

"Woman's Wit," here referred to, is supposed to have been Middleton's Comedy of "No wit : No help like a Woman's," which was not printed till 1657. The ensuing prologue shows that Werburgh's-street theatre was, as usual at the time in England, occasionally used as a place for bear-baiting and cudgelling :—

"Are there no more ? and can the Muses' sphere
 At such a time as this, so thin appear ?
 We did expect a session, and a train
 So large, to make the benches crack again.
 There was no summons, sure : yes, I did see
 The writs abroad, and men with half an eye
 Might read on every post, this day would sit
 Phœbus himself and the whole court of wit.
 There is a fault, Oh give me leave to say !
 You are not kind, not to yourselves, this day ;
 When for the pleasure of your ear would come
 Fletcher's dear shade to make Elysium
 Here, where each soul those learned groves might see,
 And all the sweets are fam'd in poesy.
 Were there a pageant now on foot, or some
 Strange monster from Peru or Afric come,
 Men would throng to it ; any drum will bring
 (That beats a bloodless prize or cudgelling)
 Spectators *hither* ; nay the bears invite
 Audience, and bag-pipes can do more than wit.
 'Tis pity ; but awake, brave souls, awake,
 Throw off these heavy chains for your own sake :
 Oh do not grieve the ghost of him, whose pen
 Had once the virtue to make statues men,
 And men turn statues ! less could not befit
 Their justice, and the wonder of his wit.
 Stoop, when you touch the laurels of the dead ;
 Be wise, and crown again the poet's head."

a brief Description of the Country ; and a short Account of the Customs, Manners, Government, Law, and Religion of the Inhabitants. By Manus O'Donnell. Faithfully translated out of the original Irish," 8vo. Dublin: 1752. For a notice of the Irish manuscript known as the "Book of O'Brazil," see IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. I. 449.

In a Prologue to a play called "the General," acted about the same time in Werburgh-street, but now lost, having never been printed, we find the actors threatening a withdrawal to the country :—

" There are some soldiers then, though but a few,
Will see the ' General' before they go ;
You're welcome. Players have suffer'd since you came,
And wounded too in fortunes and in fame :
Your drums and trumpets carried all the town
Into the fields, and left them here to moan
Their own sad tragedy, for want of men
Enough to kill 'em. Strange ! the benches then
Were all the grave spectators, but that here
Some cruel gentlemen in your hangings were.
O dreadful word *vacation* ! But they mean
To be reveng'd upon 't, and change their scene
Awhile to th' country, leave the town to blush,
Not in ten days to see one cloak of plush.
I do but think how some, like ghosts, will walk
For money surely hidden, while the talk
O' th' city will be, would the term* were come !
Though law came with it, we would make it room,
And own our faces in the shop again,
And for a time hope to converse with men,
To trust, and thank 'em too. This is a curse
For their not seeing plays, or something worse :
But to you, gentlemen, whom we have no art
To multiply, welcome, with all my heart.
The General should have a guard ; but we
Conceive no danger in this company :
But if you fear a plot from us, alas !
Here are so few, I think the play may pass."

Shirley returned to England in 1638. His coming to Ireland has never been accounted for : it is not, however, improbable that he had relations here. We find Sir George Shirley, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, in Ireland from 1620 to 1649 : and Sir John Tracy, created by Charles I. Viscount of Rathcool, in the county of Dublin, was connected by marriage with the Shirleys of Sussex, whence the poet is supposed to have sprung. The most eminent dramatic critic and antiquary of the present day tells us, that both " Shirley's tragedies and comedies will bear comparison with those of any of Shak-

* " Playhouses were most frequented in term time, for then the town was fullest, and then it was that new plays were often brought out."

speare's contemporaries." He is justly regarded as the last of the old English school of dramatists; and it is not improbable that he may have, while in Ireland, composed some plays with which we are unacquainted, and which, like others acted at Ogilby's theatre, are now lost. George, Earl of Kildare, "Baron of Ophalie, and Premier Earl of the Kingdom of Ireland," appears to have been a patron of Shirley; to him he dedicated his "Royal Master." "It was my happiness," says the poet, "being a stranger in this kingdom, to kiss your lordship's hands, to which your nobleness, and my own ambition encouraged me; nor was it without justice to your name, to tender the first fruits of my observance to your lordship, whom this island acknowledgeth her first native ornament and top branch of honour."

In 1639, "Landgartha, a tragi-comedy," was presented in the "new theatre in Dublin," with great applause. This play was founded on the conquest of Frollo, King of Sweden, by Regner, King of Denmark, with the repudiation of Regner's Queen, Landgartha. The scene was laid in Suevia or Suethland; and the prologue was spoken by an Amazon, with a battle-axe in her hand. Henry Burnell, of the old Anglo-Norman family of that name, was the author of "Landgartha;" he also wrote some other plays, which, having never been published, are not now accessible. Owing to the disturbed state of the country, the theatre in Werburgh-street was closed by order of the Puritanic Lords Justices, in the year 1641, and Ogilby* joined the royalist party, as the actors in England did on the breaking out of the civil wars. We are told, that among other dangers, he narrowly escaped being blown up by an explosion of gunpowder at Rathfarnham castle, shortly after this period. His time, however, cannot have been mis-spent in that stately mansion built by Queen Elizabeth's Lord Chancellor and the first Provost of Trinity College, when we recollect that its governor, just returned from Oxford, was Dudley Loftus, one of the most eminent linguists of the seventeenth century, and who

* All former writers who have written on the Dublin theatres tell us that John Ogilby was appointed Master of the Revels in Ireland in the reign of Charles I. This, however, is but one of their many errors resulting from the neglect of examining original documents, which show that he did not obtain that appointment till after the Restoration.

was able to translate twenty different languages into English before he had attained his majority. His father, at the commencement of the disturbances of 1641, procured a garrison to be placed in his castle at Rathfarnham, and Dudley, appointed governor, is said to have done good service in defending Dublin from the incursions of the mountaineers. The gunpowder explosion was, doubtless, the result of some of the young governor's practical jokes; for, although admitted to be one of the most profound Oriental scholars and jurists of his day, he was all through life distinguished by his love of raillery and levity. "This," says an old writer, "gave occasion to a great but free spoken Prelate, who was well acquainted with him, to say, 'that he never knew so much learning in the keeping of a fool.'"

In ancient times, and so early as the first part of the fifteenth century, a passage existed from Werburgh-street, nearly opposite the church, to Nicholas-street, and was called from its position 'Hynd-street. It was also known as "Vicus Sutorum" or the Shoemaker's-street, and St. Verberosse's or Saint Werburgh's lane. This passage was built over about the year 1580, and at its termination in Werburgh-street stood, in the seventeenth century, the Four Courts Marshalsea. This was probably the military prison during the time of the Commonwealth, mentioned in the following extracts from the original record of the proceedings of the Courts martial, in Dublin, now for the first time printed, from the authentic manuscript documents, signed by the President and the other officers.

"Att a Court Martiall held in the Castle of Dublin, 3^o Maii, 1652.

"Thomas Powell, being accused for mutinous speeches by him uttered against his superiour officer, and for departing from his colours without license, and thereof found guilty by his owne confession, it was ordered, that he shall be led on Wednesday next from the martialsees to ye Gallowes with a rope about his necke, where he is for the space of an hower to stand upon a stoole with ye said rope tyed about his necke to the Gallowes, having an inscription upon his brest denoting that he suffers punishment for mutinous words spoken against his superiour officer, and for deserting from his colours.

"Major Manwaring, Informant, John Walker, Defendant, 21 Junii, 1652.

"The Defdt being accused for stealing his comrade's coate which he confessed, the Court therefor upon his owne confession pronounced him guilty, and being tryed by the last article of Administration of Justice, it was decreed that he shall be carried from the marshalseys to ye

Gallowes with a rope about his necke, by which he is to be drawne up soe high to ye Gallowes as to stand on tip toes, in which posture he is to receive twenty lashes, this evening at ye tyme of Parade, this same punishment to be twice more inflicted on him at such tyme as the president shall appoint."

The Marshalsea* having been removed from this locality, a "fair house" was built in its place, and inhabited by Crofts,

* On the West side of the street stands Derby or Darby-square, an oblong piece of ground, about 80 feet in length, surrounded by houses, the number of which originally was twelve. These appear to have been built by one Darby who, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, was waiter in Dick's Great Coffee House in Skinner Row. "I went to Dick's," says an English writer in 1699, "after calling for a dish of coffee, my questions were, 'Where is Darby?' (he is Dick's servant, but as honest a lad as lives in Dublin); 'Is there a Packet come from England?'" Darby himself subsequently owned a Coffee House in Skinner Row, and we find that Mr. Thomas Connor died in 1729, "who married the widow Darby, owner of Darby Square." The "Square" became the residence of many of the chief lawyers and attorneys during the first half of the eighteenth century. In it was held the Registry office as early as 1741, the Examiner's office of the Court of Chancery till 1744, and the office of the masters in Chancery was kept there till 1744. At the entrance from Werburgh's-street was the shop of Samuel Dalton, bookseller and publisher, from 1730 to 1741. In the year 1785, a portion of the pavement of the square suddenly gave way and disclosed a cavern, forty feet deep, containing a great quantity of coffins and bones. The oldest inhabitants, at the time, had no idea that there was any vault or cavern in the place. Darby Square was probably built on a portion of the grave yard of St. Nicholas Church, which, in ancient times, being one of the oldest in the city, must have extended considerably towards Werburgh's-street.

In the north-west corner of the square is a door leading to a plot of ground on which Astley's Amphitheatre stood in 1787. The proprietors of the Theatre Royal of Dublin on learning Astley's intention of visiting the city, in order to stop his proceedings, took every piece of ground on which they considered a circus could be erected. They, however, overlooked the plot on the North of Derby-square, where Astley built his theatre in the short space of three weeks. Immense numbers flocked to witness the feats of horsemanship, and all the approaches to the circus were densely thronged from six till seven o'clock in the evenings. The box entrance was through the north side of Darby-square, where a portion of it is still visible: the admission to the pit was from "Salter's-court," now partially enclosed, and the gallery entrance was through "Wilme's-court" in Skinner's-row. During the troubles of 1798, a corps of yeomanry, of two hundred men, principally inhabitants of the Liberty, and known as the "Liberty Rangers," used to march to this green at twelve o'clock on Sundays to perform their military evolutions. The costume of this corps was a blue coat with green facings, white breeches, and high laced buskins: their head dress was a kind of helmet, afterwards exchanged for the regular infantry cap, and they were armed with rifles and bayonets. This body, dissolved in 1805, performed much of the outpost duty during 1798, for which they were regularly "told

Deputy Clerk of the Tholsel, about 1678. Towards the middle of the last century the "Phoenix Tavern," kept by James Hoey in this edifice, was one of the most fashionable and most frequented houses of its time in Dublin. In 1749, in the height of the agitation of Charles Lucas, when conversation ran high on the rights of Ireland, the "free and independent citizens" who supported the indefatigable tribune used to hold political dinners here four times in the year. In 1752 we find it frequented by the Grand Lodge of Freemasons, it was also at this time the resort of the gentlemen of the County of Roscommon, and the usual place for the great dinners of the Society of the Bar; who in 1755 entertained, here the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, the Right Hon. Thomas Carter, the celebrated Anthony Malone, Bellingham Boyle, of the great Shannon family, and other leaders of Irish politics, at that time.

The Hibernian Society for the improvement of education in Ireland held their dinners and meetings here in 1758.

About the same period this was the place of meeting of the "Friendly Florist Society," and it may be interesting to notice some of the prizes which they gave to "encourage the propagating and cultivating flowers in this kingdom."

"To the person who shall raise the best Polyanthus from seed 16s. 3d. For the second best ditto 8s. To the person who shall raise the best Auricula £1. 10s. For the second best ditto 15s." Here, in 1762, the "Prussian Club" used to dine on their anniversaries: dinner being then served at half past three o'clock. This body was formed at the time when the greatest enthusiasm was excited in Dublin by the victories of Frederick the Great. In 1768, the "American Club" resorted to this house, as did also, in the succeeding year, the "Corsican Club," formed in Dublin "to support the cause of liberty and Paoli." In the year 1771, at eight o'clock on every Tuesday evening, the "Constitutional So-

off" in the Weaver's Hall, on the Comb, which formed their head quarters. The green off Darby-square was formerly almost level with the floor of the square: owing, however, to the accumulation of rubbish from dilapidated buildings, it has now attained an elevation nearly equal to the drawing-room story of the neighbouring houses, and is at present a well cultivated garden. Darby-square was originally lighted by five large globe lamps, which, with the iron gates of the square, were taken down about the year 1820.

ciety" opposed to the government of Lord Townshend, used to meet in the great room of the Phoenix Tavern to discuss political questions. The admission was by tickets sold at the bar for one shilling each, for which attendance was given and wine "moderately distributed." This Society was founded by the Rev. Thomas Baldwin of Parliament-street, who died in October 1772: medals were given to the best speakers, and the attendance became so large and so fashionable that that it was found necessary to transfer the meetings to the Music Hall in Fishamble-street, as before noticed. About the same time the "Amicable Catch Club" held their meetings at the Phoenix. At this period, it may be remarked, that the great number of carriages and costly equipages of noblemen and wealthy commoners resident in Dublin rendered the streets of the city almost impassable. The Phoenix Tavern appears to have been closed after the death of its proprietor, James Hoey, in 1773.

We have thus from a variety of authentic sources brought together a collection of reminiscences connected with two of the more obscure streets of Dublin. The lengthened research demanded by inquiries of this nature can only be estimated by those conversant with the difficulties and obstacles which beset the investigator in a department of our literature hitherto totally neglected. The value and importance of such illustrations has long been recognized. Without an accurate knowledge of those by-ways of history, it would be impossible for the historian or the novelist to place before us true pictures of the men and manners of past ages.

ART. II.—LORD GEORGE BENTINCK.

Lord George Bentinck: A Political Biography. By B. Disraeli, Member of Parliament for the County of Buckingham. London: Colburn and Co. 1851.

WE can recall three phases in the life of Benjamin Disraeli —we recollect him

"The wondrous boy
That wrote *Alroy*."

with bright earnest eyes, and long flowing curls, as we see him in Chalon's portrait—we remember him the unsuccessful politician, just bursting into public life, fighting dauntlessly against Daniel O'Connell, and fighting too with an unswerving pertinacity worthy of the old Hebrew blood—and we recollect him—who does not?—the writer of the most strikingly original novel of our time, and the fierce opposer of the Satan of political apostacy, Peel. And though, in these three stages of his public existence, there may have been much to wish unsaid or unwritten, yet, in all there were the glimmerings of a genius that would shine out, and show the world, despite dishonest critics, and slanderous caricaturists, despite political party libels, and the whispered falsehoods of the clubs and Mayfair coteries, that the undoubted genius of Isaac Disraeli was in no degree deteriorated in its transmission to his son.

But great as the pleasure has been which we, in common with all the world, have derived from the literary labours of Mr. Disraeli, we look upon the Biography now before us as the most interesting and the most eloquently written book which he has as yet produced. It is not a tissue of egotism, German metaphysics, and Pantheistic absurdity like Carlyle's *Life of John Sterling*: it is the offering of that precious thing, a true friend,⁴ to the memory of one who was indeed a *noble* man, above all the meanness of faction, too patriotic to peril the interests of his country for the aggrandizement of his party. When we look back upon the events of the last seven years, when we recollect how great men have stultified every act of their lives, when we remember the fallacious arguments by which they have been swayed—no tergiversation considered too glaring—no coward concession deemed too humiliating—no change of law considered too rash—no falsehood deemed too despicable—no treachery considered too atrocious, nothing, in a word, deemed too low or too shuffling—could office but be held, when we recall these things, and remember the honest energy of mind, the good sense, the deep determination, and great promise of Lord George Bentinck, we may well regret his early death, and feel in all their truth the force of Wordsworth's lines,

“ Things incomplete, and purposes betrayed,
Make sadder transits o'er Truth's mystic glass,
Than noblest objects utterly decayed.”

If Bentinck had been reared for office, if, as Wilberforce recommends, he had been harnessed early to official duty, and if he had been sent into Parliament a platitudinous thing, made up of statistics, red tape and priggishness, like Mr. Disraeli's Tadpole and Taper, we could well understand his strong mind breaking the thralls of official conventionality, and forcing him to become the man he was, armed at all points, ever ready for attack or defence ; but he was not bred up to office, he never liked it, and even whilst acting as the secretary of his uncle, George Canning, he seldom worked heartily at his duties ; when we remember this, it increases our admiration of his talent and energy. At forty-three years of age, he saw that the country was about being handed over, through Peel's treachery and cowardice, to the selfish crew of Manchester politicians ; he saw the landed proprietors unguided and uncertain in their courses, and then it was, that tearing himself from the manly sports he loved so well, he came, with the honest truth of his nature, and gave up all the short future of his life, to the support of that cause which he considered the most advantageous to his country's interests. And what a true man he proved himself ! Night after night he was at his post, laying bare all the destructive falsehood of the renegade Premier. What cared he that at each division Peel's apostacy was triumphant, what mattered it to him that stupid inanity raised a laugh at his expense, by repeating some absurdity from "Punch ;" stoutly and boldly he fought the battle of right and justice, and for the purpose of showing his real merit and great service to a good cause, Mr. Disraeli has written this Biography. It proves him to have been a man above all fear and beyond all corruption, it proves that he was not one of those "whose patriotism has been only the coquetry of political prostitution, and whose profligacy has taught governments to adopt the old maxim of the slave market, that it is cheaper to buy than to breed, to import defenders from our Opposition than to rear them in a Ministry ;" it proves him to have been that wondrous thing, a patriot whom patronage could not buy, and whom ministerial displeasure could not intimidate.

William George Frederick Scott Bentinck, third son of the fourth Duke of Portland, by Henrietta, daughter of Major-General Scott of Balcomie, county of Fife, and sister to the late Viscountess Canning, widow of the illustrious George Canning, was born on the 27th of February, 1802. He was

educated at Eton and Oxford, and although a younger son, he was, owing to his mother's large fortune, in possession of very considerable property. He entered the army and attained the rank of Major. His military life was like that of other young men not on active service, and is remembered but by one incident, the melancholy quarrel with poor Kerr. The latter was captain of the company in which Bentinck was subaltern, and owing to some negligence, or fancied negligence, of duty on his part, Kerr, the regiment being on parade, accused Bentinck of want of respect unbecoming a subaltern, and of carelessness in the performance of his regimental duty. This charge, made on parade, was certainly very provoking, and at once Bentinck retorted, that, "Captain Kerr had used language on parade, which he would not repeat off it." Unfortunately Kerr was induced by his own feelings, and by the advice of friends, to send a challenge to Bentinck, and the message not receiving, through the interposition of friends, the slightest notice, Kerr "posted" Bentinck. This act, of a captain, towards his inferior in military rank, could not possibly be overlooked at the Horse Guards, and Kerr, to save himself from more serious consequences, was forced to retire from the service. It was a most unhappy affair; of the courage of the parties there could be, not even the shadow of a doubt, and the whole mischief was owing to injudicious advice, of well meaning, but most mistaken friends. Poor Kerr had the heart of a hero in a very little body; he possessed all the courage which should belong to a British soldier, and all the genuine pluck which of right should distinguish a Yorkshireman. He died, if we recollect rightly, in 1832, of the cholera in Paris.

Bentinck finding the military profession a very stupid or very irksome one in those days of peace, sold his commission, and became, somewhat unwillingly, the private secretary of his uncle Canning. Canning entertained a very high opinion of his talents, but Bentinck, soon growing weary of the office, resigned, and in the year 1826 he succeeded his brother, the Marquess of Tichfield, as member for Lynn Regis, which constituency he represented for upwards of 20 years. In the House of Commons he was for a very long period almost a silent member: he had, as he himself said, "sat in eight Parliaments without having taken part in any great debate."

But although inactive in the house, he was, out of it, the most active and energetic of men. He was not as yet the

earnest, honest public man, acting as if the stern motto of his family, "*Craignez honte*," were continually before his mind, and being imbued with that love of manly sports, which every true English gentleman should cherish, he devoted all the power of his mind to the exciting interests of the Turf. He found the whole racing world a vast scene of disgraceful and dishonest scheming, he discovered that the "Ring" at Newmarket was but a common Hell, and by fearless energy, by noble perseverance, he did all that man could hope for in reducing "leggism" to something like the rules of ordinary honesty. Who is there that has seen him at Doncaster or Newmarket, can forget the tall, noble looking man, dressed in the brownish-red, double-breasted coat, cream-coloured cravat, and buckskin breeches, with betting book in hand, offering wagers at the amount of which the "legs" trembled? The same unflinching determination to do right himself, and to see that others did so likewise, which afterward marked his conduct in Parliament, distinguished his course of life in the sporting world. He perceived that amongst other rogueries practised by the jockeys at the more important races, one consisted of making a false start, that is, of not starting with the other horses when the word to "go" was given; and as the *started* horses very frequently ran a quarter of a mile before they could be recalled, and as the horse, the cause of all the delay, was of course *fresh*, it gave him an unfair advantage. Lord George resolved to remedy this if possible. Up to the period in question, the horses had been placed in line as well as could be done, and were started by the word "go;" but Lord George's plan was, to post a man bearing a flag directly in front of the horses, and in sight of all the jockeys, who were to start on seeing the flag fall; and if they failed in this, they were forced to pay a rather heavy fine. Having manoeuvred the horses into line, he took his stand on their flank, and with a flag in his hand, this, unseen by the jockeys, he lowered, at which signal the flag-bearer in front dropped his, and at once the horses bounded forward. The first time this experiment was tried it succeeded fully, and as a slight mark of gratitude for his services in this, and other respects, to the sporting world, and as a return for much money lost in its service as a reformer of abuses, its members presented him with a testimonial amounting to several thousand guineas. Not one farthing of this money was ever used for his own enjoyment—he placed

the whole in the hands of trustees, to form a fund for the support of distressed jockeys and their families, and this gift is now known as "The Bentinck Fund." He loved sporting for its own sake. Even after he had begun to take an interest in politics, before Peel's apostacy, he did not suffer his attendance in the house to interfere with his devotion to field sports. He kept a very large stud of hunters at Andover for the purpose of hunting with Assheton Smith's fox hounds. After the latest debates, he rose from bed at six o'clock, and met the seven o'clock train, and at the conclusion of the day's hunting, would reach London by the South Western Railway, and throwing a blouse over his red coat, would, still in breeches, top boots and spurs, reach the House and sit out the debate, if necessary, until morning.

His friendship was unchanging, no stain was upon his honour, his charity was great, and during our year of famine he contributed more than £1,000 for the relief of our poor people. All this was he in private life, noble and true—and not the least noble or the least true in this, that he was ever mindful,

"Sweet Mercy is nobility's true badge."

Such was the man whose "Political Biography" Mr. Disraeli has written, and in all honesty we may say, that it is, as the author calls it, "the portraiture of an English worthy." Some political biographers are but the literary hacks of a party, others are but the apologists for the errors or the vices of a patron; this, blinded by "the pomp that loves to varnish guilt," can see no evil in the ways of him who forms the subject of his book, that, overawed by the guiding spirit of his master, can observe no merit in the opposition, and can detect no fault in the faction of which he is the unblushing flunkey. To neither of these classes does Mr. Disraeli belong. When he writes of an opponent he writes fairly—when the opponent deserves praise, praise is given—when he merits reprobation, reprobation is boldly and fearlessly expressed; and in this book, as in the House of Commons, when Mr. Disraeli strikes, he strikes strongly and fiercely, his sole anxiety is, that the blow shall be a home blow. This "Biography" is not the history of a party, or as the "*Times*" newspaper misrepresents it, an "overgrown pamphlet." It is the record of a great struggle between the landed and the manufacturing interest of the

kingdom, it shows the errors, and the failures, and the successes of the Protectionists; it explains the sources of the triumphs, and the causes of the failures, and proves how, by the energy and the courage of one man, a noble stand was made against the insane policy of the Minister, and against the destructive principles of Cobden and the cotton spinners. It does more than this; it shows us how we may yet obtain some protection for the agriculturists, for the Irish farmers in particular; and above all it proves, that as the Free Trade imposition was obtained in a great measure through Peel's cowardice, and through the baseless assumption of foreign reciprocity, and as the former is now of no moment, and as all hope of the latter has been long since dissipated by the acts of the French and American people, and by the jeering comments of their press, we may at length teach the Manchester economists, whether, to borrow Cobden's words, "it is the country party or the people who live in towns, that will govern this country."

When the Minister in 1845 found himself pressed by the powerful agitation carried on for the repeal of the Corn Laws, and when, amid the conflicting opinions of his cabinet, Peel received little help, and less counsel, and he was not the man to act with spirit or independence when opposed by his colleagues, when after four years, four anxious years, spent in the support of Protectionist principles, he fancied himself unable to cope with the demi-Gods of the League, he resolved to sacrifice the interest of the agriculturists of the kingdom, in the hope that, by this apostacy from all his former professions of policy, he might secure to himself a lengthened possession of place and power. With the wondrous, the almost superhuman facility of turning all events, however unforeseen, to his own purposes, which so distinctly marked the whole course of Peel's life, he very dexterously assumed all the exaggerated statements of the failure of the potato crop in Ireland as truths, and made them the chief, and in fact the only reasons, for his intended change of opinion. It is quite true that in November 1845, there were very serious fears and most reasonable doubts entertained for the safety of the crop in this, as Mr. Disraeli calls it, "the native region of the potato." But it is equally true that these fears were proved to be in a great measure groundless, and a temporary suspension of the acts regulating the admission of foreign corn was proposed. Lord Stanley, then Secretary of State, opposed the plans of the Premier. He

explained that what the people of Ireland wanted, should the failure of the potato crop prove a melancholy fact, was, not so much food from abroad, as the means to purchase that which they had at home. But all arguments were useless with Peel. Possession of place was that which he sought. He would rule the kingdom with all the sway of a Walpole, and though he had not the statesmanship and unblushing roguery of the old Minister, he had all his shameless insincerity of word and act in full perfection. It was quite true that he had been a party to every Corn Act passed for thirty years; it was true that the Whigs had been for two sessions willing to back any measure by which the extreme rigor of the laws regulating the admission of foreign corn could be mitigated, and by which the agriculturalists could be secured in a modified protection. But to Peel this was of no moment; all his life long he had ever been ready to adopt as his own, and as springing from himself, those measures of other men, or of other parties, no matter how condemned the measures might have been—even by Peel himself, when first proposed to the country, or to the Parliament. The retaining place and power had been ever his chief object, and as Mr. Disraeli has well said—

“When I examine the career of this Minister, which has now filled a great space in the Parliamentary history of this country, I find that for between thirty and forty years, from the days of Mr. Horner to the days of the honourable member for Stockport, that right honourable gentleman has traded on the ideas and intelligence of others. His life has been one great appropriation clause. He is a burglar of others’ intellect. Search the Index of Beatson, from the days of the Conqueror to the termination of the last reign, there is no statesman who has committed political petty larceny on so great a scale.”*

All Parliamentary men knew these things; Peel’s friends were falling away, when they found, through the gossip of the clubs, that he was about to barter the interest of the country party, and of England, for the support of the League and the continued prolongation of official possession. He had been for some years the head of the country interest; he had boasted of this position, as well he might; but when he deserted them, the members representing that party found themselves without a leader, they knew not where to turn, they were in wild con-

* Debate, May 15th, 1846. Hansard, vol. 86, p. 675, 3d. S.

fusion, unable to use their strength or influence with energy or effect. At this period it was that the subject of Disraeli's Biography remembered he had a country, an interest, and a name to support.

" Lord George had withdrawn his support from the government of the Duke of Wellington when the friends of Mr. Canning quitted that administration ; and when in time they formed the not least considerable portion of the cabinet of Lord Grey he resumed his seat on the ministerial benches. On that occasion an administrative post was offered him and declined ; and on subsequent occasions similar requests to him to take office were equally in vain. Lord George therefore was an original and hearty supporter of the reform bill, and he continued to uphold the whigs in all their policy until the secession of Lord Stanley, between whom and himself there subsisted warm personal as well as political sympathies. Although he was not only a friend to religious liberty, as we shall have occasion afterwards to remark, but always viewed with great sympathy the condition of the Roman Catholic portion of the Irish population, he shrank from the taint of the ultra-montane intrigue. Accompanying Lord Stanley, he became in due time a member of the great conservative opposition, and as he never did anything by halves became one of the most earnest, as he certainly was one of the most enlightened, supporters of Sir Robert Peel. His trust in that minister was indeed absolute, and he has subsequently stated in conversation that when towards the end of the session of '45, a member of the Tory party ventured to predict and denounce the impending defection of the minister, there was no member of the conservative party who more violently condemned the unfounded attack, or more readily impugned the motives of the assailant.

" His eager and energetic disposition ; his quick perception, clear judgment, and prompt decision ; the tenacity with which he clung to his opinions ; his frankness and love of truth ; his daring and speculative spirit ; his lofty bearing, blended as it was with a simplicity of manner very remarkable ; the ardour of his friendships, even the fierceness of his hates and prejudices ; all combined to form one of those strong characters who whatever may be their pursuit must always direct and lead.

" Nature had clothed this vehement spirit with a material form which was in perfect harmony with its noble and commanding character. He was tall, and remarkable for his presence ; his countenance almost a model of manly beauty ; the face oval, the complexion clear and mantling ; the forehead lofty and white ; the nose aquiline and delicately moulded ; the upper lip short. But it was in the dark-brown eye that flashed with piercing scrutiny that all the character of the man came forth : a brilliant glance, not soft, but ardent, acute, imperious, incapable of deception, or of being deceived.

" Although he had not much sustained his literary culture, and of late years at any rate had not given his mind to political study, he had in the course of his life seen and heard a great deal, and with

profit. Nothing escaped his observation; he forgot nothing and always thought. So it was that on all the great political questions of the day he had arrived at conclusions which guided him. He always took large views and had no prejudices about things whatever he might indulge in as to persons. He was always singularly anxious to acquire the truth and would spare no pains for that purpose; but when once his mind was made up, it was impossible to influence him.

"He had a great respect for merchants, though he looked with some degree of jealousy on the development of our merely foreign trade. His knowledge of character qualified him in a great degree to govern men, and if some drawbacks from this influence might be experienced in his too rigid tenacity of opinion, and in some quickness of temper, which however always sprang from a too sensitive heart, great compensation might be found in the fact that there probably never was a human being so entirely devoid of conceit and so completely exempt from selfishness. Nothing delighted him more than to assist and advance others. All the fruits of his laborious investigations were always at the service of his friends without reserve or self-consideration. He encouraged them by making occasions for their exertions, and would relinquish his own opportunity without a moment's hesitation, if he thought the abandonment might aid a better man."

Such was the man who now, aroused from his long and silent membership, was about to throw all his energy into the ranks of the country party.

Parliament met on the 22d of January, 1846, and the speech from the throne was but an echo of the reports which had been circulated in the clubs. The country was to be offered up as a sacrifice of propitiation to Jupiter Cobden and the League. Lord Francis Egerton rattled openly in moving the address, and Beckett Denison, who, as the advocate of Protection, had beaten Lord Morpeth in the West Riding, was very appropriately the seconder, making all things perfect in this duo of apostacy.* It was expected that long, and interesting, and warm debates would distinguish the early portion of this most important session. During the recess Ministers had been in office and out of office; the Whigs had been unable to form a cabinet; Lord John Russell had written from Edinburgh one of those unhappy letters, which his fate drives him to concoct periodically; all had been confusion, and as many embrolios had now to be cleared up, as in the last act of a Spanish comedy.

* Mr. Denison afterwards returned to the standard of his old friends.

"A practised observer of debate would have anticipated the first move from the country party, for the silence of Manchester rather assisted the minister who was playing their game, and reserve seemed the natural course of the whigs until ministerial explanations required an opposition revelation as a rejoinder. But the country party, although they possessed in the members for Somersetshire, and Dorsetshire, and Lincolnshire, and several others, gentlemen of high standing in the house, and fully capable to represent the opinions of their friends, were entirely without concert and discipline. The great portion indeed had only just arrived from their counties, where they had remained to the last moment, reluctantly rejoining a scene which after what had occurred during the recess could only bring to them mortification; where they could only witness the triumph of bitter antagonists and be placed in painful collision with men whom they personally regarded; who in private life were their companions, and whose establishment in power and public authority had been the labour and pride of their lives."

Peel's speech was the very perfection of modern House of Commons oratory. He knew that he was about to break all the ties of party, possibly of many friendships, but boldly, yet carefully, he advanced with his well arranged statements. He spoke of the failure of the potato crop; he spoke of all the results of the last tariff during the past four years. He left few topics of the economists untouched; wages, low priced provisions, crime, and want, and abundance—the effect of plenty upon crime, all things were introduced, and all made to tell in favour of the intended desertion of old principles. No information, however, was afforded on the subject of the discussions in the cabinet. No man could tell whether the dissolution had arisen from the fact that some of the Minister's colleagues had consented, upon one condition, to the temporary opening of our ports, that condition being, that when the necessity of the hour should be happily overcome, that then the existing laws should revive, and that this condition was displeasing to the apostatising Premier. Not one word of this could be learned from Peel's speech, he continued to address the House in a tone half explanatory, half exculpatory, and,

"Having stated at the commencement of his speech that 'the recollection of great indulgence and great confidence had effaced his temporary feelings of irritation at being unjustly condemned;' he recurred to the imputations to which he had before referred; but no longer with that air of mournfulness, almost humility, which had characterised his opening. Although he had then declared that he should make no allusions to particular expressions or particular accusations, he suddenly broke into a fierce reply to the statement of the Duke of Richmond,

still ringing in the ears of the country, that the party which had elevated him to his present position was powerful enough also so to displace him. Turning round with great scorn to his former supporters and with an expression of almost malignant haughtiness, he exclaimed, 'I see constantly put forth allusions to the power of those men to remove me from office.' He should therefore define the relation in which he conceived himself to stand with respect to party and to his sovereign. But dilating on the latter point with considerable feeling, and full perhaps of an important subject which he was fast approaching, he entirely forgot the former and on this occasion far more interesting topic. He concluded by a vindication of what he held to be true conservative policy in his best style; earnest without being solemn and masculine without turgidity. Yet the well-considered conclusion contained a somewhat portentous confession for a conservative minister of England—that 'it was no easy task to ensure the united action of an ancient monarchy, a proud aristocracy, and a reformed House of Commons.'"

The effect of this speech may be easily appreciated. Manchester was delighted at its triumph, and at the fall of the country party, and this delight was increased by the base desertions from the ranks of the party in the House of Lords. But great as was the disquiet of the Protectionists, it was heightened one hundred fold when, the following Tuesday, after a long and artful speech, delivered in the deep stillness of a thronged house, and in the presence of Prince Albert, who had been induced to attend in the hope that his presence might be taken as an implication, though an unconstitutional one, that the measures of the Premier had the Queen's approbation, Peel informed the house that the intended change in the law was, a total repeal of the corn laws, but not immediate, not to take full effect till the expiration of three years, and after the lapse of a quarter of an hour the house learnt, "that, even in this last agony of agricultural protection, there was still to be a sliding-scale which, at the average price of 53s. per quarter, was to yield a 4s. duty."

That the country might have time to understand the entire plan of the Minister, it was resolved that his measures should not be introduced till a fortnight had passed. During this fortnight, a society of gentlemen, of which the Duke of Richmond was chairman, connected with the agricultural interest, and formed for the purpose of counteracting the evils of the Manchester Leaguers, met often, and considered deeply the position of the country. After anxious deliberation, it was resolved that a third party should be formed in the House of Commons, and devoting itself more particularly to the protec-

tion of the farmers of the kingdom. It was agreed that all vacant constituencies should be closely watched, and ably worked; it was resolved that every hostile movement of the Ministry should be, if possible, defeated; it was determined that an amendment should be moved to the Ministerial measure, to be proposed by Mr. Philip Miles, member for the city of Bristol, and seconded by Sir William Heathcote, member for the county of Hampshire. The party was strong in influence, strong in position, and strong in its facts and in its arguments, but it wanted a leader. Lord George Bentinck had, from the opening statement of the Premier, shown so much energy, such ready ability, and so deep an earnestness, that most men at once decided he was the person best suited to the post, but he doubted his ability, and said, "I think we have had enough of leaders; it is not in my way; I shall remain the last of the rank and file."

At length the anxiously looked for 9th of February arrived; Miles and Heathcote, as had been agreed on, moved and seconded the amendment, and on the following night they were ably supported by our countryman Stafford, by the Marquess of Granby, who had resigned his office in the household through disgust at the Ministerial measure, by young Lord Brooke, in his very clever maiden speech, and by Lord Worsley, in a very fierce invective. On the fifth night of the debate Peel himself spoke, and attempted to obtain a division, but the house was unwilling, and on the 27th of February, after a debate which had extended over a period of nearly three weeks, Lord George Bentinck addressed the house for the first time. He had been anxious to induce some eminent lawyer to enter Parliament on the Protectionist interest; he spoke to one, now high in legal position, upon the subject, offering him all the vast fund of argument and statistics which he had collected in support of his views. The negotiation was unsuccessful, and the gentleman advised Lord George to undertake the task himself of exposing the unwise plans of the Premier. This advice he was disinclined to follow, but circumstances, and his love of truth, drew him unwillingly into the position which he was so desirous to avoid. Upon the above mentioned night,

"Mr. Cobden having spoken on the part of the confederation, the closing of the debate was felt to be inevitable. Even then by inducing a protectionist to solicit the speaker's eye, Lord George at-

tempted to avert the division, but no supporter of the government measure of any colour advancing to reply to this volunteer, Bentinck was obliged to rise. He came out like a lion forced from his lair. And so it happened that after all his labours, of body and mind, after all his research and unwearied application and singular vigilance, after having been at his post for a month, never leaving the house even for refreshment, he had to undertake the most difficult enterprise in which a man can well embark, with a concurrence of every disadvantage which could ensure failure and defeat. It would seem that the audience, the subject, and the orator, must be equally exhausted, for the assembly had listened for twelve nights to the controversy, and he who was about to address them had, according to his strange habit, taken no sustenance the whole day; it being his custom to dine after the house was up, which was very often long after midnight, and this, with the exception of a slender breakfast, rigidly restricted to dry toast, was his only meal in the four and twenty hours.

"He had been forced to this regimen from food exercising a lethargic influence over him; so that, in addition to some constitutional weakness in his organ, he usually laboured when he addressed the house under the disadvantage of general exhaustion. And this was no doubt a principal cause of that over-excitement and apparently unnecessary energy in his manner of speaking, of which he was himself perfectly and even painfully conscious. He was wont to say, that before he could speak he had to make a voice, and as it were to pump it up from the very core of his frame. One who took a great interest in his success once impressed on him the expediency of trusting entirely to his natural voice and the interest and gravity of his matter, which, combined with his position as the recognised leader of a great party, would be adequate to command the attention of his audience: and he subsequently endeavoured very often to comply with this suggestion. He endeavoured also very much to control his redundancy of action and gesture, when that peculiarity was pointed out to him with the delicacy, but the sincerity, of friendship. He entirely freed himself from a very awkward feature of his first style of speaking, namely, the frequent repetition of a sentence, which seemed at first a habit inveterate with him; but such was his force of will, that when the necessity of ridding himself of this drawback was properly pointed out to him, he achieved the desired result. No one bore criticism more gently and kindly, so long as it was confined to his personal and intellectual characteristics, for he was a man absolutely without vanity or conceit, who thought very humbly of himself in respect of abilities, and deemed no labour too great to achieve even a slight improvement. But though in these respects the very child of simplicity, he was a man of almost unexampled pride, and chafed under criticism when his convictions or his conduct were questioned. He was very tenacious of his opinion, almost inexorable; and it required a courage nearly equal to his own combined with a serene temper, successfully to impugn his conclusions.

"Not therefore excited by vanity but sustained by self-respect, by an overpowering feeling that he owed it to himself and the opinions

he held, to show to the world that they had not been lightly adopted and should not be lightly laid aside, Bentinck rose, long past the noon of night, at the end of this memorable debate, to undertake an office, from which the most successful and most experienced rhetoricians of parliament would have shrunk with intuitive discretion. But duty scorns prudence, and criticism has few terrors for a man with a great purpose. Unshaken by the adverse hour and circumstances, he proceeded to accomplish the object which he had long meditated and for which he was fully prepared."

He spoke for nearly four hours; he left no figment of Peel's sophistic arguments unexposed—all the wretched fallacies by which the Minister had attempted to blind the house, all the falsehood by which he had endeavoured to prop up his scheme of destruction—all the cooked statistics with which he had confounded his hearers—all were exposed and overturned, and Peel was proved to be a traitor, an apostate who attempted to support his apostacy by equivocation and by suppression. Peel, with regard to the wool trade, had dwelt on the year 1842, when prices were very low, and the importation of foreign wool was only 45,000,000 of pounds, and contrasted this with the return of 1844, when the importation had risen to 65,000,000 of pounds, and contended that this increased importation arose from the reduction of the duty; but, by the returns of 1836, Bentinck showed that *then* the importation of foreign wool had risen to 65,000,000 of pounds, and that a large foreign importation was quite consistent with high prices to the home manufacturer. To other topics of Peel's speech he was equally successful in replying. He showed how, on the Irish portion of the question, information had been withheld, how all the reports of the potato crop failure had been exaggerated. He proved all the mighty results of our protective system upon the prosperity of the British nation, upon its agricultural as well as upon its manufacturing population, and concluded thus:—

"We have heard in the course of these discussions a good deal about an ancient monarchy, a reformed House of Commons, and a proud aristocracy. Sir, with regard to our ancient monarchy, I have no observation to make; but, if so humble an individual as myself might be permitted to whisper a word in the ear of that illustrious and royal personage, who, as he stands nearest, so is he justly dearest, to her who sits upon the throne, I would take leave to say, that I cannot but think he listened to ill advice, when, on the first night of this great discussion, he allowed himself to be seduced by the first minister of the crown to come down to this house to usher in, to give

eclat, and as it were by reflexion from the queen, to give the semblance of the personal sanction of her Majesty to a measure, which, be it for good, or for evil, a great majority at least of the landed aristocracy of England, of Scotland, and of Ireland, imagine fraught with deep injury, if not ruin, to them—a measure which, not confined in its operation to this great class, is calculated to grind down countless smaller interests engaged in the domestic trades and interests of the empire, transferring the profits of all these interests—English, Scotch, Irish, and Colonial—great and small alike, from Englishmen, from Scotchmen, and from Irishmen, to Americans, to Frenchmen, to Russians, to Poles, to Prussians, and to Germans. Sir, I come now to the reformed House of Commons; and as one who was a party to that great measure, I cannot but feel a deep interest in its success, and more especially in that portion of it which extended the franchise to the largest and the most respectable body in the kingdom—I mean the landed tenantry of England; and deeply should I regret should any large proportion of those members who have been sent to parliament to represent them in this house, prove to be the men to bring lasting dishonour upon themselves, their constituencies, and this house, by an act of tergiversation so gross as to be altogether unprecedented in the annals of any reformed or unreformed House of Commons. Sir, lastly, I come to the ‘proud aristocracy.’ We are a proud aristocracy, but if we are proud, it is that we are proud in the chastity of our honour. If we assisted in ’41 in turning the whigs out of office, because we did not consider a fixed duty of eight shillings a quarter on foreign corn a sufficient protection, it was with honesty of purpose and in single-mindedness we did so; and as we were not before the fact, we will not be accomplices after the fact, in the fraud by which the whig ministers were expelled from power. If we are a proud aristocracy, we are proud of our honour, inasmuch as we never have been guilty, and never can be guilty, of double-dealing with the farmers of England—of swindling our opponents, deceiving our friends, or betraying our constituents.”

The Protectionists were beaten. The house consisted of 581 members; the amendment was defeated by a majority of 97; “two hundred and forty-two gentlemen, in spite of desertion, difficulty, and defeat, still maintained the ‘chastity of their honour.’”

The chief object of the Protectionists now was delay. We pass over some weeks of battle, and find them taking advantage of the troubles in the ever turbulent “great difficulty,” Ireland. Murder, foul and base, was once more disgracing this country. The poor had not learned, as they learned later, to die by the way side, or to rot in the pest house; they had not learned to look on whilst the teeth of the starved dog “crunched o’er the whiter skull” of a parent or a child; the stolid misery of death-like despair had not come upon them,

and they were in many places lawless, blood stained, and violent and godless.

Under these circumstances, the Minister, mindful of old times, old friends, and old experience, resolved to apply the one universal catholicon for all Irish tumults—a Coercion Act. It was of no moment that in less than one hundred years seventeen Coercion Acts had been passed for Ireland; they had ever been found successful; they had stifled crime, for the hour, and the wise statesman resolved, that as the malefactor had marked his way of crime by the corpses of his victims, so the Minister of Justice should mark his course of vengeance by all the ghastly horrors which attend a suspended constitution and an active Special Commission.* The Protectionists declared that Ireland did not want a Coercion Act, but very much required a wise administration and employment for the people. In this, of course, they were supported by many of the Irish members. Let us avenge the outraged law, cried the Premier; let us do so, but do justice at the same time, cried the Protectionists and the Repealers. Which bill shall we pass first? was now the cry of the Government. "The Corn Act," exclaimed Cobden. "The Coercion Act," cried the Protectionists. "I'll pass them simultaneously," cried Peel. Thus were the parties balanced, and no man knew the results to which this state of things might eventually lead; the Protectionists were undecided as to their proper line of action; it was then that Bentinck suggested that the suppression of murder ought to take the first place in their consideration, and in the consideration of the Government, and he therefore urged that the Minister should be supported in passing this measure of coercion, provided he proved his earnest determination to put down Irish

* The Insurrection Act was in force from the year 1796 to 1802. Martial law was in force from 1803 to 1805. The Insurrection Act was in force from 1807 to 1810. The Insurrection Act was in force from 1814 to 1818. The Insurrection Act was in force from 1822 to 1823. Thus during a period of 27 years, these acts were in force 16 years.

The Habeas Corpus Act was suspended from 1797 to 1802. Again from 1803 to 1806. Again in 1822.

The Arms Act, allowing domiciliary visits, and prohibiting the use of arms, was in force from 1796 to 1801, and from 1807 to some time after 1823. See Sir H. Parnell's Speech in Hansard, June 24th, 1822.

We quote these facts merely to show the position of affairs in this country. The suspension of the Constitution was on many of these occasions most necessary—but why?

outrage, by pushing forward the latter act, and giving it priority over the Corn Bill.

"This view of the situation which was certainly adroit, for it combined the vindication of order with an indefinite delay of the measures for the repeal of the protective system, seemed to please every one; there was a murmur of approbation, and when one of the most considerable of the country gentlemen expressed the prevalent feeling, and added that all that was now to be desired was, that Lord George Bentinck would kindly consent to be the organ of the party on the occasion, and state their view to the house, the cheering was very hearty. It came from the hearts of more than two hundred gentlemen, scarcely one of whom had a personal object in this almost hopeless struggle beyond the maintenance of a system which he deemed advantageous to his country; but they wished to show their generous admiration of the man who in the dark hour of difficulty and desertion had proved his courage and resource, had saved them from public contempt and taught them to have confidence in themselves. And after all there are few rewards in life which equal such sympathy from such men. The favour of courts and the applause of senates may have their moments of excitement and delight, but the incident of deepest and most enduring gratification in public life is to possess the cordial confidence of a high spirited party, for it touches the heart as well as the intellect and combines all the softer feelings of private life with the ennobling consciousness of public duty.

"Lord George Bentinck, deeply moved, consented to become the organ of the protectionists in this matter, but he repeated in a marked manner his previous declaration, that his duty must be limited to the occasion; he would serve with them, but he could not pretend to be the leader of a party."

To this proposal for delaying the debate on the Corn Bill the Premier would not consent. O'Connell and his party; Sir William Somerville, Sir George Grey, Lord John Russell, and of course all the Russell tail likewise, opposed the passing of the Coercion Act, before that of the Corn Bill; a debate arose upon a point of form; but, on the 30th, supported by the Protectionist members, the Government had a majority of 39. Up to this period delay had been Bentinck's great object. He had so far succeeded, that before the Easter holidays there were but two nights which could be devoted to Government business, and on the first of these (Friday, the 3d of April) O'Connell had stated that he would deliver his views and opinions upon the condition of Ireland, and the causes of agrarian outrage. With all O'Connell's faults he was ever a lion, and a favourite one of the House of Commons, and to those who could remember him as he was in his prime,

he was now a pitiable spectacle. Many there, Peel amongst the rest, had been his bitter foes, in the days when he had beaten down all opposition, and had wrung the Emancipation of the Roman Catholics from their hands, and might have cried to his fellow Catholics as Cicero did to the Roman people—"Togati me uno togato duce et imperatore vicistis."

All this was now past, and he was the poor old man, deserted in part by his own Irish millions, and deserted for such things as Duffy and his dupes. Thus Mr. Disraeli describes his last effort in the House of Commons :—

"When the order of the day for resuming the adjourned debate was read, he rose at once to propose an amendment to the motion. He sate in an unusual place—in that generally occupied by the leader of the opposition, and spoke from the red box, convenient to him from the number of documents to which he had to refer. His appearance was of great debility, and the tones of his voice were very still. His words indeed only reached those who were immediately around him, and the ministers sitting on the other side of the green table, and listening with that interest and respectful attention which became the occasion.

"It was a strange and touching spectacle to those who remembered the form of colossal energy and the clear and thrilling tones that had once startled, disturbed, and controlled, senates. Mr. O'Connell was on his legs for nearly two hours, assisted occasionally in the management of his documents by some devoted aid-de-camp. To the house generally it was a performance of dumb show, a feeble old man muttering before a table ; but respect for the great parliamentary personage kept all as orderly as if the fortunes of a party hung upon his rhetoric ; and though not an accent reached the gallery, means were taken that next morning the country should not lose the last and not the least interesting of the speeches of one who had so long occupied and agitated the mind of nations.

"This remarkable address was an abnegation of the whole policy of Mr. O'Connell's career. It proved, by a mass of authentic evidence ranging over a long term of years, that Irish outrage was the consequence of physical misery, and that the social evils of that country could not be successfully encountered by political remedies. To complete the picture, it concluded with a panegyric of Ulster, and a patriotic quotation from Lord Clare."

The House met after the recess, on the 17th of April, and during the time of adjournment, Lord George had learned that a feeling of dislike to his party had arisen in Ireland, owing to the support given to the Coercion Act, and the opposition extended to the Corn Bill, the passing of which was anxiously looked for, as it was considered the chief means of obtaining food for the starving people ; and to prove at once that there

was no anxiety amongst the Protectionist party to delay relief, whilst pressing for coercion, they stated that they were prepared to support any immediate measure calculated to alleviate Irish distress. From first to last, all through these stirring times, the Protectionists were the friends, the real friends, of Ireland; and though in the terror of the period, in all the violence of plague, and all the necessities of the knawing famine, they were deemed heartless, and steeled against every feeling for the poor, yet now, men look on them with other eyes, and value their efforts to protect this country with other and clearer minds.

The debates on the Coercion Act and on the Corn Bill ran their course. No effort was spared, no argument neglected, no labour grudged by Bentinck to baffle the Ministerial measure of destruction. That the Minister succeeded is no fault of Lord George's; the measure was carried, not by a party who had argument, and reason, and authority to support them; it was carried by a Ministry who feared to lose office by opposing the faction of whom Cobden was the ringleader. It mattered nothing to Peel that there were 558,000 cultivators of land in Ireland, each holding about fifteen acres, every one of whom would be ruined by the Corn Bill; it mattered nothing that the grazing counties of Ireland would be rendered in time no better than useless wastes by the measure for introducing foreign cattle; these facts, the hundred other considerations advanced against the measure generally, had no weight in the mind of the Minister. O'Connell had cried out for the passing of the bill, as the Irish people were then starving; Cobden and Bright had demanded it; Russell, and all the place expectants of the large Russell family, had swelled the clamour, and the Premier, with the instinctive shuffling of his craven nature, and incited by his woful anxiety to hold office, forgot all the promises of his life, and at four o'clock in the morning of Saturday, the 16th of May, 1846, the third reading of the Bill for the Repeal of the Corn Laws was carried, in a house of 560 members, by a majority of 98. It was carried by a Minister, guided, not by reason, but goaded, driven, by clamour, thus proving the truth of Dr. Arnold's opinion, expressed to Dr. Whateley, that Peel would give up any thing, "if the clamour were loud enough."*

* Stanley's Life of Arnold, Vol. 2, p. 57.

The events which took place after the passing of this bill are now of little consequence, save that they show how all Free Trade measures can only expose this nation to loss in her commercial intercourse with foreign countries, as we shall just now show. The debate upon the Coercion Bill was boldly and firmly conducted by the Irish party, and Bentinck, finding that the Government were not honest in the expressed intention of passing the bill, accused Peel of insincerity, and of depending for support on each party in turn, backed only by "his forty paid janissaries, and some seventy other renegades, one half of whom, while they support him, express their shame of doing so." "We are told now," he continued,

"We are told now—we hear it from the Minister himself—that he thinks there is nothing humiliating in the course which he has pursued—that it would have been base and dishonest in him, and inconsistent with his duty to his sovereign, if he had concealed his opinions after he had changed them; but I have lived long enough, I am sorry to say, to remember, and to remember with sorrow—with deep and heartfelt sorrow—the time when the right honourable baronet chased and hunted an illustrious relative of mine to death; and when he stated, that he could not support his ministry, because, as leading member of it, though he had changed no opinion, yet from his position he was likely to forward the question of Catholic Emancipation. That was the conduct of the right honourable baronet in 1827; but in 1829, he told the house that he had changed his opinions on that subject in 1825, and had communicated that change of opinion to the Earl of Liverpool."

This statement was the cause of the Canning row, and though Peel denied the charge, though his long and carefully concocted "Explanation," seemed to meet the approval of the house, we are sorry to find that Mr. Disraeli has written of the affair in that softened tone to which the adoption of the motto "De mortuis" necessarily leads. Mr. Disraeli knows, all men who were intimate with Lord George Bentinck know, that to the last hour of his life he disbelieved Peel's exculpatory statements. Barrow, who had edited the *Mirror of Parliament*, returned from India to disprove Peel's "Explanation," and Sir Edward Knatchbull was not once referred to. Mr. Disraeli knows that when Canning came into office in 1827 Peel refused to serve under him, because it was impossible he could acquiesce in any proposition for granting further concessions to the Roman Catholics.

"The grounds on which I retire from office are simply these, I

have taken from the first moment of my political life, an active and decided part on a great and vital question—that of the extension of political privileges to the Roman Catholics. *My opposition is founded on principle.* I think that the continuance of these laws which prevent the acquisition of political power by the Roman Catholics, *is necessary for the maintenance of the constitution and the interests of the Established Church.*"

Thus Peel spoke in 1827, and, when the great man who had been all his glorious life the advocate of the measure, was laid in his honoured grave, Peel's "opposition, founded on principle," gave way; the exclusion of the Roman Catholics from political power was no longer "necessary for the maintenance of the constitution and the interest of the Established Church," then it was that Peel's craven soul forced him to bow before O'Connell's will, then it was that Sir Edward Knatchbull cried, "Nusquam tuta fides," and turning to Peel said,

"If, as he now states, he had discovered in 1825 the necessity of passing this question, I ask why did he not say so in 1827, and give his support to Mr. Canning then, when the supposed difference between him and Mr. Canning obtained for him the support of many honourable gentlemen, who differed with him only on that, which I confess was the case with me."

Mr. Disraeli knows this, and knows, that after many days delay, Peel's chief means of defence were some letters, introduced into the "Explanation," with an ingenuity only surpassed by that with which Sergeant Buzfuz introduced the celebrated "chops and tomato sauce" note in the famous case of *Bardell v. Pickwick*. If Mr. Disraeli consider it a libel to tell the truth of a dead statesman, then Basil Montague is a libeller of Bacon, Brougham is a libeller of Canning, because, in his "Historical Sketches of Statesmen who flourished in the Time of George the Third," when fancying himself equal to Fox in eloquence, because he excelled him in virulence, he censured some portion of Canning's conduct. Better, a thousand times better, throw into this Biography, as Mr. Disraeli could, all the fierce invective of the "Rolliad," and all the trenchant wit of the "Anti-Jacobin," than write as he has written upon this affair. Well might Gibbon lament "*Malheureux sort de l'histoire ! Les spectateurs sont trop peu instruits, et les acteurs trop intéressés, pour que nous puissions compter sur les récits des uns ou des autres !*"*

* Misc. Works, Vol. IV. p 410.

Whilst Peel lived Mr. Disraeli never spared him, and ever spoke the truth; he knew that Peel was a traitor to every party, and was ever willing to follow the popular view, and to adopt the popular cry of the hour. "In his earlier days it was Mr. Horner or Sir Samuel Romilly; in later and more important periods it was the Duke of Wellington, the King of the French, Mr. Jones Lloyd, some others, and finally, Mr. Cobden." From Francis Horner to Jones Lloyd—from Romilly to Mr. Richard Cobden. "Peace to his ashes," writes Mr. Disraeli. "Peace to his ashes," say we; but to his memory and to his administration, we borrow of Cicero, and write, "*Vita enim mortuorum in memoria vivorum est posita.*"

Looking, as Bentinck did, to the interests of the nation generally, he devoted much time to the consideration of the colonial questions, and to the position of famine-stricken Ireland. When Peel was driven from office, and when the family party, who now form the Cabinet, had come in, Bentinck found that 500,000 persons were employed on the public works in this country, at an expense of £700,000 or £800,000 per month, and requiring a staff of clerks and overseers amounting to more than eleven thousand persons. He found, too, that these works had been undertaken in haste, that they were useless to the country, often a cause of fatal accidents, from the manner in which they were carried on. He thought it a pity, whilst the state was spending these millions of public money, that something more advantageous to the community should not accrue, than the temporary subsistence of the multitude.

"Lord George had always been a great supporter of railway enterprise in England on the ground that, irrespective of all the peculiar advantages of those undertakings, the money was spent in the country; and that if our surplus capital were not directed to such channels, it would go, as it had gone before, to foreign mines and foreign loans, from which, in a great degree, no return would arrive. When millions were avowedly to be laid out in useless and unprofitable undertakings, it became a question whether it were not wiser even somewhat to anticipate the time when the necessities of Ireland would require railways on a considerable scale; and whether by embarking in such enterprises, we might not only find prompt and profitable employment for the people, but by giving a new character to the country, and increasing its social relations and the combinations of its industry, might not greatly advance the period when such modes of communication would be absolutely requisite."

"Full of these views, Lord George, in the course of the autumn, consulted in confidence some gentlemen very competent to assist him in such an inquiry, and especially Mr. Robert Stephenson, Mr. Hudson, and Mr. Laing. With their advice and at their suggestion two engineers of great ability, Mr. Bidder and Mr. Smith, were despatched to Ireland, personally to investigate the whole question of railroads in that country.

"Meditating over the condition of Ireland, a subject very frequently in his thoughts, and of the means to combat its vast and inveterate pauperism, Lord George was frequently in the habit of reverting to the years '41—'42 in England, when there were fifteen hundred thousand person on the parish rates; eighty-three thousand able-bodied men actually confined within the walls of the workhouse, and more than four hundred thousand able-bodied men receiving outdoor relief. What changed all this, and restored England in a very very brief space to a condition of affluence hardly before known in her annals? Not certainly the alterations in the tariff which were made by Sir Robert Peel at the commencement of his government, prudent and salutary as they were. No one would pretend that the abolition of the slight duty (five-sixteenths of a penny) on the raw material of the cotton manufacturer, or the free introduction of some twenty-seven thousand head of foreign cattle, or even the admission of foreign timber at reduced duties, could have effected this. Unquestionably it was the railway enterprise, which then began to prevail, that was the cause of this national renovation. Suddenly, and for several years, an additional sum of thirteen millions of pounds sterling a year was spent in the wages of our native industry; two hundred thousand able-bodied labourers received each, upon an average, twenty-two shillings a week, stimulating the revenue both in excise and customs by their enormous consumption of malt and spirits, tobacco and tea. This was the main cause of the contrast between the England of '41 and the England of '45.

"To illustrate the value of railways to an agricultural population, Mr. Smith of Deanston, said, 'that the improvement of the land for one mile only on each side of the railway so constructed, would be so great, that it would pay the cost of the whole construction.' He added, that there were few districts in Ireland in which railway communication could be introduced, where the value of the country through which the railway passed would not be raised to an extent equal to the whole cost of the railway.

"Arguing on an area of six hundred and forty acres for every square mile, after deducting the land occupied by fences, roads and buildings, Mr. Smith of Deanston, entered into a calculation of the gain derivable from the mere carriage of the produce of the land, and the back carriage of manure, coals, tiles, bricks, and other materials, and estimated the saving through those means on every square mile to more than £300, or something above £600 on 1280 acres, abutting each mile of railway, this being the difference of the cost of carriage under the old mode of conveyance as compared with the new. Following up this calculation, he showed that fifteen hundred miles of railway would improve the land through which it

passed to the extent of nearly two million acres at the rate of a mile on each side; and taken at twenty five years' purchase, would equal twenty-four millions sterling in the permanent improvement of the land.

"The cause of the weakness in Ireland to prosecute these undertakings, was the total want of domestic capital for the purpose, and the unwillingness of English capitalists to embark their funds in a country whose social and political condition they viewed with distrust, however promising and even profitable the investment might otherwise appear. This was remarkably illustrated by the instance of the Great Southern and Western Railway of Ireland, one of the undertakings of which the completion was arrested by want of funds, yet partially open. Compared with a well known railway in Great Britain, the Irish railway had cost in its construction £15,000 per mile, and the British upwards of £26,000 per mile; the weekly traffic on the two railways, allowing for some difference in their extent, was about the same on both, in amount varying from £1,000 to £1,300 per week; yet the unfinished British railway was at £40 premium in the market, and the incomplete Irish railway at £2 discount. It was clear, therefore, that the commercial principle, omnipotent in England, was not competent to cope with the peculiar circumstances of Ireland."

The failure of Bentinck's measures is now a thing of history, the highways of Parliamentary life, are, like the highways of each individual existence, strewn with hopes and designs cast away for ever; this great project of Lord George's, to save Ireland from the confiscating effect of the Public Works, and of the Labour Rate, was fated to become one of those cast off designs. Would to heaven that other men than the Russells had occupied the Treasury bench then, Ireland would not be now in her frightful position of beggary and prostration. Had his measure been carried out, there would not be, to use his words, "a single county in Ireland which would not be traversed by railways."

That all our readers may understand the great culpability of the Government, we give his proposal and his arguments:—

"The proposition of Lord George Bentinck was, that for every £100 expended to the satisfaction of the imperial government in railway construction, £200 should be lent by government at the very lowest interest at which, on the credit of the government, that amount could be raised, so that if two millions were produced annually for four years by the Irish companies, the imperial government should advance an additional four millions, ensuring in Ireland for four years the expenditure of six millions a year in public works of an useful and reproductive nature. This proposition was recommended by Lord George as offering an ample security for the public

loan. For this purpose he adduced evidence to show that the worst railroad ever yet constructed in this country, or Scotland, or Belgium, would afford an ample security under such circumstances. He assumed that the government would lend the money at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and take the whole railway as security. Consequently, a line paying £7 upon £300 expended, would afford ample security for £200 lent by the state, at £3 10s. per cent., and he was therefore prepared to prove that a line which paid but a dividend of £2. 6s. 8d. per cent., would afford perfect security for the interest of the loan made by the government.

“We have it stated by Messrs. Grissell and Peto,” said Lord George, “who are constantly employing nine thousand labouring men on English railways, that in order to promote habits of sobriety, it was thought advisable to restrict each man to one gallon of strong beer a day. Now, a gallon of strong beer brewed from malt and hops, pays 4d. duty; so that each railway labourer, setting aside what his family consumes, and what he pays on other articles, such as tea, tobacco, and sugar, actually pays the sum of £5 0s. 4d. per year in excise on beer alone. Let us see, then, how this calculation may be worked out. On looking at and comparing the amount of excise paid by the Irish people with the amount of excise paid by the Scotch, we find that the Scotch, in the excise duty alone, pay £1. 0s. 2d. per head on the whole population, while in Ireland the amount is only 3s. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per head. This, after excluding and deducting the soap and brick duties not paid in Ireland, shows a difference in the amount of excise duties paid, as between the Irish and Scotch, of 16s. 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ d. per head. Now, I am not going to say that this calculation would be correct as regards the entire population of Ireland; it was made, however, by Mr. Stanley, of the Board of Works, about ten years ago; nor do I mean to state, that the effect of making one thousand five hundred miles of railway will be to raise the entire population of Ireland to the level of the population in Scotland. But I think I may say, and not overcharge the case, that that population of five hundred and fifty thousand, represented by one hundred and ten thousand labourers, will be raised to the average level of all Scotland. If then, we calculate what 16s. 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ d. per head will come to on five hundred and fifty thousand persons, we shall find an additional yearly amount to the revenue to the extent of £447,448, and this at $3\frac{1}{2}$ d. per cent. interest, will represent a capital of £12,784,000. Well, then, there are the customs’ duties; and I think, when we are constructing railways, it will not be unfair to assume that the customs will be as much increased as the excise. I am aware that there is great difficulty in getting at the exact amount of customs’ duties paid by Ireland and Scotland, so large a portion of those duties being received in this country; but from an official estimate made, either by Mr. Porter or Mr. M’Gregor, the gross amount of customs in Ireland shows an average of 5s. 8d. per head, Scotland 13s., making a difference between the two countries of 7s. 4d. per head. This difference would represent a sum of £202,000 a year, representing at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. interest, a capital of nearly £6,000,000 sterling. If it were fair to calculate on this em-

ployment continuing after the railways were completed and in full vigour, it would be right for me to say there would be an increase of revenue to the state for ever of no less than £649,000, representing a capital of more than £18,000,000 sterling. But stating the amount at half, or even one third, the sums respectively would be nine or six millions, and there are good grounds for thinking that the construction of one thousand five hundred miles of railway will employ as many people hereafter as when in the course of execution."

Such was Bentinck's project, and such were his arguments advanced to support it. Let us examine the present state of our railway affairs. In 1834 the Dublin and Kingstown line, 6 miles in length, was opened, and until the year 1840 it was our only railway. In the latter year we had $13\frac{1}{2}$ miles open; in 1843 we had $31\frac{1}{2}$ miles open; in the year 1845 we had 65 miles in working order; in 1847 we had $120\frac{1}{2}$ miles open, and in 1851 we had $537\frac{1}{2}$ miles in good working condition; so that it takes 17 years to construct $537\frac{1}{2}$ miles of railway in Ireland. The total traffic on these eight lines, which make up the $537\frac{1}{2}$ miles, was, for the year ending December, 1851, £538,113, leaving about an average of £1,001 per mile. The total receipts of the Dublin and Drogheda line for the half year ending June 1851, were £23,379 18s. 8d. The total receipts of the Dublin and Kingstown line for the year 1851 were £48,314 8s. 4d. The total receipts of the Great Southern and Western line for the year ending June 1851, were £227,751. The total receipts of the Midland Great Western for the thirteen months ending July 31st, 1851, were £51,127 1s. 4d.; and on all these lines there has been a continuous and increasing traffic. This is our present position; what would it have been had Bentinck's proposal been carried? And why was it not carried? Because the Ministry threatened to resign if the measure were supported. They threatened to resign, not "because it was quite impossible (as Lord John Russell said) for any Government to allow the finances of the country to be taken out of their hands and placed under the direction of the noble Lord, or any other person." This was not the real cause of Government opposition; it arose from red-tapism, from carelessness of Irish interest, and from jealousy of the proposer of the measure. It is true that honest members from Ireland supported the opposition of the Government, because if Lord George's measure were carried out, the Minister might withdraw his support from the plan for the

reclamation of Irish waste lands, but the Minister did abandon this same plan very shortly afterwards.

We have dwelt upon this portion of our subject, and upon the Corn Bill debates, because we believe that there is no hope for Ireland from any Free Trade Ministry. They have no sympathy for this country, it is all reserved for the manufacturers of England, and in the expressed opinion of Lord John Russell, the brains of the agriculturists of the kingdom, "are as dull as the clods they till."

We may argue thus from too great a sympathy with our countrymen : we confess we would much rather see Ireland prosperous than wretched ; and we know, too, that some of the wisest statesmen the House of Commons ever produced, were not the enemies of Free Trade. But it was a Free Trade founded on reciprocity. Huskisson and Canning were of opinion that bounties, and monopolies, and exemptions in favour of particular interest should be discountenanced. We know well that Sir Robert Peel was the worst Minister, so far as foreign relations were concerned, that ever lived ; and we are quite aware that the Manchester people know little, and care less, about political economy, if their workmen can only obtain food cheaply, and bear a reduction of wages on this account, all things seem well to them. But there are other interests in the kingdom besides those represented by Cobden, by Bright, by Joe Sturge, and by Perronet Thompson. When, in 1823, Mr. Robinson brought in his Reciprocity Act, by which the king in council was authorised to place the ships of foreign states, importing articles into Great Britain, or her colonies, on the same footing of duties as British ships, provided such foreign states extended a like equality to British ships trading with their ports, the principle of Free Trade was acknowledged, and all the industrious classes in the kingdom had fair guarantees of Protection ; but in our days, Free Trade Ministers take their political economy from the pamphlets of the League, and are ruled by the clamours and arrogant demands of its insolent and truculent leaders—leaders who tell the House, who told, as Cobden did, "Lord George Bentinck and the two hundred and forty gentlemen who sat behind him," that the party they represented were nothing, that it is the "people who live in towns that will govern this country,"—leaders who are as insolent to the House, as they are arrogant

to their white slaves, amongst the whirring looms of Manchester or the clanging forges of Birmingham.

And now, having so far dwelt upon this Biography, upon the policy of Lord George Bentinck and of his opponents with regard to the kingdom generally, let us look at the results of Free Trade, and of the past six years misgovernment of this country. We have seen how the wise project of Lord George regarding Irish railways was slighted, and every man in Ireland, is well aware, some men painfully aware, of the consequences of this Government opposition to his scheme.

Whilst the Corn Laws were upheld, the Irish people, being purely an agricultural population, had some fair chance of existence. They were able to live at home, and though often sorely pressed by want, they could support themselves by the produce of their lands. Misgoverned and oppressed as they had been, they were ever willing to lend their aid against the foe of England; they emigrated to the United States of their own accord, as the Government had years ago taught them to emigrate to Canada, but remembering the condition of this country, to the year 1846, emigration was not excessive. For the twenty years before Free Trade, the average emigration, per annum, was 64,260; since Free Trade became the law, the average annual emigration has been 243,511 persons.

In the first quarter of the year 1851, 6,147 persons sailed from the Irish ports; in the second quarter there sailed 33,113, and in the third quarter, ending September 30th, 16,101 persons left our shores. When we consider these figures, and remember that in less than forty-eight hours (16th and 17th October last), there sailed from the port of Waterford 976 emigrants, we may safely adopt the statements of those who calculate the number of Irish emigrants for the year 1851, at 300,000. If we assume, as we may, that our population increases at the rate of 5 per cent., the population of Ireland is now 200,000 less than on the 31st of March, 1851, the day on which the census was taken. The total number of emigrants from Liverpool and the Irish ports, for the nine months ending September 1851, was 218,696.*

And this all happens in a country whose population has fallen off nearly two millions in ten years, well may the *Times* of

* The total number of emigrants in the year 1845 was, from Ireland, 23,705. From the United Kingdom, 93,501.

Oct. 10th, 1851, tell us that, "The emigration has hitherto been greater in 1851 than it was in the corresponding quarter of 1850." The emigration in the latter year was 280,849. This is frightful—all Irish statistics are so in these days, and yet, with such a population as ours it is not surprising—when we remember that as the *Times* shows, "For nearly two years and a half agricultural prices have been below a remunerative level." This was what Bentinck feared; he wanted protection for every branch of British industry. Protection for the farmer—protection for the shipper—protection for the colonies—protection for the manufacturer—his was the wise maxim, that we should not neglect the teachings of experience, and as England had grown great upon the firm foundation of her protective system, so her greatness, her power, and her prosperity, should be secured by the continuance of that same tried and well proved system.

The effect of this damnable Free Trade is very plainly, and in a very pitiable manner, further shown by the following tables:—In the year 1841 there were in Ireland 310,375 farms above one acre in extent, and not beyond five acres; in the year 1850 there were only 91,618 farms of the above size. In the year 1847 there were 252,778 farms above five acres, and not beyond 15 acres; in the year 1850 there were only 203,331 of the above size. In the year 1849, the value of stock on farms in Ireland above one acre, and not beyond five acres, was £652,967; in 1850, the value of stock on such farms was £612,011. In the year 1849 the value of stock on farms of five acres and not more than 15 acres was £3,737,801; in 1850 it was £3,617,802—a decrease in the latter year of 11,999. This is the effect of Free Trade at its Nadir, people, money, and cattle all gone in millions—what will our position be when when Free Trade is at its Zenith? Mr. Wilson in his book, "The Influence of the Corn Laws," writes, "Our belief is, that, if we had had a free trade in corn since 1815 the average price of the whole period, actually received by the British growers, would have been higher than it has been; that little or no foreign grain would have been imported; and that if, for the next twenty years, the whole protective system shall be abandoned, the average price of wheat will be higher than it has been for the last seven years, or than it would be with a continuance of the present system." In 1845 wheat, according to the Dublin

Gazette was, in Dublin, 30s. 5d. per barrel of 20 stone; oats were 14s. 9d. per barrel of 14 stone. In 1851 wheat was from 17s. to 22s. 6d. as above, and oats from 8s. 6d. to 11s. 6d. For the month ending July 5th, 1848, the imports of foreign wheat were £182,376 quarters; for the month ending July 5th, 1851, the imports of foreign wheat were 451,010. For the first of the above dates the imports of foreign wheat flour were 48,460 hundreds; for the latter date they were 463,632. So much for Mr. Wilson's prophetic powers. In 1847 Ireland exported 480,827 pigs to England, at an average price of 45s. each pig. In 1851 she exported 109,170, at an average price of 32s. In 1845, the average price of oxen at Ballinasloe was £16 16s. In 1851 it was £10 10s. In the year 1845 the average price of butter in Liverpool was 82s. per hundred; in 1852 the average price is 71s.

The reader has now before him the effects of Free Trade, and its results in driving the ruined farmers from the country, but there is one other fact to which we must refer. In the year 1847 the total amount of money deposited in the Irish Savings Banks was £2,410,720, and the number of depositors was 80,351. In 1850 the deposits were £1,291,798; the number of depositors was 47,987. In 1846 the Loan Fund circulation was £1,770,397, with a net profit of £8,518. In 1850 the circulation sank to £662,794, with a net profit of £3,605. In 1849 it was found necessary to close, at a considerable loss, twenty-eight of these most useful institutions.

It is true that Lord Clarendon and the Poor Law Commissioners tell us, that the country is progressing, and that pauperism is less a charge on the people than it has been. No doubt the cost is less, because the staff of officials is less outrageously extravagant in numbers and in pay than heretofore, but pauperism is not diminished. It has in fact increased, and increased while the population has fallen off. In 1847, when the famine was gnawing away the lives of the poor, when, taking the old census of 1841 as the standard, our people numbered over 8,000,000, the numbers receiving relief were 116,321; now in 1852, when our population is only a little over 6,000,000, the numbers seeking the shelter of the poor house are 252,675, being some thousands over an increase of cent. per cent. In the province of Connaught, the numbers on the relief books in 1847 were 16,529, with a population of 1,413,859 souls; now, with a population

reduced to 1,011,917, the numbers seeking relief are 48,169. This is the improvement of which Lord Clarendon boasts; thus is Sir Walter Scott's prophecy fulfilled, "The whole land is hypothecated to the poor, and, by the strongest and most unexpected of revolutions, the labourers in the country are substantially in possession of the whole rental of the soil."

But what is the condition of our trade and shipping? Free Trade was based upon the assumption of foreign reciprocity—what is reciprocity? what reciprocity could we expect? Guizot repudiated it in 1846. The Assembly scouted the mention of it within the past ten months—America has refused to follow our insane example. We have asked, what is foreign reciprocity? Let these figures answer. In 1845 France sent us (the United Kingdom) 32,000 quarters of wheat, and received from us manufactured goods to the amount of £2,791,238. In 1849 we imported from her 742,000 quarters of wheat, and she took from us manufactured goods worth £634,000. In 1845 we imported from Russia 33,764 quarters of wheat, and we exported manufactured goods to the value of £2,153,491. In 1849 we imported from her 599,556 quarters of wheat, and she took from us manufactured goods to the value of £1,566,000. From Prussia, in 1845, we imported 423,743 quarters of wheat, and she took from us fabrics worth £577,999. In 1849 our imports were, from her, 618,690 quarters of corn, she took from us in manufactures only £404,000. So far for reciprocity.

Now let us observe the position of our shipping trade since the repeal of the Navigation Laws. Every body has heard of a certain newspaper called the *Economist*, and of its erudite and very unscrupulous editor. This paper, which is about the most able organ the Manchester people ever possessed, tells us, that from October 1848 to October 1851, in the first eight months, the total increase inwards and outwards of British shipping has been not quite 6 per cent., whilst the total increase inwards and outwards of foreign shipping has been 53 per cent. The total *monthly* decrease of British shipping during the same periods has been from 2,504 to 2,216 tons, or for the nine months, a total decrease in British *ships* of from 15,324 to 14,425. During the above period American shipping engaged in British trade had increased from 485,116 to 625,143 tons; and there has been a proportionally large in-

crease in the shipping of Sweden, Prussia, Norway, and Russia. But what is there wonderful in this falling off; as all the foundations of the Free Trade arguments have proved fallacious, this of reciprocity can be no exception, and the groundlessness of the argument as to the cost of corn is still more striking. Before the passing of the Free Trade measures, the Sturges used to assert that Odessa wheat could not be delivered in England at less cost than 40s. a quarter, irrespective of the price at Odessa, yet it has been sold in Liverpool for 32s. the quarter. Wilson, in his "Influences of the Corn Laws," estimates the cost of *shipment* of wheat from Dantzic to London, including commission, at 27s. 9d. the quarter, but the best Dantzic wheat has been sold at Leith for 43s. the quarter. In 1847 the freight to the North American colonies on timber was 48s. a load, it is now 30s. From New York it was 10s. a barrel for flour, it is now 1s. 6d. Thus have all the Manchester schemes proved false, all have tended to the destruction of the farmer, and to the injury of the shipping interests. Their effects on the kingdom generally, may be judged by the fact, that the revenue returns for the quarter ending January 5th, 1852, show a reduction of £700,000 on the quarter. Thus has the kingdom declined beneath Free Trade, and under the sway of a Free Trade Ministry. Thus has the deceptive bubble reciprocity burst, all the beauties of the flattering deception have vanished, experience has proved the baselessness of all the hopes of Manchester, and Cobden may now lament over his well exposed fallacies, with repinings as fruitless as were those of the renowned Doctor Cornelius Scriblerus, over the shield which friction had proved to be a humbug.*

But we believe that all these facts will tell for the friends of Protection and prosperity at the coming elections.

We know that great, and to some extent, powerful prejudices must be surmounted; we know that all the popular feeling of the towns, may be banded against the men who profess themselves the advocates of Protection, we feel the full force of that argument, "will you vote for the big or the little loaf?" It takes the fancy, and the vote of every elector who is unable to think for himself; who is, as La Bruyere says, "Né pour la digestion." But looking around, as men must

* Martinus Scriblerus, chap. iii.

do, upon the condition of Ireland, observing that very few of these gentlemen, who have addressed the constituencies in expectation of a general election, have referred to the subject of Protection in an unfriendly spirit, and finding that few members of the Irish newspaper press, have the folly, or the roguery, to deny that Free Trade has most wofully injured this country, we look forward with satisfaction and hope to the approaching battle of the hustings; with satisfaction, because we believe that a Minister who has excited feelings of disgust and dissatisfaction in the breast of every man who loves his country, and who is unwilling to see the British nation truckling to Louis Napoleon, or that Little Pickle of the Vatican, Francis Joseph of Austria, or playing the parasite to that insolvent adulterer, the Austrian Prime Minister, Schwarzenburg,* cannot again hold office; with hope, because we are sure that all Irishmen now feel, and know, that Free Trade is a complete bubble, that it is a measure founded on fallacy and falsehood; one-sided in operation, and in effect destructive to the prosperity of the nation.

We claim for our country a consideration equal to that bestowed upon Manchester or Birmingham. Our six millions who have escaped the slaughter of the famine and the poor-

* This man, grown hardened in all the ways of cruelty and oppression, was the notorious defendant in the once much talked of action for crim. con., *Ellenborough v. Schwarzenburg*. The verdict was for the plaintiff, but it is stated that not one farthing of damages or costs was ever paid by the defendant.

The ejection of Lord Palmerston from the Cabinet, and the causes generally assigned for it, are most shameful. If Kossuth were doubly as great a humbug as in all probability he is, Palmerston's outspokenness ought not to ensure his dismissal from the Ministry at the nod or the suggestion of Austria. How unlike George Canning, Lord John is. When the "Holy Alliance met at Verona, the Duke of Wellington, as the Plenipotentiary of England, informed Canning, that it was proposed the French army should invade Spain, for the purpose of compelling the people to acknowledge the exploded (but the Stuarts and the Bourbons would never perceive that any folly was exploded) absurdity of a 'divine right;' Sir W. A. Court had been sent as King's Minister to Madrid, and the Ministers in England, of four European courts, called on Canning to remonstrate, *in a body*, against the acknowledgement by England of any but a Bourbon Government in Spain. Canning wrote to the Duke of Wellington instructing him to refuse, in the king's name, all consent to the proposed aggression on Spanish freedom, "*come what might, even though the dissolution of the Alliance should be the consequence of the refusal.*" See Stapleton's "Political Life of the Right Hon. G. Canning," vol. i., p. 146. Just one word in passing upon that

house, are surely entitled to as much attention as the turbulent and Godless thousands of any manufacturing town in England. We claim this attention as a right, we claim it not for a faction, but a nation.

The people of Ireland are not a party, they are a nation ; we have been, and we are, a fallen and a trampled one, because of our own disunion. Every petty party feeling has been gratified at the expense of the country, all has been done for self and for faction, nothing has been attempted for the advantage of Ireland. And is our present position either wiser or more reasonable ? Are we not continually harassed by ranting politicians, protesting that the constitution is undone, unless the Emancipation Act be at once repealed, and that unless Wiseman is prosecuted for calling himself Archbishop of Westminster, we shall all be forced to wear wooden shoes, and our wives shall be compelled to confess to men in outlandish coats and wideawake hats. On the other hand, we hear continually that "our blessed religion" is being persecuted, and that we must be "prepared to die for our faith if necessary, as were our ancestors in the days of Elizabeth." But this is not all. We are on the eve of a general election, and with this fact in mind, religion, and not Ireland, is made the "good cry" for the hustings by both factions. One yells, the "Church in danger;" the other shouts, "Religious Freedom is struck down." What is the result ? The Catholic Defence Association is started, and one of its rules is, endeavouring thus, to narrow the choice of members, and insure seats for a few pets of St. Jarlath's, that only Roman Catholics can be members ; English Roman Catholics wish to support it, Irish Roman Catholics, both in and out of Parliament, join it ; thus they will have strong claims upon the constituencies at the elections. Some of the most able of its Parliamentary supporters are men who have, in fact, been always opposed to the

grave hereditary Secretary for Foreign affairs who has succeeded Palmerston ; he is a very respectable "pump," about as fit to fill his present post as to take the command of the army at the Cape. Granville is eminently qualified to sit still, hold his tongue, and look Lord Burleighish. He always puts us in mind of Obadiah's bull, who, although as Father Shandy observed, he never produced a calf, went through his business with such a grave demeanour, that he always maintained his credit in the parish.

popular, or O'Connell party, they have been its passive resisters or open opponents.*

What will be the result of this rule of the Association? That the old game of pledging one's self to support the views of the Association will place the pledger, whether he be an Irish Roman Catholic who has been always against the popular party, or whether he be an English Roman Catholic, like Lord Arundel and Surrey, or if, above all, he have the good fortune to be born a Protestant and an Englishman, and to have changed his Protestantism for Roman Catholicism, in a better position, and with stronger claims upon the constituencies, than Henry Grattan, or Sharman Crawford, or others of the same party who have ever been active for what they consider the good of the country.

We regret this, we regret it extremely, because we believe that now, more than at any other period for the past two hundred years, the Irish PEOPLE could do much to obtain justice. We know they have never, in late times, been a PEOPLE, but they have often been the Roman Catholic FACTION, or the Orange FACTION. They have not yet learned that the British Government has played each religion in turn against the other. Ecclesiastics of each church have been pitted together; the two churches, as between themselves, will be ever, we presume, the church militant; but, backed by the Viceroy of the day, they have been each in turn the church rampant. The Protestants have been worked, aye, worked like senseless fantoccini, by the lever of Ascendancy, and when the necessity of the hour had passed, they have been cast aside like the puppets when the crowd had departed; the Roman Catholics have been fooled by small favours, not treated with by great concessions, made at fitting times, and as soon as they were found necessary. Just rights have been withheld whilst they could be withheld, and then they have been flung at a half rebellious society, because they could no longer be conveniently refused. The Irish people, of both religions, have been taught the dangerous lesson, that from political and politico-sectarian

* For example, of the honourable and learned member for Athlone, who is now so able an advocate of the "Defence Association," we read the following statement never contradicted. "Author of 'Ireland under Earl de Grey,' and several political tracts. A Conservative; in favour of Free Trade, and a supporter generally of Sir R. Peel's policy." Dodd's Parliamentary Companion, 1847, p. 192. "Ireland under Earl De Grey," is as virulent a pamphlet as was ever published against the Roman Catholic party.

agitation, they have every thing to expect, and the priests of both churches have discovered, that to the entreatings and the representations, of Bishops like Murray and Whately, little attention will be given, whilst to the ranting of Prelates like Daly and Mac Hale, great attention will be paid ; nothing will be conceded to the ecclesiastic who comes before the Viceroy with all the mildness of our Great Exemplar, all must be granted to the churchman who is a turbulent brawling politician. Heaven knows, we are not denying that the clergyman who lives amongst the miseries of the half ruined farmers, must see much to complain of, and against which he will feel bound to protest ; we hold that he is right ; but the Government ought, by doing justice to all, to deprive men of this power, which their position gives them, of helping to ruin this country. We have heard clergymen of both persuasions abused for mingling in the political world, we have heard them called bigots and demagogues, but we have not heard the blame given to those by whom it is deserved—the Government. Let them stop the emigration by employing the people—let them restore some fixed protection to the farmer—let them, too, remember that as America is more anxious to develop Irish resources than England, Irishmen may at last come to think, as Canada has thought long since, that a new connection with the former might be more advantageous, and could not well be more disadvantageous, than the old one with the latter. If these things could be only remembered and acted upon by the Government, then indeed all the beatings of the “drum ecclesiastic” might be muffled, if not stilled—then the Minister might tell the Orange party on the one hand, and the Ultramontane faction on the other, that the great laws of England shall be administered as Somers designed, and as William understood them, and having thus done justice, and thus explained his line of action, above all troublous thoughts of Papal aggression or French invasion, and beyond all fear of the Orange lodge, the Minister might teach the ecclesiastics of both religions, that our free laws and their wise provisions are “like the fenced-in pillar at Delphi, too sacred for even Priests to touch.” This may seem strange language to the reader ; let him remember it is true, and recollect that to hear the truth on political or religious subjects in Ireland is unusual—we know that party lying in our country is not held to be very dishonourable, but sooner than prostitute *this* book to *that*

purpose, we would be the meanest beggar that hawks his sores through our streets ; we would rather be a Viceroy subsidizing a newspaper to support a tottering Minister, and refusing to complete the contract by payment, when the services had been performed.

We care nothing for Whig or Tory, except as they show regard for Irish interests, and that bastard thing, "a Conservative Government," "Tory men, and Whig measures," we take to be the most destructive of all for this country. We belong to that party, one becoming every day more considerable, who believe that only by fair laws and just legislation this land can be saved. Who are firmly convinced that there can be no prosperity for Ireland until her resources are fostered, till her mines, and fisheries, and waste lands are deemed worthy of attention, who consider that the law of landlord and tenant must be carefully remodelled, and who, in short, see no hope for their native country save only by an enlightened system of government, a system which will ensure education for the people, despite the rancorous wranglings of squabbling theologians, an education which, whilst it will clash with the faith of none, will avoid that Godless system of the French University, and will, in the great words of Newton, teach all that "this beautiful system of sun, planets, and comets, could have its origin in no other way than by the purpose and command of an intelligent and powerful Being. He governs all things, not as the soul of the world, but as the Lord of the Universe. He is not only God, but Lord or Governor. We know Him only by His properties and attributes—by the wise and admirable structure of things around us, and by their final causes ; we admire him on account of His perfections ; we venerate and worship Him on account of His government." A system of government which will teach the people to look for help and guidance, not to America but to England. With Lord John Russell for Premier, this may be all empty as the vision of an idiot's dreaming fancy, but Lord John cannot for ever batten on the spoils of office—a Prime Minister, with more of the eagle and less of the vulture in his nature, is the man for whose rule we hope.

We regret that this cry about Papal aggression has been raised, and we regret it at this period more particularly, as all good and true men should join in the effort to obtain fair laws and a moderate Protective duty. At no period could a

real Irish party make so bold a stand in the House, as during the coming months, there never was a period in which the evils of misgovernment were so apparent as at present. First, Free Trade ruins the small farmers, and injures beyond measure, the most extensive; then, when this work of destruction was developing itself, and when land was reduced below the very lowest standard that had been ever placed upon it, in this miserable country, thus fallen, the Incumbered Estates Act was introduced. We do not deny that the Act was a benefit to the nation, it may, perhaps, be considered a benefit to Ireland; but there can be no doubt whatever that it was a downright plunder, a complete confiscation of the landholders' interest. But we see another evil which has sprung from this Act: it has thrown upon the world hundreds who look upon England's rule as a grievance. We firmly believe that since 1782 there never prevailed, amongst the upper and middle classes, so great, so deep a feeling of England's injustice to Ireland as now. Men see their friends cast from their homes, driven from the lands that had been won, perhaps, by some soldier of fortune, and handed down with pride from father to son; men of the largest possessions, too, have been forced through the hopeless ordeal of the Court in Henrietta-street, a court of which it has been well said, that the owner who enters there "leaves hope behind." And truly no torment in all the "Inferno" equals that which the proprietor of a property feels, who sits in the court, and sees his heritage sold for thousands less than its real value. And what becomes of those men, and of their children? If we ask the head workwomen at Todd and Burns, or at Pims, or at any of the large houses in town, they will tell us, that amongst their workers are the daughters of some, who, not four years ago were the chief men in their counties. If we ask at the prisons or workhouses through the country, we find those who were formerly large landed proprietors, or their children, filling low offices in these places. The docks of Liverpool, and the quays of Dublin, present many a melancholy picture of the man, once in riches, now stealing like a beggar from his native land. Alas! Peel did, Lord John Russell has done, and is doing, more to excite a fierce, unchanging hatred of England, and distrust of British rule in this country, than O'Connell could accomplish in the entire years of his energetic agitation. The people, even the upper classes, have begun not to depend on England, but on Ame-

rica, and on themselves. If the English Prime Minister had visited Galway, the gentry could not possibly pay him more court than was shown to Mr. Lawrence during his late tour, and the poor classes, most certainly, were far more cordial to him than they would have been to Lord John Russell. Such is the spirit here in Ireland, and certainly if a war or an invasion were to take place within the next twelve months, England could expect little assistance from this country. The people know there is more liberty under British law, than under the sabres of the perjured adventurer who rules in Paris, or beneath the sway of the mob elected, and mob guided, President of America. But death has struck down thousands; ultramontaniam has distracted not a few; misrule has disgusted many, and the lower classes, debauched in politics, as they have been, by the teaching of Duffy and his gang, are not unwilling to enjoy the slave's revenge, in beholding the degradation of the masters, whom they consider to have been oppressive and unjust. Such is the position of Ireland. In England the cry for reform is swelling louder day by day. Manchester has resolved that Cobden's boast, "the people who live in town shall rule the country," shall be made a reality. Their reform bill will place the towns above the counties, Manchester above Lancashire, Leeds above Yorkshire, and Birmingham above Warwickshire, thus inverting the constitution, as they have overturned our commercial system. Give them their demands, and they swamp the Parliament with men, who care nothing for our colonial empire, nothing for the national honour, and who thinking thus, will reduce the army till it becomes but a skeleton, and who will make the navy but a miserable and useless incumbrance. But the Manchester people care nothing for the National honour or the National defences. "I think," said a speaker not long since at a public meeting of the Free Traders, "it might be a very good thing for the people if the country were conquered by the foreigner," and this sentiment was loudly cheered. "I would rather," said Colonel Thompson, "see a foreign army in possession of London six weeks, than the Protectionists for six weeks in possession of the Treasury Benches." We are, perhaps, behind the time, but this seems to us most extraordinary language. No doubt the Free Traders are all to a man admirers of the Peace Congress, but we believe Louis Napoleon is not an equally ardent advocate of its principles. We can fancy the Man-

chester Reform Bill passed, and a few years in operation ; we see the army disbanded, and the line of battle ships out of commission ; bills on Paris are good, and large foreign orders are being executed in all the manufacturing towns. The Free Trade people are all elated, and Cobden is the Washington of peace—and honoured accordingly. Suddenly a report spreads that strange steamers have been seen on the Hampshire coast, and there is great confusion in London, and vast consternation through the country. Whilst all is in commotion, the great fact is announced, the French have landed. Then will the Peace Society advance to the rescue of Britain ; then will the London bill-discounters and foreign brokers come to the assistance of the Congress, whole legions of bank runners will be sent forward as light skirmishers, purseymen will advance, forming the heavy portion of the army of defence, the entire peace force being headed by the foreign bill-brokers, and holders of dishonoured French acceptances, all led by that rabid apostle of the Congress, and most respectable citizen, Joe Sturge. But alas ! Louis Napoleon, as he was never a member of the Congress, so he will not feel himself bound by its rules, and if the country be left to the defence of the admirers of peace, we may soon be able to judge, if it will be “a very good thing for the people if the country were conquered by the foreigner ;” or should heaven spare us this disgrace, we may soon find that the reduction of our standing army was looked for by the representatives of “the people who live in towns,” not as a means of reducing taxation, but rather as a means of deterring the country by the show of force and numbers, there being no military power to check the mob. Then the advocates of low taxes, and a reduced army and navy will understand the wise truth of Tacitus, “*Neque enim quies gentium sine armis, neque arma sine stipendiis, neque stipendia sine tributis.*”

It may be asked how can this be prevented. Our answer is, by working the registries, and by fighting the battle of the constitution at the hustings and in the polling booths. Seven years ago Mr. Disraeli wrote—“ ‘There is nothing like a good small majority,’ said Mr. Tapes, ‘and a good registration.’ ‘Aye, register, register, register,’ said the Duke—those were immortal words.”* Why has he forgotten these “immortal

* Coningsby, Vol. 1. p. 182.

words" now? He has not in this Biography even hinted at the means of keeping up and strengthening that party, now a great one, and as experience teaches, growing daily greater, which Bentinck formed, and for which he died. In Ireland more particularly, we should remember the great truth, "Register, Register, Register." That great master of agitation, O'Connell, never forgot it. The men of this day ought likewise to bear it ever in mind. We believe that the misery of the past four years had taught all the good and true men of every party, that it is by union amongst ourselves we can alone hope for social or political amelioration in Ireland. The great moral of the book before us is, that by union, by honest, earnest endeavours, by striving continuously after the attainable political good, the weak party will, must, become the strong one, must succeed, must be eventually triumphant. The position of Ireland is beyond all dispute miserable; we feel that our country is as a "pestilent sore" in the kingdom; but we do not forget that she has become so from the neglect and misconduct of Imperial rulers, of ministers who have despised the cry sent forth from Ireland, and who have made every interest of this country subservient to the interests of England. The rule of conduct followed by each Cabinet in turn has been, not the introduction of measures calculated to promote the National advantage, but rather to foster the already well-cultivated resources of Britain. It is, because we observe that these things are now well known and understood by all, that we are hopeful of a happy issue for the approaching elections. We have borne want, and famine, and death, so long and so bitterly in this land, that we probably have learned the great lesson of thinking first of Ireland, and then of faction. Chamisso says, "Das Noth lehrt beten;" want does teach prayer; it teaches more, a kindlier feeling, a truer knowledge of those who bear it with us, and in Ireland we have seen party differences forgotten, religious rancours softened, charity has been done for the sake of him who is its God. Would to that same God, that all men could at length discover, that the Good Samaritan was not a proselytizer, and that the maltreated stranger was not a "souper."

There is one chapter of Mr. Disraeli's book which, we fear, may not please the great party to which he has given such

able support. We refer to that upon the position of the Jews. Lord George Bentinck was a friend of civil and religious freedom; he could not be otherwise, reared as he had been in the school of Canning, as Canning had been trained in that of Pitt, and he accordingly supported, against the wishes of his political friends, the bill for the relief of the Jewish Disabilities. He not alone supported it by his vote, but spoke ably in its favour. We are not about to enter on the question, we have referred to it merely for the purpose of showing, that Bentinck was the friend of all who deserve friendship from good men. Every body knows that in "Canningby" Mr. Disraeli has written eloquently and brilliantly upon the old Hebrew race, but he has never written more eloquently or more truly than in the following passages. He is referring to the social and moral condition of the Jews, and writes,

"In all the great cities of Europe, and in some of the great cities of Asia, among the infamous classes therein existing, there will always be found Jews. They are not the only people who are usurers, gladiators, and followers of mean and scandalous occupations, nor are they anywhere a majority of such, but considering their general numbers, they contribute perhaps more than their proportion to the aggregate of the vile. In this they obey the law which regulates the destiny of all persecuted races: the infamous is the business of the dishonoured; and as infamous pursuits are generally illegal pursuits, the persecuted race which has most ability will be most successful in combating the law. The Jews have never been so degraded as the Greeks were throughout the Levant before their emancipation, and the degradation of the Greeks was produced by a period of persecution, which, both in amount and suffering, cannot compare with that which has been endured by the children of Israel. This peculiarity, however, attends the Jews under the most unfavourable circumstances; the other degraded races wear out and disappear; the Jew remains, as determined, as expert, as persevering, as full of resource and resolution as ever. Viewed in this light, the degradation of the Jewish race is alone a striking evidence of its excellence, for none but one of the great races could have survived the trials which it has endured.

"But though a material organisation of the highest class may account for so strange a consequence, the persecuted Hebrew is supported by other means. He is sustained by a sublime religion. Obdurate, malignant, odious, and revolting as the lowest Jew appears to us, he is rarely demoralised. Beneath his own roof his heart opens to the influence of his beautiful Arabian traditions. All his ceremonies, his customs, and his festivals, are still to celebrate the bounty of nature and the favour of Jehovah. The patriarchal

feeling lingers about his hearth. A man, however fallen, who loves his home, is not wholly lost. The trumpet of Sinai still sounds in the Hebrew ear, and a Jew is never seen upon the scaffold, unless it be at an *auto du fê*."

Referring to the great superiority of the Jews of our day, in art, and music, and the drama, he writes—

"It seems that the only means by which, in these modern times, we are permitted to develop the beautiful, is music. It would appear definitively settled that excellence in the plastic arts is the privilege of the earlier ages of the world. All that is now produced in this respect is mimetic, and, at the best, the skilful adaptation of traditional methods. The creative faculty of modern man seems, by an irresistible law at work on the virgin soil of science, daily increasing by its inventions our command over nature, and multiplying the material happiness of man. But the happiness of man is not merely material. Were it not for music, we might in these days say, the beautiful is dead. Music seems to be the only means of creating the beautiful, in which we not only equal but in all probability greatly excel the ancients. The music of modern Europe ranks with the transcendent creations of human genius; the poetry, the statues, the temples of Greece. It produces and represents as they did whatever is most beautiful in the spirit of man, and often expresses what is most profound. And who are the great composers who hereafter will rank with Homer, with Sophocles, with Praxiteles, or with Phidias? They are the descendants of those Arabian tribes who conquered Canaan, and who, by the favour of the Most High, have done more with less means even than the Athenians.

"Forty years ago—not a longer period than the children of Israel were wandering in the desert—the two most dishonoured races in Europe were the Attic and the Hebrew, and they were the two races that had done most for mankind. Their fortunes had some similarity: their countries were the two smallest in the world, equally barren and equally famous; they both divided themselves into tribes; both built a most famous temple on an acropolis; and both produced a literature which all European nations have accepted with reverence and admiration. Athens has been sacked oftener than Jerusalem, and oftener razed to the ground; but the Athenians have escaped expatriation, which is purely an oriental custom. The sufferings of the Jews, however, have been infinitely more prolonged and varied than those of the Athenians. The Greek, nevertheless, appears exhausted. The creative genius of Israel, on the contrary, never shown so bright; and when the Russian, the Frenchman, and the Anglo-Saxon, amid applauding theatres or the choral voices of solemn temples yield themselves to the full spell of a Mozart or a Mendelssohn, it seems difficult to comprehend how these races can reconcile it to their hearts to persecute a Jew."

We think that in arguing this question of Jewish right and Jewish wrong, Mr. Disraeli has dwelt too much upon the

æsthetic, or the sympathetic, phases of the subject. The very men who vote for the Jewish Emancipation will not agree with him in his estimate of the Jewish religion. They will vote for the admission of the Jews to Parliament as Bentinck did, solely on the ground of their being loyal Englishmen. The Jews have been in all ages oppressed, and we are only now discovering what that man, who, as he was beyond most men of his time in learning, so he was above all the bigotries and prejudices of his age, John Selden knew, more than two centuries ago, when he said, "Talk what you will of the Jews, that they are cursed, they thrive wherever they come; they are able to oblige the prince of their country by lending him money; none of them beg, they keep together, *and for their being hated, my life for yours, Christians hate one another as much.*"*

Mr. Disraeli thinks that the manner in which the Gospel of the New Testament has been presented to the Jews was not at all calculated to make them love it, or its followers, and there can be no doubt whatever, that where it has been attempted to sabre men into Christianity, or as it were, pitchfork them out of idolatry or misbelief, the result has been found any thing but satisfactory. Having stated the frightful cruelties inflicted on the Jews by all people of all nations, and by every ecclesiastical tribunal of every religion, Mr. Disraeli writes—

"Is it, therefore, wonderful, that a great portion of the Jewish race should not believe in the most important portion of the Jewish religion? As, however, the converted races become more humane in their behaviour to the Jews, and the latter have opportunity fully to comprehend and deeply to ponder over true Christianity, it is difficult to suppose that the result will not be very different. Whether presented by a Roman or Anglo-Catholic, or Geneveve, Divine, by Pope, Bishop, or Presbyter, there is nothing, one would suppose, very repugnant to the feelings of a Jew, when he learns that the redemption of the human race has been effected by the mediatorial agency of a child of Israel; if the ineffable mystery of the Incarnation be developed to him, he will remember that the blood of Jacob is a chosen and peculiar blood, and if so transcendent a consummation is to occur, he will scarcely deny that only one race could be deemed worthy of accomplishing it. There may be points of doctrine on which the northern and western races may perhaps never agree. The Jew, like them, may follow that path in those respects

* Selden's Table Talk—Jews.

which reason and feeling alike dictate ; but nevertheless, it can hardly be maintained that there is anything revolting to a Jew to learn that a Jewess is the queen of heaven, or that the flower of the Jewish race are even now sitting on the right hand of the Lord God of Sabaoth.

“Perhaps, too, in this enlightened age, as his mind expands and he takes a comprehensive view of this period of progress, the pupil of Moses may ask himself, whether all the princes of the house of David have done so much for the Jews as that prince who was crucified on Calvary? Had it not been for Him, the Jews would have been comparatively unknown, or known only as a high oriental caste which had lost its country. Has not He made their history the most famous in the world? Has not He hung up their laws in every temple? Has not He vindicated all their wrongs? Has not He avenged the victory of Titus and conquered the Cæsars? What successes did they anticipate from their Messiah? The wildest dreams of their rabbis have been far exceeded. Has not Jesus conquered Europe and changed its name into Christendom? All countries that refuse the cross wither, while the whole of the new world is devoted to the Semitic principle and its most glorious offspring the Jewish faith, and the time will come when the vast communities and countless myriads of America and Australia, looking upon Europe as Europe now looks upon Greece, and wondering how so small a space could have achieved such great deeds, will still find music in the songs of Sion and solace in the parables of Galilee.

“These may be dreams, but there is one fact which none can contest. Christianity may continue to persecute Jews, and Jews may persist in disbelieving Christians, but who can deny that Jesus of Nazareth, the Incarnate Son of the Most High God, is the eternal glory of the Jewish race?”

We have dwelt at so great a length upon the portions of this Biography which relate to Ireland, that we fear to out-write our space by entering into the history of Bentinck's efforts to protect the interests of the colonial sugar-growers, and to resist the repeal of the Navigation Laws. However, the facts are known to all who pay any attention to the political events of our time, and the returns we have given show how fearfully the repeal of the Navigation Laws has operated upon the shipping interests of the kingdom. We feel a deep anxiety for the name and honour of Lord George Bentinck. To know him was to admire him. True and honest, sincere and firm in heart and mind, he would have been a great man had God spared him. He was reared amongst statesmen, who believed honour and principle higher than place, or than the applause of brawling demagogues, purchased by shameless apostacy ; who prized the glory of England above all other considerations, and who considered the

dignity of their country as a thing too holy to be sullied by a base alliance with an Austrian puppet, or a beggarly French adventurer. Chatham, and Pitt, and Burke, and Fox, and Huskisson, and Canning, were of this class. To follow in their steps was Bentinck's greatest anxiety; to leave a name and fame like to theirs was his most ardent hope.

"About to part probably for many months, and listening to him as he spoke according to his custom with so much fervour and sincerity, one could not refrain from musing over his singular and sudden career. It was not three years since he had in an instant occupied the minds of men. No series of parliamentary labours had ever produced so much influence in the country in so short a time. Never was a reputation so substantial built up in so brief a space. All the questions with which he had dealt were colossal questions: the laws that should regulate competition between native and foreign labour; the interference of the state in the development of the resources of Ireland; the social and commercial condition of our tropical colonies; the principles upon which our revenue should be raised; the laws that should regulate and protect our navigation. But it was not that he merely expressed opinions upon these subjects; he came forward with details in support of his principles and policy which it had been before believed none but a minister could command. Instead of experiencing the usual and almost inevitable doom of private members of Parliament, and having his statements shattered by official information, Lord George Bentinck, on the contrary, was the assailant, and the successful assailant of an administration on these very heads. He often did their work more effectually than all their artificial training enabled them to do it. His acute research and his peculiar sources of information roused the vigilance of all the public offices of the country. Since his time there has been more care in preparing official returns and in arranging the public correspondence placed on the table of the House of Commons."

This labour could not be continued, and yet Bentinck was not the man to pause in the race of life. He continued to work with all the unswerving determination of his nature—and at length that nature outwore its feeble frame.

"On the 21st of September, after breakfasting with his family, he retired to his dressing-room, where he employed himself with some papers, and then wrote three letters, one to Lord Enfield, another to the Duke of Richmond, and the third to the writer of these pages. That letter is now at hand; it is of considerable length, consisting of seven sheets of note paper, full of interesting details of men and things, and written not only in a cheerful but even a merry mood. Then, when his letters were sealed, about four o'clock he took his staff and went forth to walk to Thoresby, the

seat of Lord Manvers, distant between five and six miles from Welbeck, and where Lord George was to make a visit of two days. In consequence of this his valet drove over to Thoresby at the same time to meet his master. But the master never came. Hours passed on and the master never came. At length the anxious servant returned to Welbeck, and called up the groom who had driven him over to Thoresby, and who was in bed, and inquired whether he had seen anything of Lord George on the way back, as his lord had never reached Thoresby. The groom got up, and, along with the valet and two others, took lanthorns and followed the footpath which they had seen Lord George pursuing as they themselves went to Thoresby.

"About a mile from the abbey, on the path which they had observed him following, lying close to the gate which separates a water meadow from the deer park, they found the body of Lord George Bentinck. He was lying on his face; his arms were under his body, and in one hand he grasped his walking-stick. His hat was a yard or two before him, having evidently been thrown off in falling. The body was cold and stiff. He had been long dead.

"The terrible news reached Nottingham on the morning of the 22nd at half-past nine o'clock, and immediately telegraphed to London, was announced by a second edition of the *Times* to the country. Consternation and deep grief fell upon all men. One week later, the remains arrived from Welbeck at Harcourt House, to be entombed in the family vaults of the Bentincks, that is to be found in a small building in a dingy street, now a chapel of ease; but in old days the parish church among the fields of the pretty village of Marylebone.

"The day of the interment was dark, and cold, and drizzling. Although the last offices were performed in the most scrupulously private manner, the feelings of the community could not be repressed. From nine till eleven o'clock that day all the British shipping in the docks and the river, from London Bridge to Gravesend, hoisted their flags half-mast high, and minute guns were fired from appointed stations along the Thames. The same mournful ceremony was observed in all the ports of England and Ireland; and not only in these, for the flag was half-mast high on every British ship at Antwerp, at Rotterdam, at Havre.

"One who stood by his side in an arduous and unequal struggle; who often shared his councils, and sometimes perhaps soothed his cares; who knew well the greatness of his nature, and esteemed his friendship among the chief of worldly blessings; has stepped aside from the strife and passion of public life to draw up this record of his deeds and thoughts, that those who come after us may form some conception of his character and career, and trace in these faithful though imperfect pages the portraiture of an ENGLISH WORTHY."

Aye, despite the sneers of the *Times*, despite the lying gibes of the *Daily News*, and the other hacks of the Cobden and Bright faction, despite the well-arranged onslaught of all the

Free Trade press, this Biography is the "portraiture of an English worthy," of an English worthy to whom we may well apply the glorious manly eulogium, passed by Sydney Smith upon another statesman who died young, Francis Horner :

"The public looked upon him as a powerful and a safe man, who was labouring not for himself or his party, but for them. They were convinced of his talents, they confided in his moderation, and they were sure of his motives ; he had improved so quickly, and so much, that his early death was looked on as the destruction of a great statesman, who had done but a small part of the good which might be expected from him, who would infallibly have risen to the highest offices, and as infallibly have filled them to the public good. Then, as he had never lost a friend, and made so few enemies, there was no friction, no drawback ; public feeling had its free course ; the image of a good and great man was broadly before the world, unsullied by any breath of hatred ; there was nothing but pure sorrow. Youth destroyed before its time, great talents and wisdom hurried to the grave, a kind and good man, who might have lived for the glory of England, torn from us in the flower of life ;—but all this is gone and past ; and, as Galileo said of his lost sight, "It has pleased God it should be so, and it must please me also."*

ART. III.—MISS MITFORD'S LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS.

Recollections of a Literary Life ; or Books, Places, and People. By MARY RUSSELL MITFORD, Author of "Our Village," "Belford Regis," &c. London : Richard Bentley, New Burlington-street. 1852.

A REVIEWER experiences a greater or less degree of difficulty, according as the author whose works may form the subject of notice, has originally fulfilled his primary duty to the public, or has failed therein. When an author has brought to the

* Rev. Sydney Smith's Works, vol. III. p. 437.

execution of his self-imposed task sufficient information, intelligence and industry, and (above all things) truth and integrity, the reviewer's toil proves a labour of love. Far otherwise is it in the case where a writer is wanting in the requisite qualifications; and it is with much pain that we must affirm the fact, that our task on this occasion is sufficiently embarrassing even to the "tender mercies" of a critic who has been compelled to cite before his tribunal the helpless grace and modest assurance of a lady author. In the first place, the title of the book before us is utterly delusive. The words, *Recollections of a Literary Life*, would seem to convey but one meaning—that of a work partly biographical, partly critical, in which the author details his personal "recollections" of other authors whom he has known in the course of his life, interspersed with appropriate notices of their "literary" labours. The reader's surprise will, we presume, equal our own, when we assure him that Miss Mitford's book does not fall within that meaning. Here and there we find introduced the most frivolous matters of an autobiographical nature—that is, referring to Miss Mitford herself—and it is fortunate that her allusions and statements in this regard are not as numerous as they are absurd. But this very paucity of biographical details only serves to make matters worse, by infelicitously reminding us of all that we expected from the title-page. We have told the reader, and truly told, what this book is not—we will now tell him what it is—at least we will hazard a conjecture, the probability of which will be sustained by reference to the pages of the work. We believe it to be a *common-place book* of old standing looked up, with recent additions made expressly for this present publication, the whole furnished with a *taking* title. This very title, viewed of itself, (and without reference to the contents, in which latter light we have already considered it,) has a blue-bottle buzziness about it offensive to lettered ease. An enlightened and simple intelligence would have rested satisfied with the significant prefix, "Recollections of a Literary Life," and have left it so. But the dignity of simplicity is not looked for "in the middle of the nineteenth century;" and accordingly Miss Mitford adds explanatory words of the *smartest* sort, equally startling and unmeaning, to wit, "or Books, Places, and People."

But from all that we have hitherto said the reader must not suppose that the book before us is destitute of merit. The

contrary is the case, to no inconsiderable extent; and this it is, precisely, which constitutes our great difficulty, since the merits and demerits are so interlinked, that it is no easy matter to unravel the knot which binds them together. With much twaddle there is much sense, and though the authoress does not exercise her own powers with sufficient energy, a generous appreciation of the genius of others is ever manifest. The descriptions of scenery with which the volumes abound are vivid and graceful, in some instances altogether grand. She makes us see the sun, the leaves, the sky, the waters. There is the finest of genteel comedy in the character of her very dog, as delineated by her masterly pen. "Fanchon's" hair, as it turns golden in the slanting rays of the "wintry sun," is visible to us, all but tangible. Strange and lamentable it is, that powers so great should be found in the questionable company of capricious levity and the conceit of clique. For so it is, that some portions of these three volumes seem written for the world at large, and some others for the author's *set*. Universal interest should attach to the former, and, for the latter, we heartily wish they had been "printed for private circulation." The absence of congruity and arrangement, the too flattering notice of personal friends, and the gossiping familiarity of tone in Miss Mitford's "*Recollections*," are such as we might expect to meet with in loose notes thrown together with a view to the future publication of a work which has not yet progressed further than an embryo sketch, and read, or rather lounged over, in company with a few friends, who have dropped in for tea and a little mutual flattery. Were this confined to Miss Mitford's immediate circle, we should have no objection. But the Public is a jealous god, and will not have household-gods (that is, friends and gossips) set up in its place. And yet Miss Mitford seems to ignore this fact, and even makes profession of her own pet system of idolatry in following wise at page 249 of volume 1. :—"It has always seemed to me," she says, "that one of the happiest positions, let me say the very happiest position, that a woman of great talent can occupy in our high civilization, is that of living a beloved and distinguished member of the best literary society, * * but abstaining from the wider field of authorship, *even while she throws out here and there such choice and chosen bits as prove that nothing but disinclination to enter the arena debars her from winning the prize.*" It is true, that when the

lady makes this too candid avowal, she is speaking of "my friend, Miss Goldsmid," and of Miss Fanshawe; but we have no choice but to believe that she is thinking of herself likewise. The above quotation is indeed a key to the entire work we are now reviewing. In the spirit in which that quotation was penned, were penned also the three volumes of the "*Recollections*." Miss Mitford has precisely "thrown out here and there such choice and chosen bits as prove that nothing but disinclination to enter the arena debars her from winning the prize." Nor does it in any way militate against this conviction, that in the publication of her "*Recollections of a Literary Life*," as in her previous works, she has actually entered upon the "wider field of authorship." On the contrary, in the last product of her pen we have but too much proof that in that "field" of labour she is rather content to pass for an amateur than for a worker. In this respect she resembles a gentlewoman of mature age and quakerly likings, who goes a-haymaking on her lawn in the cooler hours of the day, and whilst she rakes a little math together here and there with a light implement, carefully avoids the toil and danger of the weighty scythe. Not after such a manner, nevertheless, will be accumulated the provender which is destined to feed ox and steed in their winter stalls, when the snow lies thick upon the earth. Nor after such a manner shall ever be garnered in the stores of thought which the reading future will gratefully appreciate. A thorough conviction, an earnest ambition, an unreserved vigour, are qualities essential to the success of literary as of all other pursuits.

The second chapter of the first volume of the "*Recollections*" is devoted to a brief notice of Davis* and Banim. The "Sack of Baltimore," and "Fontenoy," of course figure as extracts, and a brace of songs by Banim follow. Of the latter Miss Mitford says—

"John Banim was the founder of that school of Irish novelists, which, always excepting its blameless purity, so much resembles the

* Miss Mitford informs us that Mr. T. Davis is "idolized in his native country." This we presume she learned from the *Nation* newspaper, or some congenial journal, not very careful in its facts or very sparing of its fictions. Mr. Davis was a clever man, very well adapted to support such a paper as the *Nation* was in its early, and more respectable days. One of his historical ballads, written to a popular old air, has no foundation in history, as there never was such a cavalry regiment on the Continent as "Lord Clare's Dragoons."—Ed.

modern romantic French school, that if it were possible to suspect Messieurs Victor Hugo, Eugene Sue, and Alexander Dumas, of reading the English which they never approach without such ludicrous blunders, one might fancy that many-volumed tribe to have stolen their peculiar inspiration from the 'O'Hara family'."

This is sufficiently startling—but that is all—^{it} is in no way true. Banim belonged to a more *legitimate* order of literature than either of the three French authors named by Miss Mitford. He had nothing in common with any of them, though a superficial observer would affect to perceive a resemblance between him and Victor Hugo in the vividness of delineation. But that power of vivid delineation was conversant about other *objects* than those with which Victor Hugo's name is associated. Banim had his faults, it may be, but amongst them we certainly do not class the fact that his scenes were such as were consistent with the probabilities of life, that his men and women were very possible beings: and this we say, observe, purely with reference to the merits of his writings in their true capacity as romances, and making due allowance for fiction, although excluding the idea of their compatibility or incompatibility with *historical* truth.* Two

* It were greatly to be wished, however, that a writer of Banim's talent as a novelist, had lived at a period of more accurate knowledge in Irish history, than that of *his* day. It was Sir Walter Scott's intimate acquaintance with the most minute and authentic sources of historic information on the several eras with which he connected his tales, that enabled him to impart an atmosphere of such general truthfulness to what he wrote. The historic notes which he so very properly added to the last or revised edition of his novels, attest the justice of this observation. On the other hand, Banim, in his "Boyne Water,"—from the absence of anything like a correct, or two-sided analysis in *his* day, of the details of the War of the Revolution in Ireland—fell into errors much diminishing the value which that novel might otherwise possess. Among these, is his sanctioning the unfounded, though popular idea that it was through the mismanagement and cowardice of King James, Ireland was unable to defend herself against a combined force of English, Scotch, Anglo-Irish, Huguenots, Dutch, Danes, Germans, &c.,—enjoying even still greater advantages in point of pay, clothing, commissariat, discipline, small arms and artillery, than in point of numbers. At the Boyne, the Irish were obliged to yield the day, because only about twenty thousand men, mostly new levies, inferiorly equipped, and with an artillery of but six field-pieces, could not make good a river, shallow from the very dry weather, full of fords, and capable of being turned by Slane, against an army of between forty and fifty thousand of the choicest and best disciplined men of a dozen nations, with sixty great guns, besides field-mortars. See

artists possess equally vigorous powers of delineation. One of them, however, paints monsters—the other, men. Are we to confound them together in one school, because both are found to possess a merit essential to every school? A merit which they have in common not only with each other, but in common with all other artists who can boast of any distinction? It is probable, however, that Miss Mitford would not have fallen into this error respecting Banim, had she enjoyed the advantage which has fallen to our lot of reading an enlightened and accurate notice of his life and writings from the pen of our celebrated countryman, Carleton. Our reader is in this respect perhaps more fortunate than our fair Saxon, and, pos-

IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. I, p. 452-462. Yet, Banim countenances the old party legend, as to James's having stood like a coward on the hill of Donore—the King not having been there, but towards Slane, where a complete impossibility of engaging the enemy, from a difficulty of the ground, made a retreat necessary to avoid being cut off from Dublin; and Sarsfield, one of the general officers, who saw and reported this difficulty of the ground to James, is likewise made by the novelist to utter the absurdity put into his mouth, that with an exchange of kings, the Irish would be willing to fight the battle over again. Another and stronger instance of the errors into which Banim has been led by such legends of party as the *histories* he credited, occurs in the case of Father O'Haggerty, who, as a set off on the Jacobite side to Dr. Walker, of Derry, among the Williamites, is introduced as a clergyman of the like military and political stamp—these two sanctified heroes being made by Banim to despatch one another in single combat at the Boyne! The fact, however, is that Father O'Haggerty died of fever at St. Malo, in 1704. The idea of creating this imaginary military friar arose from Banim's having seen in a Life of William III., that, at the beginning of the insurrection of the Ulster Williamites against King James's government in 1689, a "Friar O'Haggerty," or O'Hegarty, was to be the "bearer of a letter" from Carrickfergus to the Duke of Tirconnell, in Dublin. But, of the only Friar of the name connected with the history of that war, and spelled correctly O'Hegarty instead of O'Haggerty, the following is the true account, and such as gives no countenance to the bad character attributed to one of that reverend gentleman's name and calling by the novelist. "Patritius O'Hegarty, alumnus Cænobii Colranensis, studuit Parisiis ad S. Honoratum, in qua religiosissima domo, profecit in scientia et religione. Redux in patriam, prædicavit Anglice Pontanæ diu in ecclesia parochiali cum laude; et exercitio assiduo, evasit satis completus concionator in utraque lingua, Hibernica et Anglicana. Fuit Prior Dubliniensis, ac expugnato regno ab Usurpatore Arausicano, venit cum Legione Hibernica in Galliam. Et cum hæc Legio reformata esset, incipiente ultima pace," that of Riswick in 1697,—“ille, cum licentia Superiorum, inservivit ut Vicarius, in Parochia de Frelon, in Diocesi Suessionensi, ubi prædicabat Gallice, cum applausu. Deinde profectus ad urbem S. Maclovij (Gallice S. Malo, porro S. Maclovius fuit natione Hibernus) ad negotium quoddam peragendum, longo fatiga-

sibly, remembers an able memoir of Banim which appeared in the "*Nation*" newspaper some short time since.*

It is now but due to Miss Mitford, and certainly to ourselves, to make place for such extracts from Miss Mitford's new book as may help to show that our previous criticism has been not the less just, because somewhat unfavorable. In vol. 1, is a chapter thus headed, "PROSE PASTORALS," and from this portion of the work we will select characteristic extracts, requesting the reader to keep in mind the annexed additional prefix to the chapter from which we quote:—

"SIR PHILIP SYDNEY'S ARCADIA—ISAAC WALTON'S COMPLETE ANGLER.

"During this warm summer, and above all during this dry burning harvest weather, which makes my poor little roadside cottage (the cottage which for that reason amongst others I am about to leave) so insupportable from glare, and heat, and dust in the fine season, I have the frequent, almost daily habit of sallying forth into the charming green lane, the grassy, turfy, shady lane of which I share the enjoyment with the gipsies. Last summer I was able to walk thither, but in the winter I was visited by rheumatism

tus itinere, correptus est febris valida, et post octiduum, susceptis sacramentis, transivit ex hac vita, anno 1704." The Rev. Colonel George Walker, of Derry, was standing near the Marshal Duke de Schomberg at Oldbridge, when five Irish gentlemen of one of the troops of King James's Horse Guards (who had made one of the most extraordinary cavalry charges ever heard of), taking the Marshal Duke, by the insignia of the Order of the Garter, for the Prince of Orange, despatched him with sabre and pistol. Dr. Walker was shot in the stomach and ridden over, yet survived the wounds and trampling he received, for some time, during which, or immediately after his being brought down, he was pounced upon by his partisans, the Williamites from the North, and stripped by those merciless plunderers, who thus appear to have left him naked in his dying agonies. William, from the remark he is stated to have made on the hearing of Walker's fate, would seem to have been glad to be rid of him—"Fool that he was, what brought him there!" Military men are proverbially touchy, at any but regular military men, meddling in military matters.

Banim, however, in his ignorance of Irish history was by no means singular. The neglect of this study has proved fatal to all those who have hitherto written "*Irish Historical Novels*," which, it is needless to add, can only be well produced by those who are conversant with the original sources of the nation's true history. ED.

* A very clever sketch of the distinguished Irish novelist is published in the first number of the *Biographical Magazine*, (Edwards, London, 1852,) in which the writer urges his claim to authenticity with irrefragable justice, by stating that the materials for the sketch were supplied by Banim's surviving brother.

and cannot walk so far without heat and fatigue; so my old pony-phaeton conveys me and my little maid, and my pet-dog Fanchon, and my little maid's needle-work of flounces and fineries, and my books and writing-case, as far as the road leads, and sometimes a little farther; and we proceed to a certain green hillock under down-hanging elms, close shut in between a bend in the lane on our own side, and an amphitheatre of oak and ash and beech trees opposite; where we have partly found and partly scooped out for ourselves a turfy seat and turfy table redolent of wild-thyme and a thousand fairy flowers, delicious in its coolness, its fragrance, and its repose.

"Behind the thick hedge on the one hand stretch fresh water-meadows, where the clear brook wanders in strange meanders between clumps of alder-bushes and willow-pollards; fringed by the blue forget-me-not, the yellow loosestrife, the purple willow-herb, and the creamy tufts of the queen of the meadow; on the other hand we catch a glimpse over gates of large tracts of arable land, wheat, oat, clover, and bean fields, sloping upward to the sun; and hear, not too closely, the creaking waggon and the sharpening scythe, the whistle, the halloo, and the laugh, all that forms the pleasant sound of harvest labour. Just beyond the bend in the lane too, are two fires, belonging to two distinct encampments of gipsies; and the children, dogs, and donkeys of these wandering tribes are nearly the only living things that come into sight, exciting Fanchon now to pretty defiance, now to prettier fear.

"This is my constant resort on summer afternoons; and there I have the habit of remaining engaged either with my book or with my pen until the decline of the sun gives token that we may gather up our several properties, and that aided by my staff I may take a turn or two in the smoothest part of the lane and proceed to meet the pony-chaise at a gate leading to the old Manor House which forms the usual termination of my walk.

"Now this staff, one of the oldest friends I have in the world, is pretty nearly as well known as myself in our Berkshire village.

"Sixty years ago it was a stick of quality and belonged to a certain Duchess Dowager of Atholl, that Duchess of Atholl who was in her own right Baroness Strange and Lady of Mann, with whom we had some acquaintance because her youngest son married a first cousin of my father's and took the name of Aynsley as his wife had done before him, as a condition of inheriting an estate in Northumberland. I have a dim recollection of the duchess, much such an one as Dr. Johnson had of Queen Anne, as 'a stately lady in black silk.' Well! in her time the stick was a stick of distinction, but on her leaving her Berkshire house it was left behind and huddled by an auctioneer into a lot of old umbrellas, watering-pots, and flower-stands which my father bought for a song. I believe that he made the purchase chiefly for the sake of this stick, which he presented to my mother's faithful and favourite old housekeeper, Mrs. Mosse, who lived in our family sixty years, and was sufficiently lame to find such a support of great use and comfort in her short and unfrequent walks. During her time and for her sake, I first contracted a fami-

liar and friendly acquaintanceship with this ancient piece of garniture. It was indeed a stick of some pretensions, of the order commonly called a crook, such as may be seen upon a chimney-piece figuring in the hand of some trim shepherdess of Dresden china. What the wood might have been I cannot tell: light, straight, slender, strong it certainly was, polished and veined, and, as I first remember it, yellowish in colour, although it became darker as it advanced in age. It was amongst the tallest of its order; nearly five feet high, and headed with a crook of ivory, bound to the wood by a broad silver rim—as ladylike a stick as could be seen on a summer's day. The only one of the sort I ever met with had belonged to the great-grandmother of a friend of mine, and was handed down as a family relique; that crook probably of the same age as our's was more ornate and elaborate, it had a curious carved handle, not unlike the hilt of a sword, decorated with a leather tassel, so to say, a stick-knot.

“Well, poor Mossy died; and the stick, precious upon her account, became doubly so when my own dear mother took to using it during her latter days, and when she also followed her old servant to a happier world. And then every body knows how the merest trifles which have formed part of the daily life of the loved and lost, especially those things which they have touched, are cherished and cared for and put aside; how we dare not look upon them for very love; and how by some accident that nobody can explain they come to light in the course of time, and after a momentary increase of sadness help to familiarise and render pleasant the memory by which they are endeared. It is a natural and right process, like the springing of a flower upon a grave. So the stick re-appeared in the hall, and from some whim which I have never rightly understood myself, I, who had no more need of such a supporter than the youngest woman in the parish, who was indeed the best walker of my years for a dozen miles round, and piqued myself not a little upon so being, took a fancy to use this stick in my own proper person, and most pertinaciously carried this fancy into execution. Much was I laughed at for this crotchet, and I laughed too. Friends questioned, strangers stared; but impassive to stare or to question I remained constant to my supporter. Except when I went to London (for I paid so much homage to public opinion as to avoid such a display *there*) I should as soon have thought of walking out without my bonnet as without my stick. That stick was my inseparable companion.

But I was thinking of Sir Philip Sydney, of the “Defence of Poetry,” of the “Arcadia,” and of my own resolution to proceed to the green lane, and to dissect that famous pastoral, and select from the mass, which even to myself I hardly confessed to be ponderous, such pages as might suit an age that by no means partakes of my taste for folios. So I said, ‘That the afternoon being cool, and I less lame than usual, I thought we should not need Sam and the pony-chaise, but that I could manage by the help of my stick.’

“At that word out burst the terrible tidings. My stick, my poor old stick, my life-long friend, the faithful companion of so many walks, was missing, was gone, was lost! Last night, on our return

from the lane, the pony-chaise where Sam and I had carefully deposited it was found vacant. Sam himself, that model of careful drivers and faithful servants, had run back the moment he had unharnessed the pony, had retraced every step of the road, beating the ground like a pointer, questioning everybody, offering rewards, visiting ale-house and beer-house (places that, without special cause, Sam never does visit), to make proclamation of the loss, and finishing all by getting up at four o'clock in the morning, and beating the beaten ground over again. She herself,* who so seldom stirs without me, and so seldom lets me stir without her, that she may pass for my shadow, or (without offence be it spoken) for a sort of walking-stick herself, she had sallied forth, visiting lane and field, road and meadow, questioning reaper and gipsy, a sort of living hue and cry.

" 'And really, Ma'am,' quoth she, 'there is some comfort in the interest the people take in the stick! If it were anything alive, the pony, or Fanchon, or little Henry, or we ourselves, they could not be more sorry. Master Brent, Ma'am, at the top of the street, he promises to speak to everybody; so does William Wheeler, who goes everywhere; and Mrs. Bromley, at the shop; and the carrier and the postman. I dare say the whole parish knows it by this time! I have not been outside the gate to-day, but a dozen people asked me if we had heard of *our* stick! It must turn up soon. If one had but the slightest notion where it was lost! I do declare, Ma'am,' continued she, interrupting her lamentations, 'that you don't seem to be so much troubled about the poor stick as I am!' And with all her regard for me, I think she was a little scandalised at my philosophy. * Sam always drives through the ford to cool the pony's feet, and commonly stops long enough in the middle to allow of his enjoying a good drink of the clear glittering pool; whilst Fanchon, who during the rainy season is as tender of wetting her pretty paws as a cat, has latterly condescended to walk out of the little carriage, in which it is her delight to sit perched, tremblingly and gingerly—something as a fine lady steps out of a bathing-machine, but still to walk down the steps, and drop into the water—drinking in the same slow, mincing, half-reluctant manner, but still drinking, and then pausing upon the brink to be taken home. Yesterday evening, I remembered that instead of walking gingerly down the steps, stopping half a minute upon one, and a whole minute upon the other, according to her usual mode, poor Fanchon, doubtless in a paroxysm of thirst, had fairly jumped out of the phaeton, giving to the whole vehicle such a jolt as her weight hardly seemed capable of producing. Then and there I suspected went the stick; carried off by the slow current, until it became entangled by the sedges on the banks, or sank in one of the deep pools not unfrequent in the stream."

There are in all twenty pages of this twaddle, at the end of which Miss Mitford says (after having recovered the lost stick through the aid of two poor children), "I do not know whe-

* Miss Mitford's maid, that is.

ther the poor children or I were most rejoiced at the conclusion of the adventure. But," she naïvely asks, "what room has it left for Sir Philip?" (That is, for Sir Philip Sydney and his "Arcadia," the nominal subjects of the chapter.) "What room?" Why, three pages and a half, at the conclusion of which she observes, "So far Sir Philip." Verily, "So much for Buckingham!"

The following beautiful picture entitles Miss Mitford to claim the title of a Gainsborough of the pen :—

"There are some places that seem formed by nature for doubling and redoubling the delight of reading and dreaming over the greater poets. Living in the country, one falls into the habit of choosing out a fitting nest for that enjoyment, and with Beaumont and Fletcher especially, to whose dramatic fascinations I have the happy knack of abandoning myself, without troubling myself in the least about their dramatic faults (I do not speak here of graver sins, observe, gentle reader); their works never seem to me half so delightful as when I pore over them in the silence and solitude of a certain green lane, about half a mile from home; sometimes seated on the roots of an old fantastic beech, sometimes on the trunk of a felled oak, or sometimes on the ground itself, with my back propped lazily against a rugged elm.

"In that very lane am I writing on this sultry June day, luxuriating in the shade, the verdure, the fragrance of hay-field and of bean-field, and the absence of all noise, except the song of the birds, and that strange mingling of many sounds, the whir of a thousand forms of insect life, so often heard among the general hush of a summer noon.

"Woodcock Lane is so called, not after the migratory bird so dear to sportsman and to epicure, but from the name of a family, who three centuries ago owned the old manor-house, a part of which still adjoins it, just as the neighbouring eminence of Beech Hill is called after the ancient family of De la Beche, rather than from the three splendid beech-trees that still crown its summit; and this lane would probably be accounted beautiful by any one who loved the close recesses of English scenery, even though the person in question should happen not to have haunted it these fifty years as I have done.

"It is a grassy lane, edging off from the high road, nearly two miles in length, and varying from fifty to a hundred yards in width. The hedgerows on either side are so thickly planted with tall elms as almost to form a verdant wall, for the greater part doubly screened by rows of the same stately tree, the down-dropping branches forming close shady footpaths on either side, and leaving in the centre a broad level strip of the finest turf, just broken, here and there, by cart-tracks, and crossed by slender rills. The effect of these tall solemn trees, so equal in height, so unbroken, and so continuous, is quite grand and imposing as twilight comes on; especially when some slight bend in the lane gives to the outline almost the look of an amphitheatre.

"On the southern side, the fields slope with more or less abruptness to the higher lands above, and winding footpaths and close woody lanes lead up the hill to the breezy common. To the north the fields are generally of pasture land, broken by two or three picturesque farm-houses, with their gable ends, their tall chimneys, their trim gardens, and their flowery orchards; and varied by a short avenue, leading to the equally picturesque old manor-house of darkest brick and quaintest architecture. Over the gates, too, we catch glimpses of more distant objects. The large white mansion where my youth was spent, rising from its plantations, and the small church, embowered in trees, whose bell is heard at the close of day, breathing of peace and holiness.

"Towards the end of the lane a bright clear brook comes dancing over a pebbly bed, bringing with it all that water is wont to bring of life, of music, and of colour. Gaily it bubbles through banks adorned by the yellow flag, the flowering flash, the willow-herb, the meadow-sweet, and the forget-me-not; now expanding into a wide quiet pool, now contracted into a mimic rapid between banks that almost meet; and so the little stream keeps us company, giving on this sunny day an indescribable feeling of refreshment and coolness, until we arrive at the end of the lane, where it slants away to the right amidst a long stretch of water-meadows; whilst we pause to gaze at the lovely scenery on the other hand, where a bit of marshy ground leads to the park paling and grand old trees of the Great House at Beech Hill through an open grove of oaks, terminated by a piece of wild woodland, so wild, that Robin Hood might have taken it for a glade in his own Forest of merry Sherwood.

"Except about half a mile of gravelly road, leading from the gate of the manor-house to one of the smaller farms, and giving by its warm orange tint, much of richness to the picture, there is nothing like a passable carriage-way in the whole length of the lane, so that the quiet is perfect.

"Occasional passengers there are, however, gentle and simple; my friend, Mr. B., for instance, has just cantered past on his blood-horse with a nod and a smile saying nothing, but apparently a good deal amused with my arrangements. And here comes a procession of cows going a milking, with an old attendant, still called the cow-boy, who, although they have seen me often enough, one should think, sitting underneath a tree writing, with my little maid close by hemming flounces, and my dog, Fanchon, nestled at my feet—still will start as if they had never seen a woman before in their lives. Back they start, and then they rush forward, and then the old drover emits certain sounds, which it is to be presumed the cows understand; sounds so horribly discordant that little Fanchon—although to her, too, they ought to be familiar, if not comprehensible—starts up in a fright on her feet, deranging all the economy of my extempore desk, and well-nigh upsetting the ink-stand. Very much frightened is my pretty pet, the arrantest coward that ever walked upon four legs! And so she avenges herself, as cowards are wont to do, by following the cows at safe distance, as soon as they are fairly past, and beginning to bark amain when they are nearly out of sight. Then

follows a motley group of the same nature, colts, yearlings, calves, heifers, with a shouting boy and his poor shabby mongrel cur for driver. The poor cur wants to play with Fanchon, but Fanchon, besides being a coward, is also a beauty, and holds her state; although I think if he could but stay long enough, that the good humour of the poor merry creature would prove infectious and beguile the little lady into a game of romps. Lastly, appears the most solemn troop of all, a grave company of geese and goslings with the gander at their head, marching with the decorum and dignity proper to the birds who saved Rome. Fanchon, who once had an affair with a gander in which she was notably worsted, retreats out of sight and ensconces herself between me and the tree.

"Besides these mere passing droves, we have a scattered little flock of ewes and lambs belonging to an industrious widow on the hill, and tended by two sunburnt smiling children, her son and daughter; a pretty pair, as innocent as the poor sheep they watch beside, never seen apart. And peasants returning from their work, and a stray urchin birds-nesting; and that will make a complete catalogue of the frequenters of our lane—except, indeed, that now and then a village youth and maiden will steal along the sheltered path. Perhaps they come to listen to the nightingales, for which the place is famous; perhaps they come to listen to the voice which each prefers to all the nightingales that ever sang—who knows?"

In the preface to her book, the authoress confesses, with a candour which by no means inclines us to be a whit more charitable to her short-comings, that "it would be difficult to find a short phrase that would accurately describe a work so miscellaneous and so wayward; a work where there is far too much of personal gossip and of local scene-painting for the grave pretension of critical essays, and far too much of criticism and extract for anything approaching in the slightest degree to autobiography." Notwithstanding, we do meet with autobiographical details, some few of which redeem the utter frivolity of the rest, by presenting us with reminiscences of distinguished persons. Thus the second volume indulges us with a portrait of the celebrated Cobbett, which cannot fail to prove interesting, and we give it accordingly *in extenso* :—

"This host of ours was a very celebrated person,—no other than William Cobbett. Sporting, not politics, had brought about our present visit, and subsequent intimacy. We had become acquainted with Mr. Cobbett two or three years before, at this very house, where we were now dining to meet Mrs. Blamire, when my father, a great sportsman, had met him while on a coursing expedition near Alton—had given him a greyhound that he had fallen in love with—had invited him to attend another coursing meeting near our own house in Berkshire—and finally, we were now, in the early autumn,

with all manner of pointers, and setters, and greyhounds, and spaniels, shooting ponies, and gun-cases, paying the return visit to him.

"He had at that time a large house at Botley, with a lawn and gardens sweeping down to the Bursledon River, which divided his (Mr. Cobbett's) territories from the beautiful grounds of the old friend where we had been originally staying, the great squire of the place. His own house—large, high, massive, red, and square, and perched on a considerable eminence—always struck me as being not unlike its proprietor. It was filled at that time almost to overflowing. Lord Cochrane was there, then in the very height of his warlike fame, and as unlike the common notion of a warrior as could be. A gentle, quiet, mild young man, was this burner of French fleets and cutter-out of Spanish vessels, as one should see in a summer-day. He lay about under the trees reading Selden on the Dominion of the Seas, and letting the children (and children always know with whom they may take liberties) play all sorts of tricks with him at their pleasure. His ship's surgeon was also a visitor, and a young midshipman, and sometimes an elderly lieutenant, and a Newfoundland dog; fine sailor-like creatures all. Then there was a very learned clergyman, a great friend of Mr. Gifford, of the 'Quarterly,' with his wife and daughter—exceedingly clever persons. Two literary gentlemen from London and ourselves completed the actual party; but there was a large fluctuating series of guests for the hour or guests for the day, and almost all ranks and descriptions, from the Earl and his Countess to the farmer and his dame. The house had room for all, and the hearts of the owners would have had room for three times the number.

"I never saw hospitality more genuine, more simple, or more thoroughly successful in the great end of hospitality, the putting everybody completely at ease. There was not the slightest attempt at finery, or display, or gentility. They called it a farm-house, and everything was in accordance with the largest idea of a great English yeoman of the old time. Everything was excellent—everything abundant—all served with the greatest nicety by trim waiting damsels; and everything went on with such quiet regularity that of the large circle of guests not one could find himself in the way. I need not say a word more in praise of the good wife, very lately dead, to whom this admirable order was mainly due. She was a sweet motherly woman, realising our notion of one of Scott's most charming characters, *Ailie Dinmont*, in her simplicity, her kindness, and her devotion to her husband and her children.

"At this time William Cobbett was at the height of his political reputation; but of politics we heard little, and should, I think, have heard nothing, but for an occasional red-hot patriot, who would introduce the subject, which our host would fain put aside, and got rid of as speedily as possible. There was something of *bonhomie* about him, with his unflinching good-humour and good spirits—his heartiness—his love of field sports—and his liking for a foray. He was a tall, stout man, fair, and sunburnt, with a bright smile, and an air compounded of the soldier and the farmer, to which his habit of wearing an eternal red waistcoat contributed not a little. He was,

I think, the most athletic and vigorous person that I have ever known. Nothing could tire him. At home in the morning he would begin his active day by mowing his own lawn, beating his gardener, Robinson, the best mower, except himself, in the parish, at that fatiguing work.

"For early rising, indeed, he had an absolute passion, and some of the poetry that we trace in his writings, whenever he speaks of scenery or of rural objects, broke out in his method of training his children in his own matutinal habits. The boy who was first down stairs was called the Lark for the day, and had, amongst other indulgences, the pretty privilege of making his mother's nosegay and that of any lady visitors. Nor was this the only trace of poetical feeling that he displayed. Whenever he described a place, were it only to say where such a covey lay, or such a hare was found sitting, you could see it, so graphic—so vivid—so true was the picture. He showed the same taste in the purchase of his beautiful farm at Botley, Fairthorn; even in the pretty name. To be sure, he did not give the name, but I always thought that it unconsciously influenced his choice in the purchase. The beauty of the situation certainly did. The fields lay along the Bursledon River, and might have been shown to a foreigner as a specimen of the richest and loveliest English scenery. In the cultivation of his garden, too, he displayed the same taste. Few persons excelled him in the management of vegetables, fruit and flowers. His green Indian corn—his Carolina beans—his water-melons could hardly have been exceeded at New York. His wall-fruit was equally splendid, and much as flowers have been studied since that day, I never saw a more glowing or a more fragrant autumn garden than that at Botley, with its pyramids of hollyhocks, and its masses of china-asters, of cloves, of mignonette, and of variegated geranium. The chances of life soon parted us, as, without grave faults on either side, people do lose sight of one another; but I shall always look back with pleasure and regret to that visit.

"While we were there, a grand display of English games, especially of single-stick and wrestling, took place under Mr. Cobbett's auspices. Players came from all parts of the country—the south, the west, and the north—to contend for fame and glory, and also, I believe, for a well-filled purse; and this exhibition which—quite forgetting the precedent set by a certain princess, *de jure*, called Rosalind, and another princess, *de facto*, called Celia—she termed barbarous, was the cause of his quarrel with my mamma that might have been, Mrs. Blamire.

"In my life I never saw two people in a greater passion. Each was thoroughly persuaded of being in the right, either would have gone to the stake upon it, and of course the longer they argued, the more determined became their conviction. They said all manner of uncivil things; they called each other very unpretty names; she got very near to saying, 'Sir you're a savage;' he did say, 'Ma'am, you're a fine lady;' they talked, both at once, until they could talk no longer, and I have always considered it as one of the greatest pieces of Christian forgiveness that I ever met with when Mr. Cob-

bett, after they had both rather cooled down a little, invited Mrs. Blamire to dine at his house the next day. She, less charitable, declined the invitation, and we parted. As I have said, my father and he had too much of the hearty English character in common not to be great friends; I myself was somewhat of a favourite (I think because of my love for poetry, though he always said not), and I shall never forget the earnestness with which he congratulated us both on our escape from such a wife and such a mother. 'She'd have been the death of you!' quoth he, and he believed it. Doubtless, she, when we were gone, spoke quite as ill of him, and believed it also. Nevertheless, excellent persons were they both;—only they had quarrelled about the propriety or the impropriety of a bout at single-stick! Such a thing is anger!

Besides such materials as those, specimens of which we have presented to our reader, these volumes consist in great part of extracts from the writings of well-known authors, together with others from those of obscure writers, whose fame might have been left to the vindication of literary antiquaries. In neither instance did we find ourselves called upon to follow the example which has thus been set us, and we accordingly made choice of extracts from the original matter of the "*Recollections*." We cannot see what advantage can be derived from the quotation of "passages" already familiar, if not altogether hackneyed. Coleridge's "Hymn to Mont Blanc" is not less sublime at this hour than in that wherein it was penned; but every one with any pretensions to literary acquirements is supposed at the present day to be well acquainted with at least all the best portions of Coleridge. Of Samuel Johnson we know as much from Boswell's life of him as we ever shall know; nor do we count amongst the Doctor's most creditable writings his letter to Lord Chesterfield, in which, we think, a questionable wrath elaborated into paragraphs is mistaken for independence of character. Of Percy's *Reliques* we have actually seen a copy; not for us is Milton's prose a California of yesterday. But Miss Mitford loves the dust of the beaten track, unless when she is riding aloft on the broom-stick of caprice. Thus John Milton's "Methinks I see a great and puissant nation rousing itself like a strong man refreshed with sleep," is introduced to our notice by our paradoxical authoress in these words—"I am not sure whether (always excepting the minor poems) I do not prefer the stately and weighty march of Milton's prose even to his lofty and resounding verse." Surely, "this is affectation." And do

but observe how studied and self-conscious the coxcombry is—mark that parenthesis, “always excepting the minor poems:” were we not right in stating, some pages back, that portions of the “*Recollections*” seem to have been written for a clique—for a “party,” and not for “mankind?” Be it understood, however, that amongst the extracts Miss Mitford has collected, many of great merit are to be found which we love to keep green in our souls; some again are recondite, and others possess the charm of novelty.

We shall conclude this part of our notice with a delightful little poem by W. C. Bennett, which appears to be a favorite with Miss Mitford, and which will repay a second perusal. Speaking of this poet, Miss Mitford says:—

“Of all writers the one who has best understood, best painted, best felt infant nature, is my dear and valued friend Mr. Bennett. We see at once that it is not only a charming and richly-gifted poet who is describing childish beauty, but a young father writing from his heart. So young indeed is he in reality and in appearance, that he was forced to produce a shoemaker's bill for certain little blue kid slippers before he could convince an incredulous critic (I believe poor Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn-law Rhymers) that Baby May was really his own child, and not an imaginary personage invented for the nonce; and yet Greenwich can tell how much this young ardent mind, aided by kindred spirits, has done in the way of baths and wash-houses, and schools, and lectures, and libraries, and mechanics' institutes to further the great cause of progress, mental and bodily. So well do strength and tenderness of character go together, and so fine a thing is the union of activity with thought.

“‘Baby May’ is amongst the most popular of Mr. Bennett's lyrics, and amongst the most original, as that which is perfectly true to nature can hardly fail to be.

BABY MAY.

Cheeks as soft as July peaches—
Lips whose velvet scarlet teaches
Poppies paleness—round large eyes
Ever great with new surprise—
Minutes filled with shadeless gladness—
Minutes just as brimmed with sadness—
Happy smiles and wailing cries,
Crows and laughs and tearful eyes,
Lights and shadows, swifter born
Than on windwept Autumn corn,
Ever some new tiny notion,
Making every limb all motion,
Catchings up of legs and arms,
Throwings back and small alarms,
Clutching fingers—straightening jerks,
Twining feet whose each toe works,
Kickings up and straining risings,
Mother's ever new surprisings,
Hands all wants and looks all wonder

At all things the heavens under,
 Tiny scorns of smiles reproving,
 That have more of love than lovings,
 Mischiefs done with such a winning,
 Archness that we prize such sinning,
 Breakings, dire of plates and glasses
 Graspings small at all that passes,
 Pullings off of all that's able
 To be caught from tray or table,
 Silences—small meditations
 Deep as thoughts of cares for nations
 Breaking into wisest speeches
 In a tongue that nothing teaches,
 All the thoughts of whose possessing
 Must be wooed to light by guessing,
 Slumbers—such sweet angel-seemings
 That we'd ever have such dreamings,
 Till from sleep we see thee breaking,
 And we'd always have thee waking,
 Wealth for which we know no measure,
 Pleasure high above all pleasure,
 Gladness brimming over gladness,
 Joy in care—delight in sadness,
 Loveliness beyond completeness,
 Sweetness distancing all sweetness,
 Beauty all that beauty may be,
 That's May Bennett—that's my baby.

We do not wish to view this subject from too general a point of view, and yet we cannot help associating with the latest work of the author of *Belford Regis* the painful impression of a decadent literature. We cannot doubt that the age wherein we live is either a period of decay, or of transition; we may hope the latter; however that be, one thing is certain, that in no quarter can we discover a permanent vigour, a settled order, an unquestioned authority. We are aware that generalization is sometimes unfriendly to practical insight, since the true conditions of things may be rendered as obscure by a too distant *reconnaissance*, as they may contrariwise be distorted by too close an inspection. Yet we cannot help connecting this new book of Miss Mitford's with many things mention whereof is not to be looked for in its pages. "The web of our life is of a mingled yarn;" and, as it would be impossible to take account of the state of man in these islands under the existing form of their complex civilization, without analyzing a variety of elements; so, by a natural inversion, the separate contemplation of one of those elements leads us insensibly to that of another through a medium of reflection common to them all. In those days of an Exodus which is pregnant with the mightiest consequences to the future of, it may be, two continents; in these days of religious dissension; of oppressive poor-rates, of which it may be said that, while they "not enrich" one class of men, they make another class "poor indeed;" in these days of confiscation on the one hand, and

extermination on the other ; of political paralysis ; threatened invasion ; strife between capital and labour ; of unsettling agitation for necessary reforms, too long deferred, if not wilfully neglected ; in such a time, we say, we look with faint hope to literature for relief. Its complexion is but too often clouded by the shadows of the time, its front sicklied o'er with the pale cast, not, we fear, of thought only, but of unhealthiness too. We cannot conceal from ourselves the fact that the class of literature to which these "*Recollections*" belong is, in a considerable degree, peculiar to our own time. Some writers, at the present day, instead of exerting their abilities to the utmost, and claiming approval as the just reward of energies exercised without reserve, are content to leave much to Providence, and still more to the good nature, and even the levity, of the reader. We do not accuse them of deficiency of talent ; but unity of aim, and that industrious care which will not rest satisfied except with the highest possible polish of solid and durable materials, are qualities which are wanting in many of the cleverest and most popular books of the day. They content themselves, too frequently, with, to use Miss Mitford's own words, "throwing out here and there such choice and chosen bits as prove that nothing but disinclination to enter the arena debars them from winning the prize," and we are teased by the reflection that the full exercise of the power of pleasing has been coquettishly withheld. A thorough conviction, a defined object earnestly contemplated, and an unre-served vigour, are essential, we repeat, to literary, as to any other species of decisive and permanent success. In the race of life there is no walk over—in the battle of life there can be no *corps de reserve*.

ART. IV.—REV. CHARLES ROBERT MATURIN.

AMONGST the many Irishmen of undoubted genius, who have died within the past thirty years, there is not one whose memory is so much neglected, or whose works are so forgotten, as those of Charles Robert Maturin ; and yet only six and thirty years ago, his name was on every tongue, his company was anxiously sought at every ball, and at every literary gathering, the brightest looks of the brightest eyes were sure to greet him on his entrance. Scott and Byron lauded his genius

in terms of the sincerest admiration ; Edmund Kean employed all the full energy of his fiery soul in realizing, by his acting, the deep poetic conception of "Bertram;" the wisest, the most learned, the most fastidious critics of the time were almost unanimous in their expressions of admiration ; the stillness of thronged theatres, the hum of approval, the loud-swellng cheer, iterated and reiterated, had in turn proved the feeling and the delight of the audience, and proved too, that the poor curate of Saint Peter's, after long and lonely toil, having gone through grief and disappointment with a stout unswerving spirit, had at length achieved that great triumph, the production of a successful tragedy. True it is, that more poetic plays than "Bertram" have been written ; but there is not one play which has been produced, *upon the stage*, within the past half century, so brilliant in conception and in thought. Alfred Tennyson sings of the "The Poet's Mind,"

"Clear and bright it should be ever,
Flowing like a crystal river ;
Bright as light, and clear as wind ;"

and although this beautiful picture may not be, and was not realised in Maturin's case, yet he gave up all the fair buoyant years of life to the service of poesy and literature, and the only blemish of his *early* novels, and the sole fault of his tragedies, is that which his own character, and the peculiar cast of his mind impressed upon them—they are too ideal. Charles Lamb, accounting for the errors and the faults, or if the moralist will have it so, the vices of early manhood, says, "few men think, until thirty, that they are mortal." And so it is with the man of genius, he requires time and care ; all the precepts of Horace must be practised, all the wild fancies of young ambition to found a school, or to change the taste of a people, must be forgotten ; and experience shows, that the first efforts in poetry and prose of some of our most admired writers, exhibited no traits of the bright excellence by which afterwards they were so gloriously distinguished. Amongst all the men of genius this century, Maturin is the one for whom most indulgences must be claimed ; but whilst we claim them, we are not, for a moment, contending that a poet is to demand for himself, or his works, any peculiar exemption from these rules, which religion and society have set up as the guides for all men in the conduct of their lives. They are but the parasites of genius

who claim these exemptions for its possessors. A man of deep thought, of great intellect, and of great poetic ability, Henry Taylor, has written—"Never let this truth depart from the minds of poets, or of those who would cherish and protect them—that the poet and the man are one and indivisible; that as the life and character is, so is the poetry; that the poetry is the fruit of the whole moral, spiritual, intellectual, and practical being; and howsoever in this imperfection of humanity, fulfilments may have fallen short of aspirations, and the lives of some illustrious poets may have seemed to be at odds with greatness and purity, yet in so far as the life has faltered in wisdom, and virtue failing thereby to be the nurse of high and pure imaginations, the poet, we may be sure, has been shorn of his beams; and whatsoever splendour may remain to him, even though to our otherwise bedarkened eyes wandering in a terrestrial dimness, it may seem to be consummate and the very "offspring of Heaven, first-born," yet it is a reduced splendour and a merely abortive offspring as compared with what it might have been, and with what it is in the bounty of God to create, by the conjunction of the like gifts of high reason, ardent imagination, efflorescence of fancy, and intrepidity of impulse, with a heart subdued to Him, and a pure and unspotted life. Out of the heart are the issues of life, and out of the life are the issues of poetry."*

Charles Robert Maturin was essentially a poet. In his case as in that of John Sterling, the adoption of the church as a profession was a most grave mistake, and all through his chequered existence, genius incited him to one course of conduct, whilst duty imperatively commanded the adoption of another. The great misfortune of his life was, that in him, as in many other clever men, the intellectual faculty was so strong, that genius, and feeling, and impulse, ever drove him onward, and all the calm resolvings of reason and deliberation were forgotten, in the wild whirl of excited fancy. When the great German wrote, "Ernst ist das Leben," he wrote a plain truth, so evident that all men acknowledge it, and yet, in the world of literature and art, it would seem that men read the converse of the thought, and believe that life is not a serious thing. Genius is squandered, opportunities are neglected, great projects

* Taylor's Notes from Life, p. 167, 'The Life Poetic.'

are formed, but no task is accomplished, no triumph is achieved ; thus the great game of life is played, a thing of blasted hopes, and fruitless aspirations, proving too truly the melancholy theory of Seneca, "*Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiæ.*"*

The origin of Maturin's name was a romance, and he cherished it fondly, as giving him a species of birthright in mystery. About thirty years before the first French Revolution, a lady of the court, in driving through one of the quiet streets of old Paris, was surprised at hearing the cries of an infant. It naturally attracted her attention, and she accordingly directed her servant to pause, and sent a footman to enquire the cause of the infant's cries. He soon returned carrying a basket, which he had found in an obscure corner of the street, containing a newly-born male child, dressed in the finest and richest clothing. The infant thus found was adopted by the lady, and she acted towards it with all the kindness of a tender parent—she sent the boy at a proper age to a respectable school, every attention was paid him ; but a short time before the outbreak of the Revolution, when just twenty years of age, he was thrown into the Bastille on suspicion of treason, and only escaped to England, after a long and harassing imprisonment. The street in which he had been found a deserted infant, was called the Rue de Mathurine, after a convent which stood in it dedicated to Saint Mathurine, the name Mathurin was given to the child, which, after his arrival and marriage in Ireland, was anglicized to Maturin. This foundling was the father of Charles Robert Maturin, who was his ninth son.

Old Mr. Maturin, on first coming to Ireland, directed his attention to literature, but finding that without a patron, literary labour was but a sorry mode of existence, he resolved to accept a more humble, but less precarious, mode of support, and was appointed to some small government employment which his friends had procured for him. Eventually he was raised to the very respectable position of Inspector of Roads, for the Province of Leinster, under the Irish Post-office. At school Maturin was a boy of much ability, but like other clever lads, he could not apply himself resolutely to any fixed course of study. Byron, Theodore Hook, fifty other men of genius were marked

* De Tranq. Anim. c. 15, s. 77.

by this same fault, but, as Carlyle well observes of John Sterling; "To him and to all of us, the expressly appointed schoolmasters and schoolings we get are as nothing, compared with the unappointed, incidental, and continual ones, whose school hours are all the days and nights of our existence, and whose lessons, noticed or unnoticed, stream in upon us with every breath we draw."

Maturin wrote verses at a very early age, some portions of which were published in the newspapers of the time. There is nothing, however, in the stanzas to fix the attention; they are in no respect superior to that class of newspaper poet's corner scribbling, which passed for poetry fifty years ago. Old Segrain used to say that most young Catholics, between their fourteenth and eighteenth years, wish to retire from the world into monasteries or convents, and he called this, "the small pox of the mind," because only one in a thousand escaped it. In Protestant countries this disease becomes a species of scarlet fever, and our youth long for the army or the stage. Maturin wished to become an actor, and whenever his parents left home, he converted the back and front drawing-rooms into an imaginary theatre, and spouted, with all the energy which always distinguished him when excited, the wildest flights in Nat. Lee's mad rant "Alexander." To give full force to the character, he was accustomed to steal from his mother's wardrobe, and his father's, the most showy articles of dress. He also, about this time, used to delight his school-fellows by writing short dramatic pieces, in which he performed himself, and it was difficult to determine, whether they valued more highly the efforts of the author or the actor. His powers as an actor were always very considerable; the delightful effect with which he recited the passages of deep poetry in his own "Bertram," was fully appreciated, even by those who had seen Edmund Kean and Mrs. Bunn perform Bertram and Imogene.

At length these boyish fancies and pursuits were abandoned, and Maturin entered Trinity College. He read successfully for a scholarship, and was a very active member of the Historical Society. He was but fifteen years of age when he entered College, yet before taking his degree, he had made for himself a very considerable reputation as a classical student, had taken many honours, and had distinguished himself as a debater in the Society.

Shortly after his entrance, he did that, which all poets and most men do—fall in love. The object of his affections was Miss Kingsbury, sister to the late Rev. Thomas Kingsbury, archdeacon of Killala. That a man of Maturin's temperament, when he loved at all, should love deeply and truly, is only what we should expect. From first to last, in all the changes of his varied fortune, he was ever the lover of her who was worthy of all his affections; he married Miss Kingsbury whilst going through his College course, and though in after life he was a wayward, spoiled child of genius, petted by blue-stocking coteries, and album-keeping Sapphos, he ever proved the truth of the Laureate's line,

“Love is love for ever more.”

Having married, and thus imposed upon himself the necessity of setting in earnest to complete his course, and fix upon a profession, he decided on entering the Church, and having taken orders, he was, through the interest of his brother-in-law, appointed to the curacy of Loughrea. To most men of education and literary taste, the curacy of Loughrea would be something tantamount to a post in Lapland or Norfolk Island, but to one of Maturin's genius and peculiar cast of mind, it was absolute and hopeless exile from the world he adored. True, his wife was with him, and all the day dreams of a romantic boyhood had been to some extent fulfilled; but a literary man in an Irish country town, more than fifty years ago, was not very likely to rest contented with his position, even though wedded to a woman who, in his eyes, possessed all the charms of Venus, and every perfection of Minerva. He worked anxiously and continuously to obtain a curacy in some other locality, where he could occasionally, at least, see other things, besides “priest, pigs, and peelers,” who, Harry Lorrequer tells us, form the chief objects of interest, and for whom there appears to be an insatiable demand, in the neighbourhood of Loughrea. He accordingly, after some exertion had been made to gratify him, was appointed to the curacy of St. Peter's parish, Dublin, with a wretched salary, or rather pittance of eighty or ninety pounds per annum.

So far he was happy, that is, he was content with his position; but, ninety pounds per annum could not support a wife, and house in York-street;* so he turned to the labour of pre-

* He lived at 41 York-street.

paring students for College, and resolved, at the same time, to make his first step in authorcraft. Accordingly, in 1804, he published anonymously a romance entitled, "The Family of Montorio, or the Fatal Revenge." It is a work belonging to the school founded by Mrs. Ratcliffe—overladen with all kinds of horrors, trap doors, and unexpected apparitions. In the preface he states it to be his first work, and entreats a lenient judgment thus:—"If youth, unacquaintance with literary habits, and the 'original sin' of national dulness, be any mitigation of severity, *critical or eclectic, or of the cold or bitter blasts of the North*, let this serve to inform my readers that I am four-and-twenty, that I never had a literary friend or counsellor, and that I am an Irishman;" and in the introduction he informs us that the book is "a romance founded on supernatural terror." For a first work of so young a man, it could not be considered a failure; but fourteen years' afterwards, in the preface to his novel, "Woman, or Pour et contre," he writes thus: "None of my former prose works have been popular. The strongest proof of which is, none of them arrived at a second edition; nor could I dispose of the copyright of any but the 'Milesian,' which was sold to Mr. Colburn for £80, in the year 1811. 'Montorio' (misnamed by the bookseller 'The Fatal Revenge,' a very book-selling appellation) had some share of popularity, but it was only the popularity of circulating libraries: it deserved no better; the date of that style of writing was out when I was a boy, and I had not powers to revive it." And yet, although he writes thus of "Montorio," it was the book which attracted most the attention of Sir Walter Scott, and obtained his unchanging friendship for the author. That Maturin expected not alone profit, but also fame, from "Montorio," is more than probable. He knew, at its publication, nothing of the business part of authorship, and too high-minded to become a beggar for subscriptions, he did not obtain the support his clever romance so well deserved. However, he was, in his disappointment, supported by that buoyant enthusiasm which ever distinguished him, and we find him in 1808 publishing "The Wild Irish Boy," a romance displaying all the fancy and brilliancy of thought, which marked the earlier production, "Montorio," and exhibiting a depth of passionate feeling, wild and intense as that of "Werther." It has defects, and grave ones; but, those who write

in snug studies, by sparkling fires, and under the inspiring effects of good cheer and leisure, and with easy minds, can form but a slight conception of the sad difficulties by which Maturin was surrounded whilst preparing this work for the press. He was bound to discharge the duties of curate in a large and poor parish, and he did discharge them faithfully. The miserable sum paid him for the performance of these duties not being sufficient to support his family, he was forced to devote his unemployed hours of daylight in reading with his pupils, and thus trammelled on all sides by harassing, and in some respects, uncongenial duties, he was forced to borrow from the hours of night to complete his story. The book was admired, talked of, praised, but to the author it brought little emolument. In its production, the triumph of genius over adverse circumstances, was doubtless a satisfaction; and although, as Jules Janin writes, "Si on annonçerait M. le Duc de Montmorency et M. de Balzac dans un salon on regarderait M. de Balzac," yet if the admiration or curiosity of the observer stop at this particular point, it may, and does, spoil the man of genius, it very rarely serves him. Although "Montorio" and "The Wild Irish Boy" produced nothing to improve the author's fortunes, he was still a believer in the public taste, and accordingly published in 1812, a novel entitled "The Milesian Chief," which was, as we have seen, the first work purchased by the publisher, the two former having been brought out at his own risk.

At length he appeared to have caught the public eye, and to have made some way with the trade. Showers of complimentary verses were sent to him, the press was fair and honest in its criticisms, and in truth the book deserved the laudations bestowed upon it. All the beauties and all the defects of Maturin's genius and style are apparent, it is true, but, over all, there is so great a brilliancy of thought, and a mastery of language so perfect, that certain passages of the tale rise to the highest order of eloquence. But beautiful as these works are, we fear that very few of our readers, born within the present century, have even seen them. They are to be found only in the highest shelves and dustiest corners of the circulating library. This neglect in a great measure arises from the fact, that the stories are founded on a mixture of the supernatural and the real; the denouements are brought about by a series of events comprising all that is wild, and horribl-

and unearthly. The taste for this species of composition had almost passed away when the three works just noticed were published, and we believe that to produce a successful romance of the "Mysteries of Udolpho" school, even at the period when "The Milesian Chief" was published (1812), the author should possess the mighty genius of Scott. Had the "Monastery," with its "White Maid of Avenal," been produced *before* "Waverley," we doubt very much as to its success. "Montorio," "The Wild Irish Boy," and "The Milesian Chief," were published anonymously. Maturin's friends being a little evangelical, he could not risk offending or scandalizing them by appearing publicly as a writer of novels, and having the example of Home, the author of "Douglas," before him, he very properly kept his secret. However, finding his difficulties increasing after the publication of "The Milesian Chief," and discovering that with all his efforts to battle against the troubles of his position, he could barely subsist, he resolved to become less scrupulous and careful about the opinions of his "godly" friends, and determined to make one bold step in literature, even though it should destroy his prospects of preferment. During five years, after the publication of "The Milesian Chief," he toiled unnoticed and uncared for, and to add an additional pang to his already depressing condition, having become security for a friend, who was driven into insolvency, Maturin was forced to pay the entire sum for which he had bound himself. Here was sorrow and anxiety sufficient to crush the spirit, and to blight the genius of most men, but it was not so with our poor poet curate, and amidst all his troubles he composed that work, which made him famous, and in a measure happy—the tragedy of "Bertram."

When Miss O'Neill was engaged as the leading tragic actress at Crow-street Theatre, Shiel just then (1813) returned from London, and endeavouring to procure the money requisite to defray the expenses of his call to the bar, composed for our famous country-woman, the tragedy of "Adelaide, or the Emigrants;"* the success of this play incited Maturin to attempt something in the way of dramatic poetry, and by constant and anxious labour, he was able to present "Bertram" to the Crow-street manager, in the latter part of the

* See IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. I. p. 378.

year 1813. It was read, and after some delay, returned to him, as unsuited for representation. This was in itself a severe blow, he threw the manuscript aside, and almost forgot it. In the following year 1814, whilst turning over some old papers, he once more recollected the rejected tragedy, and a friend, knowing the great kindness of Sir Walter Scott, advised Maturin to transmit the tragedy to him for perusal. Sir Walter read it, was pleased, and enclosed it to Lord Byron, then one of the Committee of Management of Drury Lane Theatre, with a letter of very strong approval. The time was, fortunately for Maturin, very well chosen. The Theatre wanted a play, and Byron had written to Scott, to Coleridge, and Joanna Baillie, endeavouring to secure a tragedy from some one of them; but Miss Baillie was not prepared, Coleridge was wandering, and mouthing, and maundering about German metaphysics, and straying "in the high seas of theosophic philosophy, the hazy infinitude of Kantian transcendentalism, with its sun-m-mjects, and om-m-mjects."*

Scott was too much engaged, but he had heard that the Directors were about to receive Miss Baillie's play, "De Montford," and took the opportunity of recommending "Bertram." In Moore's Life of Byron, we find the following passage:—

"When I belonged to the Drury Lane Committee and was one of the Sub-Committee of management, the number of *plays* upon the shelves were about *five* hundred. Conceiving that amongst these there must be *some* of merit, in person and by proxy I caused an investigation. I do not think that in these which I saw there was one which could be conscientiously tolerated. There never were such things as most of them! Maturin was very kindly recommended to me by Walter Scott, to whom I had recourse, firstly, in the hope that he would do something for us himself; and secondly, in despair, that he would point out to us any young or old writer of promise. Maturin sent his Bertram and a letter *without* his address, so that at first I could give him no answer. When I at last hit upon his residence, I sent him a favourable answer and something more substantial. This play succeeded, but I was at that time absent from England,"†

A short time before sending the tragedy to Byron, Sir

* Carlyle's Life of John Sterling, p. 73.

† Moore's Life of Byron, p. 287. Ed. 1851.

Walter had submitted it to John Kemble for approval, and he thus, in a letter to Terry, dated Abbotsford, November 10th, 1814, refers to it:—

“ I have been recommending to John Kemble (I daresay without any chance of success) to peruse a MS., a Tragedy of Maturin's, author of *Montorio*: it is one of those things which will either succeed greatly, or be damned gloriously, for its merits are marked, deep, and striking, and its faults of a nature obnoxious to ridicule. He had our old friend Satan (none of your sneaking St. John-street devils, but the arch-fiend himself) brought on the stage bodily; I believe I have exorcised the foul fiend—for, though in reading he was a most terrible fellow, I feared for his reception in public. The last act is ill contrived. He piddles (so to speak) through a cul-lender, and divides the whole horrors of the catastrophe (though God wot there are enough of them) into a kind of drippity droppity of four or five scenes, instead of inundating the audience with them at once at the finale, with a grand '*gardez l'eau.*' With all this, which I should say had I written the thing myself, it is grand and powerful: the language most animated and poetical: and the characters sketched with a masterly enthusiasm.”*

Thus approved, and thus recommended, it was scarcely possible that the tragedy could fail; it was accordingly read in the Green-room, and the chief parts were cast for Edmund Kean, as Bertram, and for Miss Somerville, afterwards Mrs. Alfred Bunn, as Imogene. Kean had been anxious to play Shakespeare's *Lear*, but the peculiar illness of George the Third, made the production of the play, at that particular time, impossible. Bertram was therefore very acceptable to the great tragedian. Barry Cornwall informs us:—

“ Mr. Maturin's tragedy of Bertram was submitted to the theatre about this time. It was sent to Kean for his approval, before it was accepted by the committee. At first sight, he thought that the part of the hero would serve to increase his reputation, and he gladly undertook to perform it. The first rehearsal of the play, however, changed his view of the subject, and he came home dissatisfied with the character, and of opinion that the heroine was the most effective part in the tragedy. ‘ Mine is but a secondary part,’ said he. ‘ However, there is no Mrs. Siddons to play Imogene, and eclipse me.’ With this consolation in his soul, he studied Bertram attentively for several days, determined to make the hero the most conspicuous object in the play; and he succeeded. He succeeded also in spite of

* Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, Vol. iii, p. 312. Ed. 1837.

its defects as a drama, in enticing the public to come and witness the representation of *Bertram* twenty-two nights in the season.”*

The tragedy was eminently successful. The critics were enraptured, the public were charmed, and poor *Maturin*, was raised to the very topmost pinnacle of delight. Amidst all the approbation of the public, there was one, and only one man, that employed his pen to damn the reputation of the new poet.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was at this time publishing, what he called, “*Biographia Literaria*, or Biographical Sketches of my Literary Life and Opinions,” and amongst these papers appeared one entitled, “*A Critique on Bertram!*”† It was a tirade of most savage abuse, unfair, partial, and disingenuous. Coleridge had been all his life long a selfish man; at one period he had become a maundering, dreaming, useless thing, chewing opium, and reading Kant; discoursing of “free-will, free-knowledge and fixed fate,” fancying himself a regenerator of mankind, whilst leaving to poor Southey the burden of supporting his (Coleridge’s) wife and children. A man, such as this, might be a species of moral finger-post, pointing the road to virtue, and remaining stationary himself, but it was certainly rather anomalous, to find him acting the part of Mentor to one whose only *faults* were his poverty and his literary inexperience—his only crime being that he wrote better plays than Mr. Coleridge.

According to Coleridge, the play was immoral, it was unnatural, it was disgraceful. *Maturin* might have replied, that it was as unnatural for a husband to desert his wife and family, as for a woman to desert her husband. Coleridge had done the former in real life, the Lady *Imogene* had done the latter in the play. The plot of “*Bertram*, or the Castle of St. Aldobrand,” is simply this. The scene is laid in Sicily—a convent of monks—night—a frightful storm—a vessel is wrecked—one man is saved by swimming—the monks carry him to the convent. The Castle of St. Aldobrand is the next scene—the Lady *Imogene* is seated at a table, gazing on a portrait—the portrait of a lover, whom she had deserted, at her father’s command, for the Count Aldobrand, now her husband.

* Life of Kean, Vol. i. p. 152.

† *Biographia Literaria*, Vol. ii. p. 255. Ed. 1847.

Clotilda, the attendant enters, and the whole story of Imogene's life is told. She relates how the deserted lover has lost the king's favour,—she tells of his attainder, of his having become the chief of a band of robbers—and recounts all the changes his course of life is reported to have made in his disposition and appearance, changes so great, Imogene cries,

“ That she who bore him had recoiled,
Nor known the alien visage of her child,
Yet still I love him.”

She tells how her husband is now in pursuit of the forsaken lover, charged by the king to punish him, and she exclaims, striking her heart—

“ But thou art Bertram's still, and Bertram's ever.”

We knew of course that this is not correct. Neither Judge Keatinge, nor the Court of Delegates could approve it; a mother and a wife, as Imogene was, should be virtuous and parturient, and the heroine's sigh would seem to prove her an advocate for Lady Wortley Montague's septennial divorce project.

After the exclamation of passion above quoted, a monk enters; and requests permission to lodge the half-drowned stranger in the castle—permission is given, and the stranger is at length housed. The second act is the most exciting of the whole. The stranger tells the prior of the convent, that he is Bertram, and tells him that the gang of bravos of which he (Bertram) is the captain, will soon be in possession of the castle, and informs him that they intend to murder the Count upon his return. Imogene hearing of the fierce manner and wild appearance of the stranger, visits his chamber alone, but finding his violence still unmitigated, she is about retreating, when her child rushes into the room, and exclaims “mother!” Bertram snatches up the boy, and kissing it, cries “God bless thee, child!”

Of Kean's acting here, Barry Cornwall writes—

“The benediction, ‘God bless thee, child!’ for which Kean obtained so much applause, had been previously uttered a hundred times over his own son Charles. He repeated it so often, and so fervently, that he became touched by the modulation of his own voice; which, under the before-mentioned circumstances acquired a tenderness

‘beyond the reach of art.’ This phrase, and the other of ‘the wretched have no country,’ he pronounced to be the pathetic points in the play.”*

Count Aldobrand returns for a few hours, and goes off again to celebrate the Feast of Saint Anselm at the convent. On his departure, Bertram comes again upon the stage—Imogene, owing to the threats uttered by him against her husband, faints—Clotilda and the prior enter—the storm rises once more—when weak and bleeding, Aldobrand staggers on the stage, to die at the feet of his wife, he having been wounded mortally by Bertram’s gang of robbers. In expiring, the husband forgives her. Imogene dies in the convent, and Bertram, stabbing himself, dies by her side, exclaiming—

I die no felon’s death,
A warrior’s weapon freed a warrior’s soul !”

The play having been written by one unacquainted with theatrical composition, contained much poetry, beautiful, and adapted for the closet, but which rendered it too long for the stage. The tragedy, as it reads at present, was cut down by Lord Byron’s advice. In the original, Maturin made Bertram tell the prior that he was driven to the murder of Aldobrand by a supernatural spirit. The scene was inserted in the Edinburgh Review, at the request of Sir Walter Scott—it is thus introduced in a critique on “Melmoth :”—

“Mr. Maturin in the present (Melmoth), as well as in former publications, has shown some desire to wield the wand of the enchanter, and to call in the aid of supernatural horrors. While De Courcy was in the act of transferring his allegiance from Eva to Zaiva, the phantom of the latter—her *wraith*, as we call it in Scotland, the apparition of a living person—glides past him, arrayed in white, with eyes closed, and face pale and colourless, and is presently afterwards seen lying beneath his feet as he assists Zaiva into the carriage. Eva has a dream, corresponding to the apparition in all its circumstances. This incident resembles one which we have read in our youth in Aubrey Baxter, or some such savoury and sapient collector of ghost stories ; but we chiefly mention it, to introduce a remarkable alteration in the tragedy of Bertram, adopted by the author, we believe, with considerable regret. It consists in the retrenchment of a passage or two of great poetical beauty, in which

* Life of Kean, Vol. i. 160.

Bertram is represented as spurred to the commission of his great crimes, by the direct agency of a supernatural and malevolent being. We have been favoured with a copy of the lines by a particular friend and admirer of the author, to whom he presented the manuscript copy of his play, in which alone they exist. The Prior, in his dialogue with Bertram, mentions—

—————the dark of the forest,
So from his armour named and sable helm
Whose unbarred vizor mortal never saw.
He dwells alone ; no earthly thing lives near him,
Save the hoarse raven croaking o'er his towers,
And the dark weeds muffling his stagnant moat.

Bertram.—I'll ring a summons on his barred portal
Shall make them through their dark valves rock and ring.

Prior.—Thou'rt mad to take the guest. Within my memory
One solitary man did venture there—
Dark thoughts dwelt in him, which he sought to vent.
Unto that dark compeer we saw his steps,
In winter's stormy twilight, seek that pass—
But days and years are gone, and he returns not.

Bertram.—What fate befel him there?

Prior.—The manner of his end was never known.

Bertram.—That man shall be my mate—contend not with me—
Horrors to me are kindred and society.
Or man, or fiend, he hath won the soul of Bertram.

Bertram is afterwards discovered alone, wandering near the fatal tower, and describes the effect of the awful interview which he had courted.

Bertram.—Was it a man or fiend? Whate'er it was
It hath dealt wonderfully with me—
All is around his dwelling suitable :
The invisible blast to which the dark pines groan,
The unconscious tread to which the dark earth echoes,
The hidden waters rushing to their fall,
These sounds of which the causes are not seen
I love, for they are like my fate, mysterious—
How tower'd his proud form through the shrouding gloom,
How spoke the eloquent silence of its motion,
How through the barred vizor did his accents
Roll their rich thunder on the pausing soul !
And though his mailed hand did shun my grasp
And though his closed morion hid his feature,
Yea all resemblance to the face of man,
I felt the hollow whisper of his welcome,
I felt those unseen eyes were fix'd on mine,
If eyes indeed were there—
Forgotten thoughts of evil, still-born mischiefs,
Foul fertile seeds of passion and of crime,

That wither'd in my heart's abortive core,
 Rous'd their dark battle at his tempest-peal:
 So sweeps the tempest o'er the slumbering desert,
 Waking its myriad hosts of burning death:
 So calls the last dread peal the wandering atoms
 Of blood and bone and flesh and dust—worn fragments,
 In dire array of ghastly unity,
 To bid the eternal summons—
 I am not what I was since I beheld him—
 I was the slave of passion's ebbing sway—
 All is condensed, collected, callous now—
 The groan, the burst, the fiery flash is o'er,
 Down pours the dense and darkening lava-tide,
 Arresting life and stilling all beneath it,

Enter two of his band observing him.

First Robber.—See'st thou with what a step of pride he stalks;
 Thou hast the dark knight of the forest seen;
 For never man, from living converse come,
 Trod with such step, or flashed with eye like thine.

Second Robber.—And hast thou of a truth seen the dark knight?

Bertram.—(*Turning on him suddenly*) Thy hand is chill'd with
 Fear—Well! shivering craven,
 Say I have seen him—wherefore dost thou gaze?
 Long'st thou for tale of goblin-guarded portal?
 Of giant champion, whose spell-forged mail
 Crumbled to dust at sound of magic horn—
 Banner of sheeted flame whose foldings shrunk
 To withering weeds that o'er the battlements
 Wave to the broken spell—or demon-blast
 Of winded clarion whose fell summons sinks
 To lonely whisper of the shuddering breeze
 O'er the charm'd towers—

First Robber.—Mock me not thus—Hast met him of a truth?—

Bertram.—Well, fool—

First Robber.—Why, then, heavens be with you.
 Upon this hour we part—farewell for ever.
 For mortal cause I bear a mortal weapon—
 But man that leagues with demons lacks not man.

“The description of the fiend's port and language—the effect which the conference with him produces upon Bertram's mind—the terrific dignity which the intercourse with such an associate invests him, and its rendering him, a terror even to his own desperate banditti—is all well conceived, and executed in a grand and magnificent strain of poetry; and, in the perusal, supposing the reader were carrying his mind back to the period when such intercourse between mortals and demons was considered as matter of indisputable truth, the story acquires probability and consistency, even from that which is in itself not only improbable but impossible. The interview with

the incarnate fiend of the forest, would, in these days, be supposed to have the same effect upon the mind of Bertram, as the 'metaphysical aid' of the witches produces upon that of Macbeth, awakening and stimulating that appetite for crime, which slumbered in the bosom of both, till called forth by supernatural suggestion."^{*}

We know not whether the reader will consider there is any thing very frightful, or very immoral, in the sketch which we have given of this tragedy. It strikes us, that the heroine is very miserable to the last moment of her life. In Bertram, taken as a whole, there is nothing calculated to blunt that keen virtue which is said to distinguish the men and women of these kingdoms; there is no maudlin sympathy excited as in "The Stranger"—and even taking the worst, and most Coleridgeish view of the subject, all that can be asserted against the play comes to this, that its plot is, in part, founded on the often performed tragedy, "Isabella, or the Fatal Marriage," and in part, on a now forgotten play, called "Percy," the production of that sublimedly rigorous friend of virtue, Hannah More.

We are quite willing to admit, that in Bertram there is too much of the melodramatic tinge. Passion, human passion and feeling, may be too highly painted, but this is only to say that the tragedy is not perfect. If we look back through the pages of the old dramatists, we find this same fault appearing in the works of our tragic writers. Physical pain, and mental woe are never pleasant subjects for representation, yet they form the chief groundworks in the plots of most dramatic, and many poetic authors. Fuseli, in one of his lectures, says, that "When Spenser dragged into light the entrails of the serpent slain by the Red Cross Knight, he dreamt a butcher's dream, and not a poet's;" yet this same portion of the Fairie Queen is not the least interesting of the great poem. Maturin may have shown some want of taste, but it was a want common to other men of great genius—Manfred is conscience racked; in the wild complaints uttered

" With a scream that shoots
To the heart's red roots,"

by Philoctetes, Sophocles has conjured up all the horrors of

^{*} Edinburgh Review for June 1818, p. 254.

mental and bodily torture—but we dwell too long on this critique of Coleridge. Byron thus refers to it, and to the tragedy:—

“In Coleridge’s *Life*, I perceive an attack upon the then Committee of Drury Lane Theatre for acting *Bertram*, and an attack upon Maturin’s *Bertram* for being acted. Considering all things, this is not very grateful nor graceful on the part of the worthy autobiographer; and I would answer, if I had *not* obliged him. Putting my own pains to forward the views of Coleridge out of the question, I know there was every disposition on the part of the Sub-Committee to bring forward any production of his, were it feasible. The play he offered, though poetical, did not appear at all practicable, and *Bertram* did—and hence this long tirade, which is the last chapter of his vagabond life.

“As for *Bertram*, Maturin may defend his own begotten, if he likes it well enough; I leave the Irish clergyman and the new orator Henley to battle it out between them, satisfied to have done the best I could for *both*. I may say this to *you*, who know it.”*

And again, in a letter to Moore, from Venice, March 31st, 1817, we find him writing thus:—

“What do you think of your countryman Maturin? I take some credit to myself for having done my best to bring out *Bertram*; but I must say my colleagues were quite as ready and willing. Walter Scott, however, was the *first* who mentioned him, which he did to me, with great commendation, in 1815; and it is to this casualty, and two or three other accidents, that this very clever fellow owed his first and well-merited success. What a chance is fame?”†

The success attending this play, and the fact of the author’s name being unknown, induced many persons to claim it as their composition; to prevent further misconception, Maturin went over to London, and acknowledged himself the author. From this period a change, a very remarkable change, was visible in his dress, manner, and appearance. He was at once received into the highest circles of the fashionable world, and although, by the acknowledgment of his authorship, he very

* Letter to Murray, October 12th, 1819, p. 367, Ed. 1851. See also Coleridge’s *Biog. Literaria*, vol. 2, p. 255.

† *Life*, 347,

seriously damaged his chances of promotion in the church, yet, all the fascinations of intellectual and aristocratic life were, to their fullest, enjoyed by him. Whilst he was composing *Bertram*, and living amidst a confused sea of difficulties, a clergyman, high in the church, had called upon him in York-street for the purpose of making an offer of preferment; he was requested to wait for a few minutes, and after the lapse of half an hour, Maturin entered, his hair in dishevelled masses, wrapped in a flowing morning gown, and bearing in one hand a pen, in the other a portion of the manuscript of *Bertram*, from which he was repeating some highly wrought sentence just completed; he threw himself on the sofa beside his starched visitor, who very soon retreated, leaving the poet to cultivate the muse, in poverty and at leisure.*

A man of this description, so poetic and fanciful, was very likely to plunge into the delights of that life, which had been to him but an unknown fairy land. He had been the hard working, but unsuccessful scholar; he had married, at twenty, the woman he loved; to support her, and his children, he had given up the bright buoyant years of early manhood to unceasing toil, and had become a drudging curate, and a fagging teacher, but now, the fair dreams that had borne him up through all, were fulfilled; everything was joyous and hopeful; life was now beautiful as a vision of that dream land, in which,

“Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.”

It has been written, “Talents in literature or science, unassisted by the advantages of birth, may lead to association with the great, but rarely to equality;—it is a passport through the well guarded frontier, but no title to naturalization within.

* Maturin could not compose unless in silence and free from all noise and interruption; “Monday, 18th July, 1825, young Mr. Maturin breakfasted, and Sir Walter asked a great deal about his late father, and the present situation of the family, and promised to go and see the widow. When the young gentleman was gone, Hartstonge told us that Maturin used to compose with a wafer pasted on his forehead, which was the signal that if any of his family entered the *sanctum* they must not speak to him. Sir Walter said, He was never bred in a writer’s *chaumer*.” Lockhart’s *Life of Scott*, vol. 6, p. 56. Ed. 1837.

By him, who has not been born amongst them, this can only be achieved by politics. In that arena which they look upon as their own, the Legislature of the land, let a man of genius, like Sheridan, but assert his supremacy, at once all those barriers of reserve and pride give way, and he takes, by right, a station at their side, which a Shakspeare or a Newton would but have enjoyed by courtesy.”* It was the ignorance of this fact that led to many of Maturin’s difficulties; it was the ignorance of it that plunged Theodore Hook, and fifty other men of genius, into embarrassments from which they were never able to extricate themselves, remaining to the last, the hacks of those who are ever ready to become the mortgagees of intellect.†

Maturin returned to Dublin, and his life at home was but a continuation of that which he had led in London. His appearance and mode of living, after the success of “*Bertram*,” have been thus described:—

“Mr. Maturin was a tall, slender, but well proportioned, and on the whole, a good figure, which he took care to display in a well made black coat, tight buttoned, and some odd light-coloured stocking-web pantaloons, surmounted in winter by a coat of prodigious dimensions, gracefully thrown on, so as not to obscure the symmetry it affected to protect. This tame exhibition, however, of an elegant form in the street, the church, or the drawing-room, did not suffice. The Reverend gentleman sang and danced, and prided himself on performing the movements and evolutions of the quadrille, certainly better than any other divine of the Established Church, and equal to any private lay gentleman of the three kingdoms. It often happened, too, that Mr. Maturin either laboured under an attack of gout, or met with some accident, which compelled the use of a slipper, or a bandage on one foot or one leg, and by an unaccountable congruity

* Moore’s Life of Sheridan.

† In Theodore Hook’s case Moore’s words were too truly proved. We can vouch for the fact, that notwithstanding all his efforts to support the Tory party in England, poor Hook was never looked on as anything more than a diverting, amusing, vagabond, who was to be treated with fêtes, flattery, and forgetfulness. We know that on more than one occasion, towards the close of his life, at houses where he was expected to dine, the piano was placed in the dining parlour, so that no opportunity might be lost of inducing him to extemporise. It was pitiable to see a man of genius, beggared in purse, broken in health, beset by difficulties, amusing those who would suffer him to go to gaol sooner than spend a farthing in assisting him; he knew this, but he could not resist the “sing, dear Mr. Hook,” of a bright-eyed woman.

of mischances, he was uniformly compelled on these occasions to appear in the public thoroughfare of Dublin, where the melancholy spectacle of a beautiful limb in pain never failed to excite the sighs and sympathies of all the interesting persons who passed, as well as to prompt their curiosity to make audible remarks or inquiries respecting the possessor.

"The effect upon his temperament of the unexpected success of 'Bertram' led to some untoward consequences. The profits of the representation, and the copyright of the tragedy, exceeded, perhaps, one thousand pounds, while the praises bestowed on its author by critics of all classes, convinced Mr. Maturin that he had only to sit down and concoct any number of plays he pleased, each yielding him a pecuniary return at least equal to the first. He had, therefore, scarcely arrived in Dublin with his full blown dramatic honours and riches, when tradesmen of all hues and callings were ordered to York-street, to paint, furnish, and decorate, with suitable taste and splendour, the mansion of the great new-born tragic poet of Ireland. The Reverend gentleman's proceedings in other respects, of course, took a corresponding spring. Unfortunately, the highest hopes of genius are often the most fallacious, and so it proved in the present instance. A few months produced a second tragedy, which failed, and with it not only faded away the dreams of prosperity in which the author of 'Bertram' so fondly indulged, but his house was assailed by importunate creditors, who lodged executions and every other disagreeable sort of legal inmates in that abode of genius and merit. Time enabled Mr. Maturin gradually to extricate himself from these embarrassments, and having thus had the wings of his ambition somewhat shortened, he in future pursued a safer flight. A pupil of Mr. Maturin informed a friend of ours, that Lord Byron, in consequence of an unfavourable review of one of Maturin's works, sent him £500, with a note that he was better qualified to review the reviewers, than they him."

The tragedy here referred to was called "Manuel," and brought out in 1817. It undoubtedly was a failure, and a wretched one. In thought and language it was poetic, but its fault consisted in the number of underplots, which prevented the full and clear developement of the main incident. We have never been able to learn the name of the prophet who wrote the prologue; but, referring to the flattering reception given to "Bertram," he thus begs a gentle criticism for "Manuel,"

"Should then his tragic numbers please no more,
(Who may not fail, where Johnson fail'd before?)
Forbear harsh blame, nor deem *yourselves* exempt,
Your kindness lured him to the rash attempt."

Lord Byron writes of it to Murray, from Venice, April 2nd 1817, thus,

"Maturin's tragedy,—By your account of him last year to

me, he seemed a bit of a coxcomb, personally. Poor fellow! to be sure, he had a long seasoning of adversity, which is not so hard to bear as t'other thing. I hope though that this won't throw him back into the slough of Despond."*

And addressing Moore, from Venice, April 11th, 1817, he writes:—

"And so poor dear Mr. Maturin's second tragedy has been neglected by the discerning public? Sotheby will be d—d glad of this, and d—d without being glad, if ever his own plays come upon any stage."†

Having read the play, he writes to Murray, June 14th, 1817:—

"As a play, it is impracticable; as a poem, no great things. Maturin seems to be declining into Nat Lee. But let him try again; he has talent, but not much taste. I 'gin to fear, or to hope, that Sotheby, after all, is to be the Eschylus of the age; unless Mr. Shiel be really worthy of his success."‡

He was not "thrown back into the Slough of Despond," by the failure of "Manuel;" he set to work with a gallant heart, and during the remaining seven years of his life, he produced four novels, and a poem, in blank verse, entitled "The Universe."§ Few circumstances had given him so much annoyance as Coleridge's "Critique on Bertram." It had rankled in his mind, and troubled him exceedingly, so he resolved to avenge himself, by a counter attack, on Coleridge and his works. Sir Walter Scott had used his influence with the Constables, and induced them to purchase the copyright of Maturin's novel, "Woman, or Pour et Contre," and, in the preface to this book, the indignant dramatist had determined to introduce the long contemplated defence of "Bertram," and onslaught on Coleridge. That

"Hell hath no Fury like a woman scorned,"

is very true, but then a poet who fancies himself unjustly criticized, is her equal in violence; and the Constables were almost paralyzed with horror when they had read the manuscript of Maturin's proposed preface. They at once forwarded

* Life, p. 348.

† Life, p. 351.

‡ Life, p. 358.

§ He at one period, contemplated the composition of a poem in the style of Moore's *Lalla Rookh*, or Hogg's *Queen's Wake*.

it to Sir Walter, with a request that, as he had brought this wild Irish parson on their shoulders, he would try to extricate them from the difficulty in which they were placed. Scott wrote the following letter to Maturin, and though we have read many letters of this great, good, man, we have never seen one displaying more genuine feeling, more true friendship, or charity more christian-like and beautiful :—

“ To the Rev. C. R. Maturin, Dublin.

“ 26th February, 1818.

“ Dear Sir,

“ I am going to claim the utmost and best privilege of sincere friendship and good-will, that of offering a few words of well-meant advice ; and you may be sure that the occasion seems important to induce me to venture so far upon your tolerance. It respects the preface to your work, which Constable and Co. have sent to me. It is as well written as that sort of thing can be ; but will you forgive me if I say—it is too much in the tone of the offence which gave rise to it, to be agreeable either to good taste or to general feeling. Coleridge’s work has been little read or heard of, and has made no general impression whatever—certainly no impression unfavourable to you or your play. In the opinion, therefore, of many, you will be resenting an injury of which they are unacquainted with the existence. If I see a man beating another unmercifully I am apt to condemn him on the first blush of the business, and hardly excuse him though I may afterwards learn he had ample provocation. Besides, your diatribe is not *hujus loci*. We take up a novel for amusement, and this current of controversy breaks out upon us like a stream of lava out of the side of a beautiful green hill ; men will say you should have reserved your disputes for reviews or periodical publications, and they will sympathize less with your anger, because they will not think the time proper for expressing it. We are bad judges, bad physicians, and bad divines in our own case ; but, above all, we are seldom able, when injured or insulted, to judge of the degree of sympathy which the world will bear in our resentment and our retaliation. The instant, however, that such degree of sympathy is exceeded, we hurt ourselves and not our adversary ; I am so convinced of this, and so deeply fixed in the opinion, that besides the uncomfortable feelings which are generated in the course of literary debate, a man lowers his estimation in the public eye by engaging in such controversy, that, since I have been dipped in ink, I have suffered no personal attacks (and I have been honoured with them of all descriptions) to provoke me to reply. A man will certainly be vexed on such occasions, and I have wished to have the knaves *where the muircock was the bailie*—or as you would say *upon the sod*—but I never let the thing cling to my mind, and always adhered to my resolution, that if my writings and time of life did not confute such attacks, my words never should. Let me entreat you to view Coleridge’s violence as a thing to be contemned, not retaliated—the opinion of a British

public may surely be set in honest opposition to that of one disappointed and wayward man. You should also consider *en bon Chretien* that Coleridge has had some room to be spited at the world, and you are, I trust, to continue to be a favourite with the public—so that you should totally neglect and despise criticism, however virulent, which arises out of his bad fortune and your good.

“ I have only to add that Messrs. Constable and Co. are seriously alarmed for the effects of the preface upon the public mind as unfavourable to the work. In this they must be tolerable judges, for their experience as to popular feeling is very great; and as they have met your wishes, in all the course of the transaction, perhaps you will be disposed to give some weight to their opinion upon a point like this. Upon my own part I can only say, that I have no habits of friendship, and scarce those of acquaintance with Coleridge—I have not even had his autobiography—but I consider him as a man of genius, struggling with bad habits and difficult circumstances. It is, however, entirely upon your account that I take the liberty of stating an opinion on a subject of such delicacy. I should wish you to give your excellent talents fair play, and to ride this race without carrying any superfluous weight; and I am so well acquainted with my old friend, the public, that I could bet a thousand pounds to a shilling that the preface (if that controversial part of it is not cancelled) will greatly prejudice your novel.

“ I will not ask your forgiveness for the freedom I have used, for I am sure you will not suspect me of any motives but those which arise from regard to your talents and person; but I shall be glad to hear (whether you follow my advice or no) that you are not angry with me for having volunteered to offer it.

“ My health is, I think greatly improved; I have had some returns of my spasmodic affection, but tolerable in degree, and yielding to medicine. I hope gentle exercise and the air of my hills will set me up this summer. I trust you will soon be out now. I have delayed reading the sheets in progress after Vol. I., that I might enjoy them when collected.

“ Ever yours, &c.,

“ WALTER SCOTT.”

The result of this letter was, the withdrawal of the terrible preface, and “ Woman, or Pour et Contre,” added very considerably to Maturin’s fame and purse. This novel, and another called “ Melmoth the Wanderer,” prove that Maturin, as he advanced in experience, tamed down the wild love of romance and mystery which actuated him in earlier years, when a young, inexperienced, and anonymous writer. In the year 1821, he published “ The Universe,” a poem in blank verse, which had very little success. It is a strange fact, that with all his versatile talent, he could never, with ease, compose poetry which required a rhyming termination; he did, however, succeed in producing a successful prize poem, in the year 1815, on the

subject of the victory of Waterloo, for which Trinity College had offered an honorary testimonial. This poem had a very large sale, but Maturin, having presented the copyright to an old pupil, would not accept any of the profits.

As a student, his reading was extensive and diffuse, rather than deep, or than judiciously directed. He would, at one period, spend days in the study of Locke, of Atterbury, and of Cudworth, and then would turn, delighted, to the pages of Monk Lewis, and Mrs. Ratcliffe. He was a great novel reader, and was never weary of them, no matter how dreary or unreal.*

Maturin's taste in poetry was good, but it was difficult to induce him to speak on literary subjects; when he did enter upon the topic, his views were in general well considered and correct. He liked Scott and Moore. He did not value Byron highly, but he thought Pope the greatest of all our poets, and next to him he admired Crabbe. His peculiar taste in poetry exhibited a very remarkable correspondence with that of Lord Byron. The latter, addressing Murray, from Venice, September 15th, 1817, writes—

"I took Moore's poems and my own, and some others, and went over them side by side with Pope's, and I was really astonished (I ought not to have been so) and mortified at the ineffable distance, in point of sense, harmony, effect, and even imagination, passion, and invention, between the Little Queen Anne's Man, and us of the Lower Empire. Depend upon it, it is all Horace then, and Claudian now, among us; and if I had to begin again, I would mould myself accordingly. Crabbe is the man, but he has got a coarse and impracticable subject, and Rogers is retired upon half pay, and has done enough, unless he were to do as he did formerly."†

These likings and dislikings, however, are not very unusual among men of genius. Wordsworth could never see the wondrous beauties of Shakspeare, and Sheridan absolutely disliked him. Samuel Johnson thought little of *Paradise Lost*, and when Sir Isaac Newton had read it, he said, "It is a fine"

* The late lamented lawyer, John William Smith, (author and editor of "The Leading Cases," &c.,) was the most indefatigable novel reader we ever met; Charles James Fox, every body knows, loved romances, but then they were good ones. Smith, however, would read with delight, the most inane and worthless trash that ever issued from a circulating library.

† Life, p.367.

poem, but what does it prove?" Although well known to be a novelist and a dramatic author, Maturin was much respected as a clergyman, and he was regular in the discharge of all the duties of his office as curate of Saint Peter's. In the Lent of 1824 he preached a set of controversial sermons (six in number) in his parish church. "As a preacher Mr. Maturin was highly esteemed; his sermons were masterly compositions, his reasonings incontrovertible, and his language the most calculated to subdue the heart and to demand attention. His six controversial sermons show the author to have been a profound scholar, and acute reasoner; never since Dean Kirwan's time were such crowds attracted to the parish church as during the delivery of these sermons; neither rain nor storm could subdue the anxiety of all classes and persuasions to hear them; and did he leave no other monument whereon to rest his fame, these sermons alone would be sufficient."

This critique is rather flattering. That the sermons were brilliant and eloquent in thought and expression, and that Maturin preached them with consummate and graceful delivery, cannot be denied, but, in learning and argument, they have been surpassed by many clergymen of the Established Church.

In the year 1824, that in which the sermons were delivered, he published his last novel, *The Albigenes*. It is one of his best productions, and increases our regret that the grave should so soon afterwards have received him. He died after a lingering illness at his house, 41 York-street, on the 30th of October, 1824, in the 44th year of his age.

His manuscripts were collected, and amongst them was found a finished tragedy entitled, the "*Siege of Salerno*." It is, in conception, not unlike Byron's "*Siege of Corinth*," and abounds in passages of great power and beauty. The following is a scene from the third act, in which Osmyn, a renegade, and commander of the Turkish force before Salerno, tells his friend Syndarac, the story of his life:—

OSMYN.

Thou knowest I was a Christian; but thou knowest not
My feet, unblessed, tread the very earth
Where once I trod a sovereign and a husband.

SYNDARAC.

And still tread proudly as a conqueror.

OSMYN (*solemnly.*)

Upon the ashes of my buried hoart—
 O thou disciple of a heartless creed,
 That knows no tie between the one beloved
 And him that loves her, must I talk to thee.
 I must, for there is none but thou listen ;
 And silence now were agony.
 I was a Christian Prince—I loved and wedded,
 And loved when wedded, *still*—even more !
 O God ! the babe that from its mother's breast
 Draws life, ne'er looked up at that mother's smile
 For joy, as I have looked at *hers*, and blessed it.
 I've wooed her eye's rich light and bid it spare me.

For I was restless in my blessedness.
 I've wept i'the rich and breathless luxury
 Of an o'er-fraughted heart, until I wished
 It could in bursting shed its richness round her.

SYNDARAC.

Can men thus love a wife ?

OSMYN.

A Christian can.

(*A pause.*)

One evening late within my lady's bower
 I sat, and wondered at my happiness.
 — A shout—another ; and that other bore
 A name I hated as the lord of hell's—
 MANFRED, the terror of the neighbouring states ;
 Plunderer of all, and tyrant of his own.
 Manfred the base, the bloody, and the ruthless
 Foe of my race, and hatred of my heart,
 Burst with his band of ruffians on my peace.

They seized me when I could no longer strive,
 And plunged me in a dungeon of these towers.
 I was to die by famine ; but one slave—
 One did, in cruel mercy, bring me bread,
 And I, in famine's maddening pangs, devoured it.

I cannot tell my dungeon agonies ;
 Nor time nor space was there, nor day nor midnight.

I knew not that I lived, but felt I suffered.

SYNDARAC.

Dids thou not live for vengeance ?

OSMYN.

I lived for *her*.

She was the moon-beam of my maniac cell,
That, lighting me to madness, still was light.

Years past away o'er the fair world above ;
I knew no time—its lapse was unto me
Like dark waves booming o'er a sunken wreck—
Each like the other.

There was a tempest in the upper world ;
To me it was a rough, but friendly hand,
Shaking my bolts, till its strong grasp dissolved them ;
A lightning brand, like warrior's javelin,
Pierced through the vault—its light was liberty—
The walls were rent.
Through crashing vaults, burst grates, and sulphurous damps,
I upward reeled to life.—For many a day
The pale enquiring stranger gazed around ;
None knew him.

One day the city swarmed,
It was a high and glorious festival ;
Soldiers and burghers thronged the public way,
And midst them there was borne in princely pride
A form that once I clasped.

It was Matilda, *then* the wife of Manfred. Guiscard, yet an infant, was in her arms. Osmyn continues his harrowing story. He fled from the city.

“ On the last shore of Italy I kissed
A cross my mother bound about my neck,
And flung it towards these towers. On Asia's coast
I grasped the crescent.”

We are compelled to pass unnoticed much sweet, and some very characteristic dialogue. Osmyn is now apprised that the Christian embassy awaits him. His informant is the insidious and inveterate Bentaleb, whose language is happily selected to awaken the slumbering bitterness of his general :—

“ The son of Manfred
Waits at the tent of Osmyn.”

The scene changes to Osmyn's pavilion ; and previous to the introduction of the Christians, the following striking passages occur. Osmyn addresses himself to Bentaleb :—

OSMYN.

Come hither. Nearer—I would speak with thee :
Thou knowest these slaves are summoned to our presence.

How would'st thou deal with them, wert thou as I am ?
 — Gaze not on me, as searching for my meaning ;
 Speak to know thy mind—not show my own.

BENTALEB.

That I had the slaves within my tower,
 Rend them as the tiger rends his prey,
 Make them feel I was *no Renegade*.

OSMYN.

They've wrong'd thee, then——

BENTALEB.

They're Christians, and I hate them !

OSMYN (*calmly*.)

And thou hast wondrous reason. Mighty cause——
 A helmet hides their heads—a turban thine ;
 And when ye mutter o'er your heartless prayers,
 They bend them to the East, and thou to Mecca.

Thou art a fool in vengeance—a blunt fool,
 Who knows what weight the fleshly frame can bear,
 And canst inflict it with un pitying hand,
 Ait fram'st no exquisite engine for the soul——
 Or bind the viewless and in palpable *spirit*
 To writhe in tortures *body* never felt.

Thou wouldst make man wretched, make him vile :
 Tear up his conscience—make his mind a desert,
 A heart an ulcer, and his frame a stone ;
 Untr yless, friendless, wifeless, childless, Godless ;
 Cursed of heaven, and hated.—Make him Osmyn.
 Thus have they dealt with me——

Walter Scott, when in Ireland, (1825) promised to edit literary relics for the family of the dead poet, but unfortunately, to surmount his own troubles soon required all his own, and every energy of his great, true heart ; and so day, Maturin's unpublished works are forgotten and worn.

Further, we have now placed before you a sketch of one, as the world goes, may not have been so prudent as we desire. We have little doubt that some will be of opinion that his life is not an instructive one. He never played

are indebted for this extract to " The University Review" for 1834, p. 12.

the parasite to a bishop, he cultivated no patronage at the expense of a gentleman's honour, or a scholar's dignity. Other men, with minds less brilliant, but smiles more ready, entered with Maturin upon the road of life, and as time rolled on, they rose in dignity and in wealth, and so it came to pass, that mediocrity looked out of its carriage window at the toiling world, whilst genius and industry trudged by, blessed only with God's gift of intellect. He was but forty-four years old at his death, and though the great deeds of the beacon minds of the world, have been, in general, achieved before this age, though, in his short span of existence, Maturin may not have done much, and if his vanities and coxcomb airs, poor tinsel figments, disfiguring our man of genius, as they years ago disfigured Oliver Goldsmith, have caused a smile, remember, that all men are not philosophers in early manhood; do not forget that, as Byron wrote, "Poor fellow, to be sure he had a long seasoning of adversity, which is not so hard to bear as t'other thing." Let us not frown upon the poor curate's memory, because he was not ever mindful of Sir Thomas Browne's thought, "Oblivion is not to be hired. The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been,—to be found in the register of God, not in the record of men."*

Recalling the brave struggles of his true heart against the cold, hard, "iron realities" of the world, let us hope, that when we stand at that great Bar, where the life deeds of the Bishop and the Curate, of the Monarch and the Beggar, shall be examined, you and we may bring before the Omniscient Judge, a life not more guilty than that of the poet priest.†

* Urn Burial.

† The following is a list of Maturin's works with the dates of their publications. *Montorio, or the Fatal Revenge*, 4 vols., 1804. *The Wild Irish Boy*, 3 vols., 1808. *The Milesian Chief*, 3 vols., 1812. *Waterloo, a Prize Poem*, 1815. *Bertram, or the Castle of Aldobrand, a tragedy*, 1816. *Manuel, a tragedy*, 1817. *Woman, or Pour et Contre*, 3 vols., 1818. *Fredolpho*, 3 vols., 1819. *Melmoth, the Wanderer*, 3 vols., 1820. *The Universe, a poem in blank verse*, 1821. *The Albigenes*, 4 vols., 1824. *Six Controversial Sermons*, 1824.

ET. V.—TRAITS OF AMERICAN HUMOUR.

of American Humour, By native Authors. Edited and adapted by the Author of "Sam Slick." 3 vols. London: Colburn & Co.

There are two classes of readers from whom the work has a small chance of welcome. Those, who, confiding in the strength of their mental digestion, prefer taking their food unmixed, and who hold in utter contempt, minds weak to relish the addition of the "*dulce*," probably consider, that Judge Haliburton has retrograded sadly in giving to the world a series of mere humorous sketches. According to their estimate for the first time, "really promised something great" in "*English in America*,"* and no doubt had his present position been of a similar cast, instead of being so lamentably low, they might have been inclined to forgive and forget the sober political historian, the trivial varieties of Sam Slick. But fortunately for Judge Haliburton, and indeed it is a blessing for society at large, the possessors of intellects so far from being are decidedly in the minority. The public appetite is not so much pleased with variety, and evinces a repugnance to mental dyspepsia, which must be very discouraging to the literary-minded beings, who, forgetful of the days when the addition of raspberry jam, deny the utility of humour, and hield for wholesome truth. The opposition of the enemies to humorous writing, is founded on the best of principles: vulgarity and wit are synonymous, and that mirth is incompatible with "gentility." To all of this dreary creed, the title "*Traits of American Humour*," is of course consistent; it satisfies them at once that the book must be "very low," and consequently it is returned unread to the genteel circulating library, with a request, that the next time the Bee," and the last work on Crochet collars, may come up the moment they come in. There is one reflection which cannot fail to infuse comfort into the soul of Judge Haliburton, and cheer him in his banishment from the tables of these worthy people—Shakspeare is under a similar sentence in company with a distinguished circle of actors, convicted of vulgarity at the bar of ultra-refine-

* Reviewed in the Irish Quarterly, vol. 1, p. 523.

ment. Against one or two of the more modern culprits, Dickens in particular, there is a second charge, to wit, that they did remove, crush, drive into obscurity, and totally eclipse the Eau Sucrée School of novelists, whose works had for a long time formed an intellectual repast, both grateful and suitable to minds of delicate organization. In them were to be found no dull descriptions of every day life, in coarse every day language, no character was open to the objection Mr. Partridge brought against Garrick's acting.* No hero held a lower position in society than a Viscount, or at least an amiable cut-throat, who, to make up for the laxity of his morals, expressed himself like a Chesterfield, and had the manners of any polished gentleman, say, George the Fourth, and who, when it became a necessary to abduct the heroine (Lady De' &c. &c.) performed that duty with engaging suavity, and removed her to his private dungeon to be kept till called for in the third volume, when the hero had satisfactorily proved himself to be the son and heir of *the* Marquis. It is easy to understand that persons who admire this style, as emphatically the genteel, may feel a sublime contempt for works of fiction, in which the characters, many of them drawn from low life, are represented as speaking and acting just as people in their position might be expected to speak and act, and in which dialogues given in the dull monotony of the vernacular, and unrelieved by scraps of French, Italian, or any foreign language, have often a tendency to produce laughter, and other external symptoms of enjoyment; but it is by no means easy to comprehend what are their notions of vulgarity, so gutta-percha-like in its own elasticity, and extensive in its application, does that word become, when used by them in reference to anything which is unfortunate enough not to meet their approbation.† They seem to forget that vulgarity is a quality, not inherent, but altogether dependant on circumstances, and that words and phrases, which may be vulgar in some positions, are not necessarily always so. For instance, it would be undeniably vulgar for an author in describing the parting between Mr. William Styles, and John Noakes, to say, "they wet their whistles, and then

* "He the best actor," cries Partridge, with a contemptuous sneer, "Why I could act as well as he myself; I am sure if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did." Tom Jones, Book 16. Chapter 5.

† Sir Walter Scott used to say, "nothing is vulgar that is not vicious."

” but he might represent either of those gentlemen as he same figurative expressions in his own account of the event, without violating propriety, in any sense of the more than the author of “Adela, or the Outlaw of Oxford” does, when he makes his heroine dismiss her lover, the assurance that “poverty and contempt she could endure with him, but a father’s anger, a parent’s wrath she cannot not, &c.” Of course there are many expressions in vogue among the lower orders, which no circumstances could beget fit to appear in print, but vulgarity is altogether too common a word to express the offence of any man, who would so forget his duty to society, as to introduce such as these into his writings. In short propriety, as well in representing nature as in avoiding what is of itself offensive, is perhaps the best guide the Novelist can have. As long as he keeps this mark in view, he will steer clear of vulgarity or coarseness, even though his Styles’s and Noakes’s speak with all the terrific terseness of their class; unless indeed the objection seemed a valid one, which those, whose refinement is of delicacy, have to the appearance on any terms whatever, of such characters in a picture of life; but as the prototypes can be found in the original, it is probable that most people will be content to join us in lamenting that at the outset, the organization of society was not entrusted to people, who have no doubt, given us a world of ladies and gentlemen. We have already stated; it is to be feared that the title which the subject of the present notice is published, will be mnatory in the eyes of this class, that designates as everything outside the Drawing-room door; yet, if recommendations have any weight, we would suggest a word however slight, if it were only for the purpose of correcting a mistake, to which the devotees of sublimated gentility are of all people, most prone, namely, that, the humour of transatlantic cousins never shows itself in any other form than those facetious anecdotes usually charged upon Americans, of men so tall, that they are obliged to climb a ladder to comb their own hair, or of ghosts of such preternatural brightness as to render smoked glass indispensable to all who wish to contemplate them. As to our utilitarian friends, once to their lofty, though prejudiced minds, renders it possible for us to recommend a work of such levity as Judge Burton’s, on any other grounds than that many of the

sketches of domestic life contained in its pages, may add something to their stock of "useful knowledge" concerning Social America. It is true, that the tendency of humour is to place its object in a state of inferiority, so as to cause laughter, but it does not follow that the inferiority is necessarily such as to excite the feeling of contempt; to delineate harmless peculiarities and good-natured simplicity, is just as much the province of humour, as to expose the less amiable failings; no doubt the pleasure we derive from the consideration of the clearness of those two great parallels in fiction, "My Uncle Toby," and Mr. Pickwick, arises in a great measure from a sort of self-congratulation, at being unencumbered with their excess of simple benevolence, but the mind that could DESPISE those worthy creatures, must be of a very unloving and unloveable cast; when humour takes this turn, the inferiority does not pervade the whole conception; it is then merely a lowering of one part to throw another into relief, as the wood engraver reduces the surface of the block, where the lines traced on it are meant to be subordinate. There would be nothing humorous in uncle Toby's widely extended philanthropy and tenderness of heart, unaccompanied by his bashfulness and childlike enthusiasm about the art of war, or in the intense *bonhomie* of Mr. Pickwick, were it not for the little traits of credulity, pompous simplicity, and occasional quickness of temper which render that dear man such a delightful study. Nor is it essential that the part of the conception thus thrown into relief should be of an amiable nature; our admiration for Falstaff, with all his wit and philosophy, is of a much less kindly description than that inspired by uncle Toby, yet, in spite of his sensibility and cowardice, we are far from feeling contempt for him as we do for Dogberry. In fact this species of humour represents certain qualities in a ludicrous light, not so much *thus* to excite laughter, as to supply a foil for others, which would, of themselves, excite admiration rather than laughter; and hence arises that incongruity which forms the essence of the humorous. Of a far different nature is the incongruity which causes our enjoyment of humour, when it has for its object, the peculiarities of a nation, or class, of which we ourselves are not members, it then springs from our mentally contrasting the manners, habits, dialect, or whatever the immediate subject may be, with our own. But this is not all; there is nothing humorous in the idea of a party of Cannibal

lers dining off a grilled enemy, although the contrast
 en such a repast and a European family dinner, is about
 at as can be well conceived; there must be also a certain
 nt of that unusual combination of circumstances, incidents,
 jects, which would render the representation humorous,
 ectively of its origin or locale, or in other words, what,
 ing metaphysically, we might call an internal incongruity.
 latter is of course just as perceptible to an individual of
 articular class or nation, and our enjoyment of it proceeds
 a feeling of temporary superiority to, or a sort of con-
 t for the object humorously treated. We may here re-
 ;, that this contempt is by no means identical with the
 ig which our dictionaries, explain by the words "scorn;"
 in words such as "pleasure," "pain," "delight," "con-
 y," acquire a conventional meaning in metaphysics, from
 g always used in their most abstracted sense, and perhaps,
 of the greatest difficulties the student in that science has
 ncounter, is the training his mind to use that conven-
 al meaning, and forget for the time being, the more ordi-
 one. To return to our more immediate subject, as we of
 Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland have an additional
 ce of enjoyment in Judge Haliburton's "Traits of American
 nour," besides that which we have in common with his
 ers on the other side of the Atlantic, and as the work
 f, being a collection of American sketches, written by
 erican authors, has issued from an English press, and is
 lished by an English firm, it may be considered as doing
 ble duty; first, as a work illustrative of the manners, the
 istic life, and the various provincial dialects, as well as of
 humour of the Americans, and secondly, as a book of that
 which one takes up simply for amusement. It's efficacy in
 former capacity will, we know, be doubted by a class of
 ders we have already alluded to; the sticklers for the solid
 l serious will scout the idea of a humorous work, contain-
 useful information regarding any country, and undoubtedly
 y are right in doing so, if they consider useful information
 consist exclusively in statistics of births, deaths, marriages,
 l-deliveries, and prison discipline, or in lists of exports, im-
 ts, public buildings, and capital offenders. If to be well
 made up" in such matters, is to know a nation thoroughly,
 n humour, which has ever had a rooted antipathy to the blue
 oks and figures, can avail but little. But we would respect-

fully (as dealing with persons of such severe taste) submit that something more is necessary. Which of us would think of establishing an intimacy with a person whose friendship was desirable, by finding out the name of his tailor, or the sum to his credit in the $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cents, if we admired the cut of his coat, or had a marriageable daughter?—information on these points would be no doubt very acceptable; but if he were a man for whom we felt respect, apart from that inspired by his paletot, or his pocket, it is propable we should feel just as much curiosity about his tastes and habits, whether he was the same, in an arm-chair and slippers, by his own fireside, as he was in public, whether he was sociable or morose, playful or austere to his own family, whether it was he who kept the household in order, or the grey-mare was the better horse in his home circle. If information on points like these assist us in forming a just estimate of individual character, surely the study of the corresponding problems in national character has it claims to utility, especially in the case of such a nation as America, a nation which with all her weak points, we cannot but respect (we do not use the word in a diplomatic sense). A nation which still feels, and it is to be feared not without cause, a certain amount of jealousy and heart-burning towards her progenitor, while every day shows that something more than a mere speaking acquaintance is desirable. Although a small library might be furnished exclusively with books on American subjects, yet of what may be called Social America, of the manners, ways of thinking, fireside chit-chat of the middle (for democratic as she is, America has a middle) class,—we as yet know little or nothing. The “Dots” and “Peerybingles” of England have become “Household Words” in many a home between New York and New Orleans, but, though no doubt the cricket chirps just as loudly on the American hearth, as it does among the coal or turf-ashes of our two “right little, tight little islands,” its voice has not come across the Atlantic. The native authors seldom give us a view of domestic life. The witty Clockmaker of Slickville, himself, avowes a preference for political or metaphysical disquisition, and the sojourns of foreign writers on America, have been generally too limited to allow them to acquire the necessary intimacy with the people, even supposing they had not travelled, as too many obviously have, only to collect evidence to prove some pet theory respecting the evils of democracy; there are few descriptions of American life or

portraits of American character, in the works of Messrs. Hall, Dickens, Marryat, Trollope, (every one who has read the *lady's* production, will admit her claims to the masculine title), that do not show the steam-boat, the stage-coach, the boarding-house, or the public assembly to have been the field of observation. What a striking contrast to these is presented, by Washington Irving's admirable essays on English character, in his "Sketch Book" and "Bracebridge Hall;" long and useful study of the national peculiarities, and frequent intercourse with the people, have made his sketches as true, as they are elegant in diction, and full of that genial humour which laughs with rather than at, its object. It is, when humour adopts this tone, that it becomes a useful element in description; there are a thousand and one weaknesses, foibles and failings in human nature, which approach faults so nearly, as to render it impossible to pass them over in silence, pure satire is much too keen a weapon against such as these; to use it as a corrective, would be to break the butterfly upon the wheel, and though we may admire its brilliancy, it too often leaves a scathed mark, to show where the flash took effect; but humour plays round its object with a mellow continuous light, like the harmless lightning of the summer's evening.

There are traces of this humour perceptible all through Judge Haliburton's three volumes, but the richest vein of it is to be found in the letters which compose the story, "Major Jones's Courtship," a story by the way, which, from its style and its under-current of a moral purpose, we feel inclined to attribute to no less a pen than that of the editor himself. We consider it the nearest approach to the desideratum in American literature we have alluded to, and one or two extracts may serve to illustrate our meaning:—

"Pineville, December 27th, 1842.

"Dear Sir,

"Crismus is over, and the thing's ded. You know I told you in my last letter I was gwine to bring Miss Mary up to the chalk a Crismus. Well, I done it, slick as a whistle, though it come mighty nigh bein' a serious undertakin'. But I'll tell you all about the whole circumstance.

"The fact is, I's made my mind up more'n twenty times to jest go and come rite out with the whole business; but whenever I got whar she was, and whenever she looked at me with her witchin' eyes, and kind o' blushed at me, I always felt sort o' skeered and fainty,

M

and all what I made up to tell her was forgot, so I couldn't think of it to save me. But you's a married man, Mr. Thompson, so I couldn't tell you nothing about popin' the question as they call it. It's a mighty grate favour to ax of a rite pretty gall, and to people as ain't used to it, it goes monstrous hard, don't it? They say wid-ders don't mind it more'n nothin'. But I'm makin' a transgression, as the preacher ses.

"Crismus eve I put on my new suit, and shaved my face as slick as a smoothin' iron, and went over to old Miss Stallinses. As soon as I went into the parler whar they was all settin' round the fire, Miss Carline and Miss Kesiah both laughed rite out.

"'There, there,' ses they, 'I told you so, I knew it would be Joseph.'

"'What's done, Miss Carline?' ses I.

"'You come under little sister's chicken-bone, and I do b'lieve she knew you was comin' when she put it over the dore.'

"'No I didn't—I didn't no such thing, now,' ses Miss Mary, and her face blushed red all over.

"'Oh, you needn't deny it,' ses Miss Kesiah, 'you 'long to Joseph now, jest as sure as ther's any charm in chicken-bones.'

"I knowd that was a first-rate chance to say something, but the dear little creater looked so sorry and kep' blushin' so, I couldn't say nothin' zactly to the pint, so I tuck a chair and reached up and tuck down the bone and put it in my pocket.

"'What are you gwine to do with that old bone now, Majer?' ses Miss Mary.

"'I'm gwine to keep it as long as I live,' ses I, 'as a Crismus present from the handsomest gall in Georgia.'

"When I sed that, she blushed worse and worse.

"'Ain't you shamed, Majer?' ses she.

"'Now you ought to give *her* a Crismus gift, Joseph, to keep all *her* life,' sed Miss Carline.

"'Ah,' ses old Miss Stallins, 'when I was a gall we used to hang up our stockins—'

"'Why, mother!' ses all of 'em, 'to say stockins rite afore—'

"Then I felt a little streaked too, 'cause they was blushin' as hard as they could.

"'Highty-tity!' ses the old lady, 'what monstrous finement. I'd like to know what harm ther is in stockins. People now-a-days is gittin' so mealy-mouthed they can't call nothin' by its rite name, and I don't see as they's any better than the old time people was. When I was a gall like you, child, I used to hang up my stockins and git 'em full of presents.'

"The gals kep' laughin'.

"'Never mind,' ses Miss Mary, 'Majer's got to give me a Crismus gift—won't you, Majer?'

"'Oh, yes,' ses I, 'you know I promised you one.'

"'But I didn't mean *that*,' ses she.

"'I've got one for you, what I want you to keep all your life, but it would take a two-bushel bag to hold it,' ses I.

"'Oh, that's the kind,' ses she.

"'But will you keep it as long as you live?' ses I.

"'Certainly I will, Majer.'

"'Monstrous finement now-a-days—old people don't know nothin' 'bout perliteness.' said old Miss Stallins, jest gwine to sleep with her nittin' in her hand.

"'Now you hear that, Miss Carline,' ses I. 'She ses she'll keep it all her life,'

"'Yes, I will,' ses Miss Mary; 'but what is it?'

"'Never mind,' ses I, 'you hang up a bag big enuff to hold it and you'll find out what it is, when you see it in the mornin'.'

"Miss Carline winked at Miss Kesiah, and then whispered to her; then they both laughed and looked at me as mischievous as they could. They spicioned something.

"'You'll be sure to give it to me now, if I hang up a bag,' ses Miss Mary.

"'And promise to keep it,' ses I.

"'Well, I will, cause I know that you wouldn't give me nothin that wasn't worth keepin'.'

"They all agreed they would hang up a bag for me to put Miss Mary's Crismus present in, in the back porch, and 'bout nine o'clock I told 'em good evenin' and went home.

"I sot up till midnight, and when they was all gone to bed, I went softly into the back gate, and went up to the porch, and thar, shore enuff, was a great big meal-bag hangin to the jice. It was monstrous unhandy to git to it, but I was 'tarmined not to back out. So I sot some chairs on top of a bench and got hold of the rope and let myself down into the bag; but jest as I was gittin' in, the bag swung agin the chairs, and down they went with a terrihle racket. But nobody didn't wake up but old Miss Stallinses grate big cur dog, and here he cum rippin' and tarin' through the yard like rath, and round and round he went tryin' to find what was the matter. I sot down in the bag and didn't breathe louder nor a kitten, for fear he'd find me out, and after a while he quit barkin'. The wind begun to blow 'bominable cold, and the old bag kep turnin' round and swingin' so, it made me sea-sick as the mischief. I was 'fraid to move for fear the rope would brake and let me fall, and thar I sot with my teeth ralin' like I had a ager. It seemed like it would never come daylight, and I do b'lieve if I didn't love Miss Mary so powerful I would froze to death; for my hart was the only spot that felt warm, and it didn't beat more'n two licks a minit, only when I thought how she would be sprised in the mornin', and then it went in a canter. Bimeby the cussed old dog come up on the porch and begun to smell about the bag, and then he barked like he thought he'd treed something.

"'Bow! wow! wow!' ses he. Then he'd smell agin, and try to git up to the bag.

"'Git out!' ses I, very low, for fear they would hear me.

"'Bow! wow! wow!' ses he.

"'Be gone! you 'bominable fool,' ses I, and I felt all over in spots, for I 'spected every minnit he'd nip me, and what made it worse, I didn't know whar 'bouts he'd take hold.

"Bow! wow! wow!"

"Then I tried coaxin':

"Come here, good feller,' ses I, and whistled a little to him, but it wasn't no use. Thar he stood and kep up his eternal whinin' and barkin', all night. I couldn't tell when daylight was breakin', only by the chickens crowin', and I was monstrous glad to hear 'em, for if I'd had to stay thar one hour more, I don't b'lieve I'd ever got out of that bag alive.

"Old Miss Stallins come out fust, and as soon as she saw the bag, ses she:

"What upon yeath has Joseph went and put in that bag for Mary? I'll lay it's a yearlin' or some live animal, or Bruin wouldn't bark at it so.'

"She went in to call the galls, and I sot thar, shiverin' all over so I couldn't hardly speak if I tried to—but I didn't say nothin'. Bimeby they all come runnin' out.

"My lord, what is it?' ses Miss Mary.

"Oh, its alive!' ses Miss Kesiah, 'I seed it move.'

"Call Cato, and make him cut the rope,' ses Miss Carline, 'and let's see what it is. Come here, Cato, and git this bag down.'

"Don't hurt it for the world,' ses Miss Mary.

"Cato untied the rope that was round the jice, and let the bag down easy on the floor, and I tumbled out, all covered with corn meal, from hed to foot.

"Goodness gracious!' ses Miss Mary, 'if it ain't the Majer himself!"

"Yes,' ses I, 'and you know you promised to keep my Crismus presnt as long as you lived.'

"The galls laughed themselves almost to death, and went to brushin' off the meal as fast as they could, sayin' they was gwine to hang that bag up every Crismus til they got husbands too. Miss Mary—bless her bright eyes—she blushed as butiful as a morninglory, and sed she'd stick to her word. She was rite out of bed, and her hair wasn't kombbed, and her dress wasn't fixed at all, but the way she looked pretty was rale distractin'. I do b'lieve if I was froze stiff, one look at her charmin' face, as she stood lookin' down to the floor with her rogin' eyes, and her bright curls fallin' all over her snowy neck, would fotch'd me too. I tell you what, it was worth hangin' in a meal-bag from one Crismus to another to feel as happy as I have ever sense.

"I went home after we had the laugh out, and set by the fire till I got thawed. In the forenoon all the Stallinses come over to our house and we had one of the greatest Crismus dinners that ever was seed in Georgia, and I don't b'lieve a happier company ever sot down to the same table. Old Miss Stallins and mother settled the match, and talked over every thing that ever happened in their families, and laughed at me and Mary, and cried 'bout ther dead husbands, cause they wasn't alive to see ther children married.

"It's all settled now, 'cept we haint sot the weddin' day. I'd like to have it all over at once, but young galls always like to be engaged a while, you know, so I spose I must wait a month or so. Mary

(she ses I musn't call her Miss Mary now,) has been a good deal of trouble and botheration to me; but if you could see her, you wouldn't think I ought to grudge a little sufferin' to git such a sweet little wife.

"You must come to the weddin' if you possibly kin. I'll let you know when. No more from

"Your friend, till deth,

"Jos. Jones."

Major Jones was not so near the brink of perfect felicity as he thought. "Old *Miss Stallins*" (who, in spite of the spinster-like prefix to her name, was a matron and the mother of his intended) being a lady of serious tendencies and thoroughly imbued with Parson Miller's doctrines, had in her own mind, fixed the end of the world for that day six weeks, and logically enough reasoning that the approaching dissolution of all things would include that of the matrimonial knot between her daughter and the Major, was unwilling to go to the useless expense of a wedding breakfast. It was, however, ultimately proved to her satisfaction, and of course that of all the other parties, that there was a trifling error of a thousand years in the Parson's figures, and the result was that Major Jones was made a happy man; but the most perfect matrimonial felicity is liable to suffer from the intervention of third parties.

"Two or three months ago little Sally Rogers gin her one of the leetlest dogs I reckon you ever did see. It's a little white curly thing 'bout as big as my fist, with little red eyes and a little bushy tail, screwed rite over its back so tite that it can't hardly touch its hind legs to the floor, and when it barks it's got a little sharp voice that goes rite through a body's head like a cotton gimblet. Well, Mary and the galls is all the time washin' and comin', and fixin' it off with ribbons on its neck and tail, and nursin' it in ther laps till they've got the dratted thing so sasy that ther ain't no gittin' along with it.

"Whenever I go 'bout Mary it's a snarlin' and snappin' at me, and when ennybody comes in the house, it flies at 'em like it was gwine to tare them all to pieces, and makes more racket than all the dogs on the place. It's bit my fingers two or three times, and if I jest touch it, it will squall out like its back was broke, and run rite to the wimmin and git under the chairs, and then the very old harry's to pay."

The next cause of family disturbance was a pet of another description.

“ ‘ Oh, Joseph, do git up,’ ses she, ‘ something’s the matter with the baby.’ ”

“ That was enuff for me, and in a twinklin’ I was settin’ up in the bed, as wide awake as if I hadn’t been asleep in a week. ”

“ ‘ Look at him, Joseph—he acts so curious,’ ses she, as she tuck the little feller out of his crib, and laid him down in the bed between us. ”

“ For ‘bout two minits we both sot and looked at the baby, ‘thout drawin’ a breth. Thar it lay on its back, with its little hands down by its side. Fust it would spread its mouth like it was laughin’ at something—then it would roll its eyes about in its hed and wink ‘em at us—then it would twitch all over, and ketch its breth—then it would lay right still and stop breathin’ for a second or two, and then it would twitch its little limbs agin, and roll its eyes about the strangest I ever seed anything in my life, an then it would coo, so pitiful, like a little dove, two or three times, till it would kind of smuther like, and stop breathin’ agin. ”

“ I could hear Mary’s hart beat quite plain, and I felt the cold blood runnin’ back to mine like a mill-tail. I looked at Mary, and she looked at me, and such a expression as she had in her eyes I never seed in any human. ”

“ ‘ Joseph!’ ses she. ”

“ ‘ Mary!’ ses I. ”

“ ‘ Oh, dear!’ ses she, the big tears fillin’ her butiful eyes. ‘ Oh, dear! the baby is dyin’—I know it is. Oh, what *shall* we do?’ ”

“ ‘ Oh no, Mary, don’t get skeered,’ ses I, with what little breth I could summons up for the effort. ”

“ ‘ Oh yes, I know it is. I know’d something was gwine to happen, I had such a dreadful dream last night. Git up, Joseph, and call muther and the galls as quick as you can. Oh dear me, my poor little baby!’ ”

“ ‘ Don’t take on, Mary—maybe ‘taint nothin’ bad,’ ses I, tryin’ to compose her all I could, though I was scared as bad as she was, and put my trowsers on wrong side before in my hurryment. ”

“ In a minit I had all the fam’ly up, and by the time I got the fire kindled, here cum old Miss Stallins and the galls, all in ther nite clothes, skeered almost out of ther senses. ”

“ ‘ Dear me, what upon yeath’s the matter?’ ses old Miss Stallins. ”

“ ‘ Oh, the baby! the baby!’ cried Mary. ”

“ ‘ What is happened?’ ses all of ‘em, gatherin’ round the bed. ”

“ ‘ I don’t know what ails it,’ ses Mary, ‘ but it acts so strange—like it was gwine to dy.’ ”

“ ‘ Mercy on us,’ ses the galls. ”

“ ‘ Don’t take on so, my child,’ ses old Miss Stallins. ‘ It mought be very bad for you.’ ”

“ But poor Mary didn’t think of anything but the baby. ”

“ ‘ What’s good for it mother? what’ll cure it?’ ses she. ”

“ The old woman put on her spectacles, and looked at it, and felt it all over, while Mary was holdin’ it in her lap by the fire. ”

“ ‘ Don’t be skared,’ ses she. ‘ Don’t be skared, my child, maybe ”

it's nothing but the hives, or the yaller trash, or some other baby ailment, what won't hurt it.'

" 'Oh, it'll dy—I know it will,' ses Mary.

" 'Maybe its only sick at its little stummick, muther,' ses sister Carline, 'and some sut tea is the best thing in the world for that, they say.'

" 'And if its the thrash, some catnip tea will drive it out in half a ower,' ses the old woman. 'Prissy, make some catnip tea, quick as you can.'

" 'And have some water warmed to bathe its little feet in,' ses sister Kesiah ; 'for maybe its spasomy.'

" 'Oh dear, see how it winks its eyes !' ses Mary.'

" 'That ain't nothing uncommon, dear,' ses her muther.

" 'Now its twitchin' its little lims again. Oh, it will dy, I know it will.'

" 'Wouldn't some saffron tea be good for it?' ses Miss Carline. 'Poor little dear.'

" 'Yes, and a musterd poultice for its little bowels,' ses the old woman.

" By this time all the niggers on the place was up gettin' hot-baths, and teas, and musterd poultices, and ingun-juice, and Lord knows what all, for the baby. Muther and the galls was flyin' about like they was crazy, and I was so tarrified myself that I didn't know which eend I stood on. In the hurryment and confusion, Aunt Katy upshot the tea-kittle and scalded little Moses, and he sot up a yell in the kitchin loud enuff to be heard a mile, and I knocked the lamp off the table, and spilled the oil all over everything, tryin' to turn round three ways at the same time. After breakin' two or three cups and sassers, and settin' Mary's night-cap afire with the candle, old Miss Stallins made out to git a tea-spoonful of sut tea in the baby's mouth, hot enuff to scald its life out, and then ther was such another to-do as nobody ever did hear before.

" 'Wa !—wa-ya !—ke-wa !—ke-wa-ah !' went the baby.

" 'Good gracious ! mother, the tea's bilin' hot,' ses sister Carline.

" 'My lord ! Prissy, hain't you got no better sense ? What upon yeath did you give it to me so hot for ?' ses the old woman when she put her finger in the cup.

" 'Miss Kesiah tell me pour bilin' water on it,' ses Prissy, with her eyes as big as sassers.

" 'Wa-ya ! ke-wa-ah ! ke-wa !' ses the baby, kickin' and fistin' away like all rath.

" 'Whar's the draps, Joseph ? Git the draps, it must be colicky,' ses old Miss Stallins.

" 'I got the parrygorrick as quick as I could, and tried to pour out five draps, as she told me. But my hand trimbled, so I couldn't drap it to save me-

" 'Give it to me, Joseph,' ses she ; 'you's too agitated.'

" And she tuck the vial, and poured half of it on her lap, tryin' to hit the spoon, the poor old woman's eyes is so bad. Then she told sister Carline to drap it—but both the galls was 'fraid they mought pour too much. So Mary had to do it herself. Then the next dif-

ficulty was to git in the baby's mouth, and when they did git it thar, it liked to choke it to deth before it could swaller it.

"Pretty soon after that it got quiet, and went sound to sleep in Mary's lap, and we all begun to feel a good deal better. Old Miss Stallins sed she knew what it wanted as soon as she had time to think, and she wondered she didn't think of it before. Lord only know'd what mought happened if we hadn't the parrygorrick in the house. We all felt so good after we got over our skare, that we sot thar and congratulated one another a little while before gwine to bed agin.

"While we was all chattin' and old Miss Stallins was beginnin' to nod, I noticed Mary was watchin' the baby monstrous close, and her eyes was beginnin' to git bigger and bigger, as she looked at its face. Bimeby it groaned one of the longest kind of groans.

"'Oh dear!' ses Mary, 'I do b'lieve its dyin' agin!'

"We all jumped up and run to her, and shure enuff, it looked a heap worse than it did before, and kep' all the time moanin' like it was breathin' its last gasp.

"'Oh, mother, its gwine! It's jest as limber as a rag, and it's got sich a terrible deth look. Send for the docter, quick,' ses Mary, trimblin' all over, and lookin' as if she was gwine to faint in her cheer.

"Miss Carline tuck hold of its little hands, and moved 'em, but they was jest like a ded baby's, and staid anywhar she put 'em.

"Ned was sent to town for Doctor Gaiter, as hard as the hoss could go—Mary and the galls all fell a-cryin' like they was at a funeral, and I felt so fainty myself that I couldn't hardly stand on my feet. Old Miss Stallin would give the baby some ingin-juice, and have it put in a warm bath all over; but nothing we could do for it done it any good, and we jest had to wait in a agony of suspense till the docter cum.

"It ain't only three miles to town, and Selim's one of the fastest hosses in Georgia, but it seemed like the docter would never cum.

"'Poor little thing!' ses Mary; 'I know'd my heart was sot on him too much—I know'd it was too pretty and sweet to live. Oh, dear.'

"'How it does suffer—poor little angel,' ses Miss Carline; 'what kin ail the child?'

"'I wish the docter would cum,' ses all of 'em.

"Such thoughts as I had in that ower, I never want to have agin, as long as I live. A coffin, with a little baby in its shroud, was all the time before my eyes, and a whole funeral procession was passin' through my hed. The sermon was rigin' in my ears, and I could almost hear the rumblin' of the fast shovelful of yeath on the grave boards of my little boy, as I walked round and round the room, stoppin' now and then to take a look at the pore little thing, and to speak a word of encouragement to Mary. It was a dredful feelin', Mr. Thompson, and I do b'lieve I've felt ten years older ever sense.

Bimeby we heard the hosses feet—all of us drawed a long breth, and every face brightened up at the sound. In a minit more the docter had his saddle-bags on the table.

"' Good evenin', ladies,' ses he, jest as pleasin' and perlite as if nothing wasn't the matter. ' Good evenin', Majer; how are you this—'

"' The baby! the baby!' ses all of 'em. ' Docter, can't you cure the baby?'

"' Yes, docter,' ses Mary, ' our only hope is in you, docter.'

"' And Providence, my child,' ses old Miss Stallins.

"It seemed like the docter never would git all his grate-coats, and gloves, and handkerchers off, though the wimmin was hurryin' him and helpin' him all they could. Bimeby he drawed a cheer up to whar Mary was sittin' to look at the baby.

"' What's the matter with yer child, Mrs. Jones?' ses he, pullin away its gown and feelin' its pulse.

"' I don't know, docter; but it's dredful sick,' ses Mary.

"' When was it tuck sick, and what is its symptoms?' ses the docter.

"' All of 'em begun to tell at once, til the docter told 'em he could understand 'em better if they'd only talk one at a time, and then Mary told him all about it.

"' And how much parrygorrick did you give it?' ses Docter Gaiter.

"' Five draps,' ses old Miss Stallins, ' I wanted to give it more, but the children was all so skeery.'

"' Let me see your parrygorrick,' ses the docter.

"He tuck it and smelled it, and tasted it, and then, says he:

"' You're sure you didn't give it only five draps, Madam?'

"' No, no more'n five,' ses Mary, ' for I poured it out myself.'

"Then the docter looked monstrous wise at the baby, for 'bout a minit, and if you could jest seed the wimmin lookin' at him. None of us breathed a single breth, and poor Mary looked rite in the docter's face, as if she wanted to see his very thoughts.

"' Doc—'

"' Is—'

"' Don't be 'larnied, Madam,' ses he, ' ther ain't no danger!'

"' Sich a change as cum over the crowd! The room seemed to git lighter in a instant. It was like the sunlight breakin' through a midnight sky.

"Mary cried like a child, and hugged her baby to her bussum, and kissed it a dozen times, and talked baby talk to it; and the galls begun puttin' the room to rights, so it would be fit for the docter to see it.

"' Is you sure there ain't no danger, docter?' ses old Miss Stallins.

"' None in the least Madam,' ses he. ' Ther's nothing in the matter of the child, only it had a little touch of the hives, what made it laugh and roll its eyes about in its sleep. In your fright, you burnt its mouth with yer hot teas, till it cried a little, and then you've doctored it with hot baths, ingin-juice, and parrygorrick, till you've stupified it a little. That's all, Madam. By mornin' it'll be well as ever it was, if you don't give it no more big doses of parrygorrick.'

"' I sed so,' ses old Miss Stallins. ' I told the child ther was no

use in takin' on so 'bout the baby. But young people is so easy skeered, you know, docter.'

" 'Yes, and old grandmothers too, sumtimes,' ses he, laughin'.

" The baby soon quit moanin' so bad, and Mary laid it in the bed and kiver'd it over with kisses.

" 'Bless it, mudder's tweekes 'tittle darlin' baby—its dittin' well, so it is—and dey sant dive it no more natty fisics, and burn its tweet 'tittle mouf no more, so dey sant,' ses she; and the galls got round, and sich a everlastin' gabblement as they did keep up.

" By this time it was most daylight, and after drinkin' a cup of strong coffee what old Miss Stallins had made for him, and laughin' at us for bein' so skared at nothing, the good old docter bundled on his clothes, and went home to charge me five dollars for routin' him out of his bed and makin' him ride six miles in the cold. But I ain't sorry we sent for him, for I do b'lieve if he hadn't cum, we would dosed poor little Harry ded as a door nail before mornin'. The little feller is doin' prime now, and if he was to have another attack of the hives, I'll take monstrous good care they don't give him no more dratted parrygorrick. So no more from

" Your friend till deth,

" JOS. JONES."

Slight as is the sketch given us of "Miss Stallins's" character, there are many truthful touches about the outline, her nervous flurry when the child was supposed to be in danger, and her self-complacency in afterwards charging the mother with having been foolishly frightened, are particularly happy, as is her firm belief in quackery, both religious and medical; in the latter respect we fear Miss Stallins is the type of a class neither peculiar to America, nor exclusively composed of elderly ladies. There are several other sketches written in the same spirit, but none, we think, containing so much of that fireside humour, which delights to hover round the hearth, and light up the features of a family group, throwing a mellow cheerful glow into every part of a domestic picture, from the sonorous nose of the grandmother nodding in the armchair, to the fallow face of the Dutch clock in the corner. It is for this reason we have preferred extracting so largely from "Major Jones's Courtship," to adopting, what would be perhaps a fairer course with regard to the editor, that of giving specimens of other tales of the same description. There is evidently a wide field for this species of humour in America, and, although the peculiarity of the dialect might diminish the enjoyment of some readers, we are sure that, coming from such a pen as Judge Haliburton's, it would convey a truer idea of indoor America, than the published "*impressions*" of any num-

travellers, no matter how copiously the "chiefs" may be "taken notes" by the way. In order to prove what we considered our second proposition, that "Traits of our American Humour" will afford amusement, even to those who are sceptical or careless as to their containing pictures of Atlantic life, we cannot do better than treat our readers to three miscellaneous extracts, but simple as the task may be it is by no means easy to make a selection. Seldom has a more tantalizing to the reviewer made its appearance. However, he is not bound to follow the advice of the nursery, and "take the best and leave the worst," otherwise he would have a perplexing duty to perform, in choosing from a collection of tales and sketches, most of them of a provokingly brief length, each containing some new feature, and all of merit that has already stood the test of public opinion in America, although, with a few exceptions they now make their appearance in this country. We have illustrations of a goodness essentially Yankee, (which title, the preface informs us, in strictness applicable to the New Englander only) in which the narrator evidently chuckles over instances of "Smart work." We have marvellous yarns with a nautical flavour to them, and anecdotes quite as marvellous in their way, as are found in the "Far West," which, as far as the sportiveness of its inhabitants go, seems to be the Galway of America, with this trifling difference however, that the coats of the Arkansas country gentleman are stocked with bears instead of their pardon—"bars" panthers, "possums," coons, and such small deer, instead of foxes and hares. Of course among the contributors in this line, our old friend Colonel Kett makes his appearance, and we agree with Judge Halibon, that the mighty hunter is decidedly improved by the trimming he has received, besides four of his unparalleled adventures we find two or three old favorites, many of our readers have, no doubt, had the pleasure of being introduced to the "Big Bear of Arkansas," and remember that model of the "Shark Story," in which the narrator describes how calmly "gouged" out the eyes of nineteen full-grown sharks, he, all the time, standing up to his chin in water, on a rocky rock.

Great was the coolness, as well of his conduct, as of his position, yet we find him outdone in each respect by the hero of the next tale.

“ ‘They was down into Baffin’s Bay, or some other o’ them cold Norwegen bays at the north, where the rain freezes as it comes down, and stands up in the air, on winter mornens, like great moun- tens o’ ice, all in streaks. Well, the schooner was layen at anchor, and all hands was out into the small boats, looken out for wales—all except the captin, who said he wa’n’t very well that day. Well, he was walken up and down, on deck, smoken and thinking, I expect, mostly, when all of a sudden he reckoned he see one o’ them big white bears—polar bears, you know—big as thunder—with long teeth. He reckoned he see one on ’em scumpen along on a great cake o’ ice, that lay on the leeward side of the bay, up agin the bank. The old captin wanted to kill one o’ them varments most wonderful, but he never lucked to get a chance. Now tho’, he thought, the time had come for him to walk into one on ’em at laast, and fix his mutton for him right. So he run forrard and lay hold onto a small skiff, that was layen near the forc’stal, and run her out; and launched her; then he tuk a drink, and—here’s luck—and put in a stiff load of powder, a couple of balls, and jumped in, and pulled away for the ice.

“ ‘It wa’n’t long ’fore he got ’cross the bay, for it was a narrer piece of water—not more than haaf a mile wide—and then he got out on to the ice. It was a smart and large cake, and the bear was ’way down to the tother end on it, by the edge o’ the water. So, he walked fust strut along, and then he got putty cloast he walked round catecorned-like—like’s if he was drivin’ for a plain plover—so that the bear wouldn’t think he was comen arter him, and he dragged himself along on his hands and knees, low down, mostly. Well, the bear didn’t seem to mind him none, and he got up within ’bout fifty yards on him, and then he looked so savage and big—the bear did—that the captain stopped and rested on his knees, and put up his gun, and was agoin to shoot. But just then the bear turned round and snuffed up the captin—just as one of Lif’s hounds snuffs up an old buck, Mr. Cypress—and begun to walk towards him, slowly like. He came along, the captain said, clump, clump, very slow, and made the ice bend and crack again under him, so that the water come up and putty much kivered it all over. Well, there the captin was all the time squat on his knees, with his gun pinted, waiten for the varment to come up, and his knees and legs was mighty cold by means of the water that the bear riz on the ice as I was mentionen. At last the bear seemed to make up his mind how the captin *would* taste, and so he left off walkin’ slow, and started off on a smart swift trot, right towards the old man, with his mouth wide open, roaren, and his tail sticken out stiff. The captin kept still, looken out all the time putty sharp, I should say, till the beast got within about ten yards on him, and then he let him have it. He aimed right at the fleshy part of his heart, but the bear dodged at the flash, and rared up, and the balls went into his two hind legs, just by the jynt, one into each, and broke the thigh bones smack off, so that he went right down aft, on the ice, thump, on his hind quarters, with nothen standen but his fore legs, and his head riz up, a growlen at the cap- tin. When the old man see him down, and tryen to slide along the

t his revenge, likely, thinks he to himself, thinks he, I might set up and go and cut that ere creter's throat. So he tuk nife and opened it.

t when he started to get up, he found, to his astonishment, vas fruz fast to the ice. Don't laugh: it's a fact; there an't . The water, you see, had been round him a smart and le, whilst he was waiten for the bear, and it's wonderful cold regions, as I was sayen, and you'll freeze in a minit if you ven about smartly. So the captin he strained first one leg, he strained tother, but he couldn't move 'em none. They fruz fast into the ice, about an inch and half deep, from oe, tight as a Jersey oyster perryauger on a mud flat at low oe he laid down his gun, and looked at the bear, and doubled ts.

ie on, you bloody varmint,' says the old man, as the bear l along on his hinder eend, comen at him.

kept gotten weaker, tho,' and comen slower and slower all so that at last, he didn't seem to move none; and directly, l got so near that the captin could jist give him a dig in the eachen forrard putty smart and far, the captin see that the frnz fast too, nor he couldn't move a step further forrard

Then the captin burst out a laughen, and clapped his vn on to his thighs, and roared. The bear seemed to be ighty mad at the old man's fun, and set up such a growlen ; should come to pass, but the ice cracks and breaks all e captin and the bear, down to the water's edge, and the then a shiften, and comen off shore, away they floated on a e about ten by six, off to sea, without the darned a biscot er o' liquor to stand 'em on the cruise! There they sot, and the captin, just so near that when they both reached they could jist about touch noscs, and nother one not able ny part on him, only excepten his upper part and fore

olly! that was rather a critical predicament, Venus,' cried oning his coat. 'I should have thought that the captain's ars and hands would have been frozen too.'

's quite naytr'l to suppose, Sir, but you see the bear kept in the upper parts, by being so cloast to him, and breatheen hot on the old man whenever he growled at him. Them s is wonderful hardy animels, and has a monstrous deal o' em, by means of their bein' able to stand such cold climates,

And so the captin knowed this, and whenever he felt ust tuk up his ramrod and stirred up the old rascal, and roar and squeal, and then the hot breath would come ; all over the captin, and make the air quite moderat and

go on, Venus. Take another horn first.'

, there a'nt much more on't. Off they went to sea, and the wind druv 'em nothe, and then agin it druv 'em southe, ent southe mostly; and so it went on until they were out e weeks. So at last, one afternoon—'

“ ‘But, Venus, stop : tell us, in the name of wonder, how did the captain contrive to support life all this time.’

“ ‘Why, Sir, to be sure, it was a hard kind o’ life to support, but a hardy man will get used to almost—’

“ ‘No, no : what did he eat ? what did he feed on ?’

“ ‘O—O—I’d liked to’ve skipped that ere. Why, Sir, I’ve heered different accounts as to that. Uncle Obe Verity told me he reconed the captain cut off one of the bear’s paws, when he lay stretched out asleep one day, with his jack-knife, and sucked that for fodder, and they say there’s a smart deal o’ nourishment in a white bear’s foot. But if I may be allowed to spend my ‘pinion, I sould say my old man’s account is the rightest, and that’s—what’s as follows. You see after they’d been out three days abouts, they began to grow kind o’ hungry, and then they got friendly, for misery loves company, you know ; and the captain said the bear looked at him several times, very sorrowful, as much as to say, ‘ Captain, what the devil shall we do ?’ Well, one day they was sitten looken at each other, with the tears ready to burst out o’ their eyes, when all of a hurry, somethin’ come floppen up out o’ the water onto the ice. The captain looked and see it was a seal. The bear’s eyes kindled up as he looked at me, and then the captin said, he giv him a wink to keep still. So there they sot, still as starch, till the seal not thinken nothin’ o’ them no more nor if they was dead, walked right up between ‘em. Then slump ! went down old whitey’s nails into the fish’s flesh, and the captin run his jack-knife into the tender loin. The seal soon got his bitters, and the captin cut a big hunk off the tale eend, and put it behind him, out o’ the bear’s reach, and then he felt smart and comfortable, for he had stores enough for a long cruise, though the bear couldn’t say so much for himself.

“ ‘Well, the bear, by course, soon run out o’ provisions, and had to put himself onto short allowance ; and then he begun to show his natural temper. He first stretched himself out as far as he could go, and tried to hook the captin’s piece o’ seal, but when he found he couldn’t reach tnat, he begun to blow and yell. Then he’d rare up and roar, and try to get himself clear from the ice. But mostly he rared up and roared, and pounded his big paws and head up the ice, till by-and-by (jist as the captin said he expected) the ice cracked in two ogin, and split right through between the bear and the captain and there they was on two different pieces o’ ice, the captain and the bear ! The old man said he really felt sorry at parten company, and when the cake split and separate, he cut off about a haaf o’ pound o’ seal and chucked it to the bear. But either because it wan’t enough for him, or else on account o’ his feelen bad at the captain goen, the beast wouldn’t touch it to eat it, and he laid it down, and growled and moaned over it quite pitiful. Well off he went, one, one way, and t’other ‘nother way, both feel’n pretty bad, I expect. After a while the captain got smart and cold, and felt mighty lonesome, and he said he really thought he’d a gi’n in and died, if they hadn’t pick’d him up that artemnoon.’

“ ‘Who picked him up, Venus ?’

“ ‘Who ? a codfish craft off o’ Newfoundland, I expect. They

now what to make o' him when they first see him slingen up for 'em. But they got out all their boats, and took a small and a couple o' muskets aboard, and started off—expecten it sea-sarpent, or an old maremaid. They wouldn't believe it an, until he'd told 'em all about it, and then they didn't hardly t nuther; and they cut him out o' the ice and tuk him aboard ssel, and rubbed his legs with ile o' vitrol; but it was long re they come to.'

dn't they hurt him badly in cutting him out, Venus?'

o, Sir, I believe not; not so bad as one might s'pose: for he'd been stuck in so long, that the circulation on his blood d o' rotted the ice that was right next to him, and when they o cut, it crack'd off putty smart and easy, and he come out ke a hard biled egg.'

hat became of the bear?'

dn't say as to that, what became o' him. He went off to sea eres, I expect. I should like to know, myself, how the vert along right well, for it was kind in him to let the captin e biggest haaf o' the seal, any how. That's all, boys. How usleep?''

"Yankee among the Mermaids" appeared, if we re- right, in "Bentley's Miscellany," but so long ago t extract from it, containing a Yankee version of the of Lurley, will no doubt be new to many. Most per- agine that the name of the Rhine is only a modernised ' its ancient title. At least such, we confess, was our a impression, before we had met with the following hilosophical derivation:—

ell, you see, all this here talk made us dry as thunder; so lain said he guessed the sun was over the fore-yard, and s out another horn o' licker all round. Then he took a o l' at the jawin' tackle, and allowed there was a river in , where all our Dutch imegrants hails from, and that a all used to locate herself in a whirlpool, and come up on ney nights and sing a hull bookful o' songs, as turned the all the young fellers in them parts. Waell, reports ruz up a hull cargo o' gold stowed away at the bottom o' the whirl- d many a wild young Jarmin, seduced by the gall's singin' es o' gold, lept into the river, and warn't heerd on never These matters hurt the young gall's kariter, and the old ho'd always allowed that she was a kind of goddess, began that she warn't the clear grit, and the young fellers said gin' was no great shakes, and that her beauty warn't the was cracked up to be.

re was a famous general, who wasn't raised in that section o' try, but had swappd a castle on a mountain in Spain for

one o' them ar' water lots near the whirlpool; he began to find himself rather short o' cash to buy his groceries, and concluding that he couldn't dew without a little whiskey to keep off the aguy, resolved to pay the whirlpool gall a visit, and jest see if he couldn't soft soap the young critter out of a little rhino. Next full moon, he turtles to the bluff what hung over the bilin' and foammin' river, and jest at eight bells, up ruz the gall, stark naked, a sittin' on the white froth o' the whirlin' water, and singin', 'Won't you come to my bower what I've shaded for you?'

"'Waell,' says the ginerall, not a bit daunted—says he, 'look here, my gall: I mean to eat a lobster salad with you to-night, if you promise to behave like a lady, and won't cut up no shines.'

"'Waell, the gael gave her word o' honour, and the ginerall dove into the whirlpool, and down they went right slick.

"Next mornin', the ginerall was found to hum with a sighter old gold pieces, bigger round than the top of a backer-box, and a hull pot full o' the tallest kind o' jewels; you see the sojer had carried a small flask of Monongahely in his pocket, and the river gall couldn't git over the old rye—tew glasses opened her heart, I guess, and she let the ginerall slip his cable in the mornin' with just abeout as much gold as he could stow away.

"Some o' his friends kalkilated as he'd better drop his anchor thar' agin—and there was some talk in the settlement of formin' a jynt-stock company for the purpose o' gettin' up all the gold—but the ginerall tell'd 'em he guessed he'd got enough for him, and he seed quite enough down thar' not to want to go no more; and refusin' to say what he had seen, or tell 'em how they was to to work, it kinder stopped the jynt-stock company.

"The river gall she fell quite in love with the ginerall right up to the hub, and sat on the bilin' water night arter night, singin', 'Meet me by moonlight alone;' but the ginerall said he'd see her drowned first afore he trust her agin—for, says he, 'No woman was never deceived twyst,' which riled the river gall like mad, and in the revenge she sot the whirlpool a bilin' like all creation, as if resolved to keep the neighbourhood in hot water. From the carcumstance of the ginerall's gettin' so much gold out o' the river, the Jarmins called it the *Rhino*, and its been known by somethin' like that name ever since."

What a wholesome lesson on the folly of dandyism, and the danger of giving way to a partiality for a becoming *chaussure*, is read to us in the account of "Where Joe Meriweather went to." Oh! all ye lovers of unwrinkled pantaloons, be warned by his untimely end, and eschew tight straps:—

"'Why, you see, Mrs. Harris,' replied Mr. Meriweather, still keeping the same position, and interrupting the narrative with several bursts of grief, (which we'll leave out). 'You see, Mrs. Harris, Joe and I went up early in the spring to get a boat load of rock from Boone county, to put up the foundation of the new houses we're buildin', fur there ain't no rock down in them rich sily bottoms

parts. Well, we got along pretty considerable, fur we had g's of blast along, and what with the hire of some niggers, we ed to get our boat loaded, an' started fur home in about three

You never did see anythin' rain like it did the fust day we atin' down, but we worked like a cornfille nigger of a Criseek and pretty near sundown we'd made a matter ov nigh mile afore we were ashore and tied up. Well, as we didn't ny shelter on the flat, we raised a rousin' big fire on the bank, o whar she was tied up, and cooked some grub ; ann I'd eaten er of two pounds of side, and half of a possum, and was sittin' g, smokin' a Kaintuck regaly, and a talkin' to brother Joe, as a standin' choc up agin the fire, with his back to it. You x, Mrs. Harris, Brother Joe allers was a dressy sort of a fond of brass buttons on his coat and the flaim'est kind of red chers ; and this time he had buckskin breeches, with straps his boots. Well, when I was talkin' to him ov the prospect a next day, all ov a sudden I thought the little feller was a ' uncommon tall ; till I diskivered that the bucksin breeches, ur as wet as a young rooster in a spring rain, wur beginnin' ke and draw up kinder, and wur a liftin' Brother Joe off the l.

Brother Joe,' sez I, ' you're a goin' up.'

Brother Bill,' sez he, ' I ain't a doin' anythin' else.'

nd he scrunched down mighty hard ; but it warn't ov no use, r long he wur a matter of some fifteen feet up in the air.'

Merciful powers,' interrupted the widow.

Brother Joe,' sez I.

'm here,' sez he.

'atch hold ov the top ov that black-jack,' sez I.

'alk !' sez Brother Joe, and he sorter leaned over and grabbed lin', like as maybe you've seed a squ'el haul in an elm switch me mornin'. But it warn't of no use, fur, old 'omen, ef you'll me, it gradually begun to give way at the roots, and afore t five foot higher, it jist slipped out ef the ground, as easy d pull up a spring reddish.

Brother Joe !' sez I agin.

'am a list'nin', sez he.

ut your straps !' sez I, for I seed it was his last chance.

lk !' sez Brother Joe, tho' he looked sort a reproachful like at broachin' such a subject ; but arter apparently considerin' he outs with his jack-knife, an' leanin' over sideways, made a the sole of his left foot. There was a considerable deal ov n' fur a second or two, then a crash sorter like as if a waggon- f wood had bruck down, and the fust thing I know'd, the leg shot up like, and started him ; and the last thing I seed ther Joe, he was a *whirlin' round like a four-spoked wheel with off, away overclost toward sundown !*"

atever moral tendency there may be in the above, we on whether members of the Humane Society would

admit that of the description of "The Gander pulling." For the benefit of the uninitiated, we may explain this to be an exciting pastime in which the object of the *players* is to dislocate the neck of the illfated bird, as they pass at full gallop under the gibbet, from which he is suspended.

Another diversion, stabbing with the bowie-knife, which has long been popular in America, forms the subject of a tale in the third volume :—

"Nex' mornin' we were just castin' off, when Joe come down to the wharf-boat, en sez he :

" ' You ain't goin' off mad, ar you ?'

" ' No,' sez I.

" ' Wal,' sez he, ' less take a partin' smile.'

" I didn't like the idea, but Ransom he said :

" ' Come in, Ben !' en in I went and drinkt.

" ' What d'you say to a buffalo-juggin ?' said Joe, arter we'd licked."

" ' It's too airy in the season,' sez I ; ' b'sides I'm off for Orleans.'

" ' So'm I,' said Joe, ' at eleven ; en we'll go company.'

" ' What's the blaze ?' said Ransom.

" ' Two canoes, and one jug,' said Joe.

" I knowed what he was after then, for it showed clean out'n his eyes. Joe war the best swimmer, en he thort ef we come together an' upset the canoes, he'd have the advantage. He knowed he'd git catawompously chored up ashore, en *he wanted to drown me.*"

" What a devil incarnate ! I exclaimed."

" That's just him 'zactly. I thort a minnit, and then sez I :

" ' I'm your man.'

" Wal, a skiff tuck out the only jug, en Joe en I paddled from shore leisurely.

" ' A bob ! yelled out Ransom, en we started.

" We was about ten rods apart, en neck-en-neck. On we swept like greased lightnin,' Joe leadin' by 'bout *two inches*, I should guess. I had not look't at Joe sens we left shore, but as we draw'd nigh the jug I seed he had his coat and jacket off. We was within ten foot of the jug, en both dropped paddles, en I shed my coat and jacket a *leetle* quicker'n common. Tha' warn't no misunderstandin' between us then ; en as the canoes come together, both grappled and went overboard, and underneath the water."

" Ben here paused, took out his bandanna, and wiped the big drops off of his forehead, as coolly as if he was recounting the events of a dinner-party.

" ' Well,' I urged impatiently, ' you both went under the water ?'

" ' Yes, that was the *accident* happened !'

" Accident ? explain."

" Why, I've no more to say'n this. I riz, en got aboard my broad-horn, en come away."

" ' But Joe—what became of him ?'

Joe ? he was a missin' 'long with my bowie-knife !'
 parted with Ben, when the 'Perry' touched the wharf at Providence, not caring, *under the circumstances*, to inquire which way he was travelling."

Now full of satire the words, "American Humour," seem to us when we glance at the top of the page after reading the above extract. Much has been written of the liberal manner in which the bowie-knife is used in some of the States, and too much cannot be said in expressing abhorrence of a propensity so essentially repugnant in its nature ; but Englishmen, when they cite this as a proof of the demoralised state of society in America, should reflect that in England, in the year of grace 1852, there is a profession called the "Ring," not, certainly, patronised by the nobility as in days of yore, but still *patronised* to a certain extent, and that scarcely a week passes, but a full column account of some exhibition of this fine old English sport is read, and eagerly read, by thousands who devour the description of the exceedingly "game and manly" manner in which the men came up to the scratch in the 9th round, one of them having sustained perhaps a compound fracture of the jaw, in addition to a few simple ones here, while the other, more fortunate, was merely "gagged up about the peepers" to such an extent, that the lancet, and sticking plaister to hold up the eyelids, were found requisite to render those valuable organs at all serviceable ; to be sure it was a "fair, manly, stand-up fight with such weapons as nature has given," and possibly there was a great deal of science displayed on both sides, but we, (as we are over fastidious,) cannot persuade ourselves even taking all these circumstances into consideration, that the illustrious combatants, or the enterprising managers who hired the express train, or the parties who engaged seats on it, at the rate of half a guinea a head, for the purpose of witnessing the intellectual spectacle, have any great reason to congratulate themselves on having advanced farther towards perfection, than the New Orleans' desperado who, in a fit of passion, inserts a bowie knife between the ribs of his antagonist. But the Ring is fast dying out. It has, to use the phrase of its votaries, become decidedly "groggy" of late, and a prize fighter exhibited among the oldest antiques in the British Museum, will, from the peculiar depression of his system, form a puzzling study for the ethnologists of some

future day; while at the Archæological Society at Massachusetts grave gentlemen in black will stand behind tables covered with pieces of rusty steel, eighteen inches in length, and will read sundry papers on "the form and probable use of the bowie or dagger, generally attributed to the eighteenth and early part of the nineteenth century."

And what shall we say of the other—*the* stain, par excellence, on the national character of America—Slavery? May we venture to hope that it will, with the bowie knife, ere long, become one of the "things that were," in a far off time when America had yet to outgrow her inconsistencies, when the national air was only too often joined with the sentiment—

"I do believe in Freedom's cause;
As far away as Paris is
I love to see her stick her claws
In them *infarnal* Pharisees.
It's well enough agen a king
To draw resolves—and triggers,
But Liberty's a kind of thing
That don't agree with niggers."

ART. VI.—IRISH CHURCH HISTORY.

Original Letters and Papers in illustration of the History of the Church in Ireland, during the reigns of Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth. Edited, with notes, from autographs in the State Paper Office, by Evelyn Philip Shirley, Esq. M. A. 8vo. London: F. and J. Rivington, 1851.

MUCH as this island has suffered from religious dissensions, it is a singular fact that one of the most neglected departments of our literature is Irish ecclesiastical history; on no important era of which do we possess any complete published collection of original documents. Although recent researches among ancient Celtic manuscripts have brought to light a considerable amount of information on every period of our annals, no contribution has yet been made from those sources to illustrate the history of the early Irish Church, which sent forth the illustrious men whose names are still revered throughout Europe for learning and sanctity. This neglect is

more conspicuous in the present age of general literary activity when we recollect how much was effected more than centuries ago by such ecclesiastics as Ussher, Colgan, Fleming; who, notwithstanding the obstacles which impeded their progress, published the elaborate works which still remain our chief authorities on Irish Church History. From the publications of these learned writers the Rev. John O'Donovan compiled his "Ecclesiastical history of Ireland," published in 1822. Considering the time at which it was published, this work possesses very high merit; unfortunately, however, its author was unacquainted with the ancient Irishographical treatises, an intimate knowledge of which is indispensable to those who desire accurate information on the earlier doctrines and observances of the primitive Christianity of Ireland. Of those venerable documents one of the most important is that known as the *Feliré*, or Festology, written in the eighth century by the monk *Oengus*, surnamed, on account of his exceeding sanctity, *Celé De*,* or the servant of God. This work, which contains a vast amount of original and invaluable information connected with the early Irish Church, and, with the additions of the copious illustrations adducible from manuscript sources, has been made the foundation of the early ecclesiastical history of Ireland. Considerable numbers of Irishographical treatises and lives of native Saints are still preserved among our collections of more ancient Celtic manuscripts. Independently of their inestimable value to the ecclesiastical and the philologist, these documents are generally replete with interesting details of ancient manners and customs, and are entitled to a prominent place among the chief materials for the early history of the island. By far the most valuable of our early remains of this class is the Tripartite life of Patrick, the ancient Irish version of which had long been sought for, until a copy of considerable antiquity was discovered in England by our distinguished Celtic palæographer, Mr. Eugene Curry, who transcribed and collated it for the Royal Irish Academy, thus affording inquirers an opportunity of testing the fidelity of Colgan's Latin translation in comparison with the original document. We have also Irish and ecclesiastical canons of great age, in addition to

* For a notice of *Oengus* and his works, see the IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. I, page 432.

which, Ireland can boast of two venerable literary monuments which no other civilized country would have allowed to remain so long unpublished. The first of these is the Hymnarium, or collection of hymns of the Irish Church, nearly as old as the time of Saint Columba, and the Antiphonarium or Antiphonary, written at the famous monastery of Bangor, in Down, in the seventh century, now preserved in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, in Lombardy, which owes so much to the labors of the early Irish missionaries. The publication of the *Brehon* laws, for which every one interested in the study of the primitive institutions of Western Europe looks forward with such intense anxiety, will throw much light on the social position and relations of ecclesiastics, as regulated by that ancient code. Until all those documents have been rendered accessible, our knowledge of the early Christian Church of Ireland must continue in its present imperfect and circumscribed state; which is the more to be regretted, as the information which has of late years been incidentally brought to light tends forcibly to demonstrate the falsity and inaccuracy of what has hitherto been received historical truth. A new era of ecclesiastical history opens from the latter part of the twelfth century, when the Church of Ireland became divided into two sections between the natives and the Anglo Normans. The latter excluded the Irish, as far as possible, from all religious establishments, and enacted stringent laws against their admission to ecclesiastical offices of any importance. The materials for our Church history from the period of the Anglo Norman settlement to the Reformation are still inaccessible, and chiefly consist of original Papal ordinances, government documents, chartularies, rolls, and monastic annals; while on the ecclesiastical affairs of the natives, their own manuscript compilations are our surest authorities. Two invaluable contributions to our mediæval Church history have been made of late years by the Rev. William Reeves, in his treatise on Down, Connor, and Dromore, and his edition of Primate Colton's visitation of the Diocese of Derry in 1397. The basis of the first of these works is the taxation of Down and Connor in 1306, "the most ancient collection of ecclesiastical statistics connected with Ireland now remaining." The great value of this publication, as well as of Dr. Reeves's edition of the acts of Primate Colton, is derived from the editor's elaborate annotations and appendices, compiled from all accessible printed

manuscript sources. The Registry of the Priory of all near Dublin, edited by the learned Dean of Clonmac- the only published collection of documents con- with an Anglo Irish monastic establishment. The inted specimen of a ritual of the same class is the Book s and Martyrology of Christ Church, Dublin, edited Rev. J. H. Todd. Both of these works were published Irish Archæological Society, and have been noticed in w of that body's publications which appeared in a former r of our journal. Among other interesting inquiries ted with Irish mediæval Church history are the life itings of Fitz Ralph, Primate of Ireland in the four- century, a man of great eminence in his day, and bet- own as Ricardus Armacanus, or Richard of Dundalk. of his works are still preserved in manuscript, and as oductions of the precursor of Wickliffe, they well merit gation. It is much to be regretted that the late Dr. ton did not enlist the services of competent editors to te the portions of his edition of Ussher's works which o Church history. A vast amount of new and in- g information might have been appended to the l Primate's "*Britannicarum Ecclesiarum Primordiæ*," *Veterum Epistolarum Hibernicarum Sylloge*;" and the ource on the religion of the ancient Irish." The eccle- l as well as the general history of Ireland would have uch enriched had the learned Monck Mason continued ors of which we have received so favorable a specimen. erable service has, however, been lately rendered in the epartment by the Venerable Henry Cotton, Archdeacon of , whose "*Fasti Ecclesiæ Hibernicæ*," supply a want elt by literary investigators; this work is the more to be as the chief materials from which it was compiled are, ow by sad experience, in a very precarious condition. e Primatial Repository at Armagh is still preserved a and invaluable collection of original ecclesiastical docu- , on which must be laid the basis of our mediæval church y, and the result of researches among them is anxiously ed by those inquirers, who cannot be satisfied with such e works as that of Dr. Mant, which must only be regarded abridged and continued edition of the history of the Bishops by Ware and Harris. Although Archdall es. credit for having applied rationally to the study

of our records at a period when the theories of Vallancey and Ledwich reigned in the ascendant, it must be admitted that his "*Monasticon Hibernicum*" is meagre and defective, notwithstanding its superiority over the attempts of Ware, Allemand, and Harris. Palliation for these faults is to be found in the circumstances of his times, which prevented Archdall from carrying out his design to its full extent, while the information he was able to obtain from ancient Irish manuscripts was imperfect and erroneous. The compilation, moreover, of a monastic history for the entire of Ireland is too arduous an undertaking for a single individual, and should be executed by a number of investigators, each conversant with the minutæ of the local history of the district which he undertakes to illustrate. This observation applies equally to other departments of history, and if more fully recognized would tend to increase our stock of really valuable works, and to diminish the number of those generally crude productions known as "general histories."

Great and permanent as have been the results of the Reformation in Ireland, the history of its introduction and early progress still remains unwritten. With the exception of the Irish State Papers of the time of Henry VIII., the work before us is the only published collection of original documents connected with this important event. In his preface Mr. Shirley observes :—

"Every one who has studied the History of the Church in Ireland during the eventful period immediately subsequent to the Reformation, must necessarily have remarked how limited are the sources of information which are accessible to the ecclesiastical inquirer. Indeed, writers of every party, both Churchmen and Dissenters, unite in deploring the loss and ruinous waste which has taken place amongst the Records of the Irish Church.

"Impressed with these views, when engaged some years ago in the State Paper Office in collecting materials for the Topographical History of a district in the north of Ireland, I was much struck with the numerous letters relating to the affairs of the Church, to be found scattered among the vast collection of papers there preserved, and which have reference to Ireland. It occurred to me at the time, that it might not be an uninteresting labour, or entirely unacceptable to the Church, to make a selection from these papers, and commit them to the press, after the model of Sir Henry Ellis's valuable series of letters illustrative of English History.

"The accession of Edward VI. evidently appeared the proper point from whence to commence the selection, inasmuch as the Eccle-

ical Papers which remain in the State Paper Office of a date prior to the death of Henry VIII., have been already given to public in the general collection of State Papers relating to Ireland, which were printed in 1834.

The present series of Papers (for they cannot all strictly be called *new*) commences then with the accession of Edward VI., and traces every document of interest affecting the state of the Irish Church, or written to, or by, the Irish Prelates and Dignitaries, which I have met with in the State Paper Office, from that time to the ninth year of Elizabeth, 1567. In some cases indeed the extracts of the original papers, having reference not only to the Ecclesiastical, but the Civil state of the kingdom, required extracts only to be given; but in these cases nothing which concerned the Church has been omitted, it having been my object to preserve every fact which would throw light on the very obscure state of the Church during the reigns of Edward VI. and Mary and the early part of that of Elizabeth."

A number of original letters and instruments comprehended in the volume amounts to one hundred and twenty-one. To enter into a minute examination of their contents is not our present object, there not being yet extant any collateral materials by an analysis of which we might be enabled to draw sound and impartial conclusions with reference to the objects and characters of the writers. As materials for history, the documents published by Mr. Shirley are invaluable, and they will tend to throw much light on various points relative to which we have hitherto possessed but scanty information; in relation of which may be adduced the following deposition relative to the conduct of the Lord Deputy, St. Leger, in 1568, when an invasion of Ireland was anticipated as the result of communications between the northern Chiefs and the King of France:—

"The deposition of me John Alen knight, late chauncelor of Ireland, upon my oath made before Sr James Croftes knight, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, Sr Wm Brabason and Syr John Trauers knightes, true of the high counsellors, upon this Interrogatory, what was the conversation Sr Anthony Sentleger late the kings deputie made unto me in Kilmaynan touching religion. and whether he said unto me, then or any tyme ellis. *Goo to. Goo to: religion wol be kept: and whether at any tyme I declared to my L of Dublin that Sr Sentleger spake the lik wordes to me or not.* In vertue of the I declare, that neither Mr St leger spak thois wordes to me ther made I any soche Declaration to my L. of Dublyn: and in explanation upon what occasion by like that my L. of Dublyn charged me to affirme wth him in this case, I wol declare some truth, wch holly in effect is true, so god iudge me: It was at about this tyme xij monethes, in lente, haueng the daie

before receyued lres both by oen Mr Woode, & Brooks, aswel from my Lordes of the Cunsell, intymating to me both ther determynations of the sending hyther of my L Cobham wth an armye, signyfieng also ther plesure to me to attende upon my L Cobham to mak all necessary prouisions for his furnytüre, I repaired to Kylmaynam, to speke wth Mr St leger then Deputy: and beyng ther, he sente for me into a Chamber wch is called St Johns Chamber, wher he, wth dyuers of the Cunsell wer then sitting, and when I came in, they all roose, so after salutations, Mr Sentleger went aparte from the reste to the gret wyndowe taking me wth hym, and entring into coversation wth me of the cause of my comeng, I shewed him theffecte of my lres & instructions, desiring him, because I wold not be seen to contempne neithr his prsente auctie, ne dismynysh his estimation amonge the people, that I moght haue his commissions to certain persons to prouyde their provisions, rather then to do it by vertue of my lres, and he said I shuld have; and after thus comoneng of the frenchmens comyng hither, Mr Alen, saithe he, ye ar a man of knowleg, what shall the frenchmen I prairie you doo here, and so declaryng his opinion therin; mary quoth I, that wch they went aboute the last yere, to persuaide the Yrishmen to consente to haue Ireland ioyned to the crowne of ffrance, by my trowthe saith he, that wer a vayne devise, ffor the irishmen wolbe no longer subiect to them, then it plesse them selves, but lik as they be wavering wth us, wch have been long here by title, so they wolbe to them; In good faithe said I thogh ye iudge therin the likelihood, yet I am of this opinyon, that the frenchmen haueng conceyved that they cannot wel kepe Scotlande onles they foote in Irland, and so if they moght dryve us awaye, and haue or sea portes, I think they wold not moche ferre of the reste; But said I, what gretter dishonor can be spoken of the frenchmen, then they, (after to wynne ther amyties, we haue rendred them Bulleyne,) now thus untruly to use us, which I trust god woll revenge upon them: well Mr Alen saith he, I woll telle you, the frenche kyng is in his flowers of youthe, pusant and hygh mynded, and if th'emperor wer goone, he aspireth to be lord of cristendome, and knowing that therin ther is no obstacle but the king, & our nation, he woll bylik do what he may to occupie us wth Scotland, & this Cuntrie, that we shall not giue him impedymēt elliswher, and yet for all this said I, those that come from beyond the sea, report that th'emperor is uery colde to uswards; Mary saithe he, that now apperith well, for of late ther is aboue xl or l ml poundes worthe of bullyon of the kings seised in flauders, and th'emperor hath made a forfeit of it, wch is no small hinderance to the kings affaires, spially in soch a tyme as this is, but saithe he, if th'emperor wel remembered the kindnes of the kings fader to him, he shuld shew no soche ingratitude to his son; and then said I, when I was in England, I culd never heare that he had any cause of unkindnes to us, saving some said he was offended wth or religion, wch as me semyth all things considered, shuld be a small cause of unkindnes, well said he, it wer not gret maruell that he, and his, shuld be offended therin: as to see daylie at yor eye, that in that matter at home among orselves, oon of us is offended wth another, and I am

that you, and every man wch haue th'experience of this realme nowe, that if the frenchemens do come hither, they shall haue a frendship amongs this nation, for religious cause, then for ther e sakes, and all that they woll give them; and so God helpe me he, for myn awne parte, knowing the maner and ignorance of people, when my Lordes of the Cunsell willed me to set furth matters of religion here, wch to my power I haue doon, I had er they had sente me into Spayne, or any other place wher the shuld haue had cause to mak warre ther, then burdeyned me t furthe the matters of religion here, and I told my Lordes s befor my comeng awaye; and here pawsinge, he terned him to o the borde to sit for dispatche or consultation wth the reste, and iately oon came, saying his meate was upon the borde; and so ent to dyner; wch doon, because I see not the clerks mak spede ak my comissions, I went to a side borde, and wrote them my und assune as I had gotten them signed, I departed to my lodg- o Dublin, and when I came ther, after I had pulled off my rid- erre, I determyned to go to repast that eventide wth Mr Deane ristchurche, and when I came thider, I founde ther my L of yne, and Mr Basnet late Deane of St. Patricks, and so after te, we fowre together (all others advoyded out of the chamber) ned of the newes of the frenche mennes comenge, & many other s touching th'occurrants presents, among wch Mr. Sentlegers, no ither of me, ne the rest was not forgotten: and specially my Dublin assigning divers ffaultis to him in religion for his offer- thaulter at his landinge: the prymate & other things toching —among all, he said he was but a dissymuler in religion, and ever willinge to haue it set furthe here, By our Lady said I, suppose) ye goo not farre amyse ther, ffor this day to my self ifessid not moche less, (ded he soo saith my Lord) I prae you ber that. Now to shorten the matter, longe after this my Lord mett not together, but it was told me that he said, and I hard lf say no les, that Mr Sentleger should say to him, that if the of the Counsell had letten all things alone in th'order king VIII., lefte them, & medled not to alter religion, neither had the on of England, nor all thies hurly burleye hane happened: and ue this article, it was told me he shuld advouche me for a wit- vherin I said albeit Mr St leger haue so wronged me by taking e honor, estimation & lyving, so as if I shuld folowe the fleshe ght drink him up in a cupp of water, he hath desyrueed it of h considered, no man wol accompte me for an indifferent wit- inst him, yet if I shalbe used for a witnes upon the matter ed; they ar lik to haue a faynt witnes, ffor if Mr Stleger wold ne as moche more harme as he hath doon, I woll not lye to im. Long after this about the latter eande of harveste, when des Servante came out of England, who broght him lres from les of the Cunsell for his repaire thider, his lordship sente for im, and shewing me both the said lres, & what he had pro- gainst Mr St leger, he asked my cunsell (as indeed I am of his l among other things he desired me to remeber what wordes leger shuld haue had to me in Kylmaynam, when the brute of

the frenchemen was &c., at his going to Mounster ; Behersing theis wordes *if my Lordes had letten all thinges in th' order the kings fader lefte them &c.* I aunswered, that besides that no man upon the case wold tak me for an indifferent witnes against Mr St leger. I remembred no soch words spoken by him, (ffor of this proposition conteyned wthin the interrogatory I never hirde till now, *Go to Go to &c*) yes said my lord, remembre yorselfe better, ffor ye told it me the same day ye spake them in Mr Deane of Cristchurches lodging, he and Mr Basnet being present, wel my Lord said I, I think ye mystok me, But if it may please yow, when ye mete them next to inquire the truthe of them : and if they say as yow say, I woll calle them & myself both to better remembraunce, whereupon I meeting them after, I enquired of them, whether they harde me speke after soch sorte to my l. of Dublyne, and they said my Lord had spoken wth them alreedy in that matter, and they told him that they harde me not say as he alleged.

“ Neverthelies after this, when at my Lordes request a litle before his going out, I wold mak no testimonyall to him in wrytinge of this article, The bishop of Kildare came to me perswadinge me on his behalf to put in wryting the wordes Mr Sentleger spake to me in Kylmaynam, To whom I made this answer, Shew my lord that albeit I love his litle too bettir than all Mr St legers body, yet I woll do nothyng against truthe nor that wch shall not be decent for oon that hath been placed as I haue been, Therfor if it shall plesse my Lords of the Counsell, to commaunde my Lord deputie to examyne me upon my oothe, I will truly declare, [if that may do my Lords plesure] what Mr. St leger said to me in Kilmaynan. written wth thande of me.—John Alen.”

This deposition, together with other papers in the volume before us, serves to corroborate the statement—of which we had not before conclusive evidence—that attempts were made by the Archbishop of Dublin to effect the ruin of St. Leger, who was six times chief governor of Ireland under Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Mary. Mr. Basnet, referred to in the document, was the first Dean of St. Patrick's who embraced the principles of the Reformation. He has acquired much censure for his conduct in unlawfully surrendering the Deanery to the King, as well as for having fraudulently possessed himself of considerable property. Bassenet was a native of Denbighshire, and, although in holy orders, he is said to have distinguished himself by his services against the Irish at the battle of Bellaho in 1539 ; fully confirming the complaint made by the natives more than two centuries before, against the military propensities of the Anglo Norman clergy. It may also be here observed, with reference to the exclusion of Irishmen from offices in the Church during

olic ages, that a Bull of Pope Leo X. still exists prohibiting natives from holding any offices in St. Patrick's Cathedral. Carefully was this exclusion carried out in all departments of the Church, that no Irishman sat in the see of Dublin from the twelfth century to the time of the Reformation. Since that period, Englishmen have generally held the principal dignities in the Established Church of Ireland; the exclusion of natives from offices of importance being a point in which the Government of Great Britain still maintains the policy pursued in the dark ages.

The project of founding an University in Dublin has hitherto been ascribed to Sir John Perrot's government, Mr. Shirley, however, published "a device or petition framed by the bysshop of Dublin for an Universitie to be founded and erected in Irland, with a playne declaration howe the same may be easilie doon by the King's Majestie to the great glorie of his Majesties honor and immortal remembrance, and for the reduecement of the people there to a due obedience and acknowledging of their duties in that behalf." This document shews that George Browne, the first Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, is entitled to the credit of having originated the Dublin University. A second plan for a College, drawn up in 1583, contains a minute calculation of the expenditure as follows:—

A Platt of a colledge to be erected, wth a principall or provost, teachers, a reader of devinitye, a reader of Logick, a reader of Philosophie, xii fellows, xl skollers, a Mr of the grammer skoole, and so to the same, wth all other necessary officers, and chardgs, by the yeare required, fyttre for the said colledge.—

the principall by the yere	cc.li
the viceprincipall being one of the fellows over the dyvidente by the yeere	xx.li
Bowcer being also one of the fellows, over the dyvidente by the yeere	x.li
the preachers by the yeeres l.li for a peece, and the	c.li
the reader of Divinitye by yere	lxvi.li xiijs iiijd
the reader of Philosophie by yere	l.li
the reader of Logick by yere	x.li
the fellowes to every iiij.li apeece	xlviij.li
the bachelers to every xls by the yeere	xxiiij.li
the Mr of the grammar Skoole	xxx.li
the Ussher of the same	xx.li
the skollers to every xiiis iiijd	xxvi.li xiiis iiijd

For the Manciple	xx.li
For the Butler	iiij.li vis viiid
For the Cooke and his Company	xxx.li
For the porter	iiij.li
For ij Laundresses to every vi.li xiiis iiiid	xiiij.li vis viiid
For the gardynner	iiij.li
For the diet of xii felloes at iis iiiid the weeke	lxxii.li xvis
For the diet of xii bachalers at iis a weeke per peece	lxii.li viiis
For the diet of xl skollers at xviid pr peece by the weeke	olix.li
For the diet of the Butler and Porter after ijs a weeke pr peece	x.li viiis
For fyer pr annm	c.li
For otemeale, Salt, Candells, naprye & Vessells per an	lx.li
For repracons, suyts, & extraordinary chardgs per an	c.li
Summa xliic lxx.li xiiis	

None of these plans were, however, brought into action until the year 1591, when Trinity College was established. "In the mean time," says Mr. Shirley, "there was no sort of education for the Clergy, whose ignorance was naturally extreme, as many of the present collection of letters abundantly testify."

Of the other documents in the volume before us, perhaps the most circumstantial and minute are the examinations of Richard Creagh, titular Primate of Ireland, during his imprisonment in the tower of London in 1564-5. The originals of the following questions are preserved in the autograph of Cecil, while the answers are written by Creagh.

"To the questiones, what Lords of Irland and howe many wer previe to your goyng out of Irland towarde Rome, and howe many Englishmen wer preuie therto ?

"I answer tryuely that as I neuer went aboute to hide my goyng away, so in likewise I neuer, nother by my self nother by anny other, by worde, writting, or other wyse, made anny Lorde that is, or was lyvyng under sun previe of my goyng to Rome, nother also anny Englishman that I remembr: for goyng away I intended, if God would, for to enter unto such religion as I should there in Rome sye best, or moste agryable to my weke complexion, but as I was commanded by obedience to take my way to Rome, so byeng there ready for to enter to ye Religion of the Teatines, [Theatines] otherwyse called Paulins, duelyng at Montecavalo, I was commanded by the Cardinal, onther payn of inobedience, to chang nothyng about my self tell I should know further of ye Pops wyll, which wyll by the sayd Cardinal was afterwarde declared unto me, and onder payn of coursing if I should be inobedient, & so was send wt the same will unto Ireland.

question, howe many wer acquaynted wt you in Room
English or Irish and by whom were you ther succored?
her that I saue and spake som tymes wt diuerse English and
as Mr Sekwhill,* the Erle of Derbyes son, the Mr of the
hospital called there the bushop of Saint Asseſ & others
in the said hospital, one also of my Lorde of Lesheters†
ed Edmond an Irishman, for lak of costs was at my pour
house, duelyng ye space two monethes or ther abouth; of
also I was acquainted with Muiryrtagh & Donough Obrien
Diermuid o Mady, Knoghough og, on Mvires, & other
whose names I remember not, also a fryer of Saint Austina,
ste from O'neils contrey, which byeng send thedr for to pro-
bishoprick of Doune and Coner for O'Neils brother, as also
natus of som benefices for Oneil, would not be so acquaynted
other Irishmen were. Also one Robard & an other called
ruyng men or soudyers, which, becaus I haue cast them
n all acquitance for displeasure (of ye which, as I hard saye,
e partetakers) made to Mr Sekwhil, were aboute after-
doe me hurt, yea also to accuse me of heresy for favor
Englishmen, and chiefly the sayd Robard, as I thynk ye
cioned Edmond knowes, I meane th' Erle of Lesheter's

tyme that I haue ben in Room I was succored by the Pope
ethe, drynk, and house rentts, becaus I was send thedr by
toward his mesangers comandament, which for to obey I
de by myne oth, made whan I was receaued to student in
ine schoules of Lovayn.

question, in your retourn by Lovayn howe many English,
others did you make preuie to ye cause of your retourne
d?

uth is, that I know none English or Irishman that was so
cepte an Englishman of the Iesuites that dueled in the
e of Dilingua§ not fear from Augusta in Germany, & two
S. Franceis (on Eenglish and th' other an Irishman) in the
f Antwerpia, wt an other Iesuite an Englishman that I
ntwerp, as also Doctour Clement (a physician) ther dueling,
yong Irish scholers hard in Lovayn by others (perhaps

kwil, i. e. Thomas Sackvill, afterwards Lord Buckhurst and
rset, detained for a time a prisoner in Rome.

se, i. e. St. Asaph, Thomas Goldwell, born at Sheet-Chart, in
lar of All Souls about 1520, M.A. in 1531, B.D. in 1533. By
y he was made Bishop of St. Asaph. He was deprived under
" and going abroad, made his appearance in the Council of
ie year 1562. The remainder of his life was for the most part
ome; having an apartment in the English hospital, which a
fter was converted into a college, or seminary of missionaries."
out 1582.—Dod's Church History, i. 507. Wood's Athenæ.
er's.

ia, i. e. Dillengen, near Augsburg.

that came from Rome) that I was appointed to be Archbushop of Ardmacha, other men by the way knew or harde more about me, as the Cardinal of Augusta (who did hold me the space of a senyght to be refreased & to recouer my helth of the ague that I caught by the way) diuerse of the Iesuites in sondry places, and the Doctoures of Lovayn, whom I called to dener (dinner?) ons, because of myne acquaintance before with them.

"To ye question, houe many in England or Wales knew you at your retourne to Irland?

"It is so that to neuer a body in that way I willed my self to be knowen, yea nother of ye scholer that I touke for my man at Rochester, alltogh my letters wer syen outhwardely by two povre men & a povre woman, which knew not ther meanyng, but whan I was asked som tymes what I was, I told that I have spend a pyce of my tyme with marchandise, which was tryue.

"To ye questions, To whom was your intent to resorte at your landyng in Irland, and whose frendshipp meant you to have used in Irland?

"As I was send by obedience from Irland, & so also to Irland send back wt loss both of my frends, kinsffolk and all commodities that I had among them, and send for to duel and serue among barbarous, wilde, & uncivil folkes, hawyng no body before me ther that ever before tyme I was acquaynted with, (save onely that I saue som of ye prelatts of Ardmacha in ye English pale at Quene Maryes tyme,) so the pope toght convenient to send som kynde of letter with me to Shane O'Neil, with the letter also for a pension to be gyuen to his brother on ye bishoprik that the priste abovesayed required in Rome for ye sayd brother, which priste fayned to com at ones wt me to Irland, but taryed nevertheles there. for a direght answher, I saye tryuely that I intended onely to go streght to ye place that was by obedience appoynted toe, knowyng not whether Shane O'Neil should repute me for his foe, or for his friend, fyrst becaus that his mesangers both in Irland (as I hard saye) of the pops mesanger, wer desyryng letters of comendations to Rome for to haue that Archbushoprik of Ardmagha, for (I think) the Dene that is ther, which (I wen) is of his fostred brethren; and also in Rome & Trent were persuasions concernyng ye same, made to ye Cardinal Moronus (overseyer of such matiers) and to others, and therfor were much displeased of my sendyng to Rome. Secoundely, becaus that the mesangers haue iudged that I haue made not my deuoir in Rome in procuryng the bushoprik of Dune and Coner for Shans brother,* a yong man unlearned, not passyng 23

* This practice of maintaining bishoprics among their own clan was of considerable antiquity, and called forth the censure of St. Bernard, who, speaking of the Irish Chiefs, in the twelfth century, tells us:—

"A most pernicious custom had gained strength, by the diabolical ambition of some men in power, of getting possession of ecclesiastical sees by hereditary succession. Nor did they suffer any persons to be put in election for a bishopric, but such as were of their own tribe and

L. If Shane or anny other should gyue som help for erection schoules wherein yought should be brought upp in som good and begynnys of learnyng, I should wyshe it; thynking earthat long agou they should forsake theyr barbarous wildnes, and ferocitie, if thayr yought were brought upp conveniently to theg of theyr dutie toward God and theyr princes; as for erection of any universitie, I am not so ignorant but that I know it can be done wth out ye ayde & authoritie of the Quene's maiestie; for fellowship or conuersation wth them I intended doubtles to shun so they should lyue that ar brought up in such all kynds of in-mordoures, adoultrys, drokens, robyng, stellyng, forswering, lyke, without anny punishment to be spoken of.— be it death or lyfe, prison or frydom, or anny other thyng, this is that I haue answered, and all-togh, I lost my parte of (estimated to be worte ix thousand duketts) by the frencch in ye warr at our Souerayn Lorde kyng Haryes tyme, & also archer of Dover were taken xxxii. li from my brother, comyng to Lovayn, for my help ther byeng at schoule, at outelands costs, neuertheles, my pouere from my yought hitherto, was (ought) alwayes spent for to serve the crowne of England, as of and dutie I was bounde, knowyng & also declaryng in diuerse of the joyfull lyfe that Irishmen have under England, (nothing of their good, as by sondry wayes other princes'is suggettes pressed in other contreys) if they were gode and tryue in them for a conclusion, as much sorrow as I had for byeng oppressed wth such bourden that I was commanded to com with, so much perhabs joy I haue to be discharged thereof; but, if I should dye to day, and that of my death Vlstermen know to-morrow, the Archbushoprik of Ardmagha, and such could be procured from Rome, (as I thynk, and as hitherto it is to be,) for som other of that contrey, to whom God gyve to be tryue to his natural Quene and crowne of England, be Lorde God mayntayn now and ever.”

rtii 1564. an examinacion taken of Richarde Creagh Ireshe Prysoner in the Tower, by Richarde Ousley Recorder of and Thomas Wilson Mr of Saynt Katherins.

asked dyverse questions & first touching hym, whome he the Popes Nuncio, doth answer as foloweth, that the said came from Rome aboute fower yeres syns August last past,

and this kind of execrable succession made no small progress, in generations had passed over in this kind of mischievous custom and so far had this wicked and adulterous generation confined to this untoward privilege, or rather as I may call it, an injury: the severest punishment; that although sometimes it happened, yemen of their family failed, yet bishops of it never failed. In married men, and not in orders, though men of learning, were ours to (Primate) Celsus. From whence proceeded that universal of ecclesiastical discipline, that enfeebling of censures, and religion over all Ireland.”

and hath made his continual abode al the said tyme in Irelande called by name David Wolfe, borne in Lymericke, where this examine also was borne. And farther he sayth that the said David Wolfe hath been aboute seven yeres abiding in Rome, and was a Jesuite there professed, and sent frome the Pope by obedience into Irelande by commission, to see what Bisshoppes did their dewties there, and what sees ware voyde, and touching hymselfe he sayth, that he hath been most comonlie heretofore in the Bisshopprieke of Lymerike and there taught children, Th'occasion of his acquaintance wt the Nuncio was, that the Nuncio harde of this examine that he was learned, and so required hym to goe to Rome, to tak upon hym the Arche Bisshopperike of Casshal, and afterwards the Arche Bisshopperike of Armagh, beeing voyde before his departure, he charged hym upon his obedience to goe to Rome, the th' archebisshopprieke of Armagh or Casshal, the wch the culde not refuse to be, because yt when he proceded Bachelaue of Divinitie in Lovayne, he sware obedience to the Pope, and yrfore durst not disobey his Nuncio. Beeing asked what instrutions he had by the Nuncio at his going to Rome, he sayde, the Nuncio wrate in his favor to Cardinal Morone the wche letter he did reade, but doth not wel remember the contents therof, but he wel remembreth that he sayde he woulde not willinglie take the Archebisshopperike of Armagh upon hym, but rather yt he shoulde heare of hym, to be one of the Religion. And at his cumynge to Rome, he delyuerede his letters to the Superiors of the Jesuites, myndyg to enter into Religion, but he was commanded shortellie after, by Cardinal Gonzago,* that had the place of Cardinal Morone, when he wet to the Cownsel at Trent, that he shoulde not enter into the religion, tyl he knew the popes pleasure; Beeiug demaded what monye he had at his goyng out of Irelande, he saythe that the Nuncio gave hym 40 crownes, the Bysshoppe of Lymericke† 12 markes, the wche 12 markes he had as an exhibicion for his fyndyng there, and 20 crownes he had of his own, and more he had not, by credite or otherwise. Beeing asked where the Nuncio doth commenlie keepe in Irelande, he sayth that he doth secretlie come to Lymericke and hath been this last Summer in Tyrone, wt Shane Onele, as he harde, and the letters that he receaued ware delyuered unto hym in Lyme-ricke, in the presence of a Preest called Sr Thomas Molam.

"He went out of Irelande in August twoe yeres past, and came to Rome in Januarie, and in ffebruarie next he was commanded not to enter into the Religion, and afterwarde charged upon the Popes curse, not to refuse th'archbisshopperike of Armagh, and abowte Easter twelve moneths after, he was consecrated by Lomelinus‡ and an other Bisshoppe in the Popes chapel, and so came frome Rome

* Francesco Gonzaga, Cardinal Archbishop of Consentino, afterwards of Mantua. Ob. 1566.

† Hugh Lacy.

‡ Benedetto Lomellino of Genoa, born 1517, Clerk of the Apostolic Chamber, Bishop successively of Anagni, Vintimiglia, Luni, and Sarzana, and afterwards Cardinal. Died in 1579.

last past. In all wche tyme of his abode at Rome, the pope his charges, after he had warnyng not to enter into Religion, daile meate, drynke, and wyne for hymself and his seruande Popes cost, payng his howse rowme sixe crownes by the havynge had at dyuerse tymes frome the Pope to the number rownes, of the wch summe he had at his goyng out of Rome into hym by the Pope 300 crownes, and one 100 crownes for cio. he had apparel of three sortes, of blew and unwatred, and ware the same in Rome, having foure or fyue seruandes there upon hym, and at cumyng out of Rome, he had the blessing, and Cardinal Moronus toulde hym, that he was d, the Quene woulde tourne shortelie to the Catholike faythe; frome Rome on horsebacke, wt a Priest and one man, the uande beeing a Scholer was of Volster, and went thorowe, but the Preest returned shortelie to Rome, At Augusta an other seruande, where he was wel entreated of the Car-Augusta for a seuen nyght space, at his cumyng to Anwarpe wt D. Clement,* and toulde hym that he was compelled to th'archebisshoppricke of Armagh, but what D. Clement hym agayne he doth not wel remember, ffrome Anwarpe, he to Lovayne, and there sent for the Doctors of Lovayne and em a Banket, syttinge wt them in his Archebisshopperickes ap-blew chanlet, the wche Apparel he did not weare in any other yns he came frome Rome. he came to Dover by a strarie in a shippe of Irelande, that shouldehaue gone streight to e, and so beeing arryved in Englande, he were unknowen, Rochester he founde an Irishe boye beggyng, whome he tacke to London, and there lodged at the Three Cuppes in Brode in October last, where he taried not past three daies, and at ng in London, he went to Powles church, and there walked, no talke wt any man, and so to Westm church, to see the ents there, and frome thence he came to Westm haul, the me that he harde saie, Bonner was arrayned, but he did not, neyther can he tel what he was that toulde hym soe. Beeing hat he woulde haue doone, if he had been receaued Archebis-of Armagh, saythe, he woulde haue lyued there quyetlie: asked what he woulde haue done, if he had been refused, he th, that he woulde haue gone to Lovayne to his tracke agayne, g discharged of his obedience, whereunto he taketh hymselfe ownde in conscience. he sayth that Goldewel and he dyned and talked together tymes, and at one tyme this examine harde that a ffrenche-the popes Palace shoulde reaporthe, that the ffrenchmen had and invaded Englande, the wche talke Goldewel dowted to

n Clement, educated at Oxford, Tutor to the children of Sir Moore; in the reign of Edward VI., he being then one of the of Physicians at London, he left his native country for religion's turned in the time of Queen Mary, but finally leaving England e accession of Elizabeth, he retired to Mechlin, where he died, 1572.

be trew, and thereapon they sent to the Palace to enquire the certeyntie, and then after, the frenshe man denyed it, and so they fownde it untreu."

"Whereas as I was asketh, whether the Religious man or mesanger haue send anny letter wt me for to receaue anny money in anny place, I was not remembered, that he haue send a letter to the Rectour of the colledg of his Religion in Paris, that if [I] should goe yt way I should receave 80 crownes send thether from the pope to be send to ye sayd mesanger to Ireland, but I passed not by Paris, and yet I receaued ye said 80 at Rome, for yei were ye 80 that I sayd I haue receaued from ye pope wt ye 20 and 100 crownes duryng my byeng there. Also wher I answered that if [I] should not be receaued by the chapter of Ardamagha, I should goe to duel at Lovayn, I was not than remembred that I haue asked lyve of ye pope (whan I was commanded under payn of cursyng to take yt Archbushoprike,) for to enter to Religion whan I should thynk it gode, which lyue it is like he should grant in case I were not receaued ther, and to Religion in Lovayn or other place [I] should enter hauyng that lyve. Also where I sayd that ye Cardinal did name that mesanger in his lr send to Ireland, (pater reverende,) my remembrance fayled, for ye lr was written in Italian thong, and the wordes that I meant was (nosa reuontia,) in Italian wer written also ye letteres that ye sayd mesanger have wt me to his superiours and to ye Cardinal, wherfore I could not then understand them, but as he did declare to me wheter I did declare them wholye or not, The sayd mesanger priste Thomas Motham whom I sayd that he was present, whan the sayd mesanger did command me in all aucthoritee that he could (that were his wordes as I remember) for to goe to Rome, I am not sure whether he hard ye sayd mesanger so speaking, but as I thynk he was at least abouthe, or nye in ye place before and after me, he have send diuers wt his letteres also, as on William an Moiryrtagh or Morgan, Brien Tayg Richiblican or Kiblican, also Domigha fr Rikard, Cræun Diermvid Mady, Richard Ardur (or so) Moris Derby, (of ye which som wer hansomly learned; also beyound seas, whose names I did not so remebr byeng asked befor of ye right honorabl Mr Secretary Cicell;) with many others of diuers partes of Ireland; of ye which aforementioned thrye or foure had of ye pope exhebiton for yemself and theyr servants, (as also ye thry bushopes that were at the Conceyl of Trent,) as I had, excepte that besyde the two servantes that I had at the pops expense, I had also for ye space of abouth ij or iij monthes som tyme ij, & somtyme iij, poore scholars byeng content onely wt som meatt & drynk. What I haue learned at ye Emperour Charles and other gode mens charges and cost, I have bestowed it to my pour pover, for ye profit & wealth of the Quens Maiestees sugetts old and yong, and thanks be now unto almighty God and to her gracious highnes for my reuarde, byeng heir in such pouertie (beside diuers my pour bodys seknes) that I can nother day nother nyght change apparel, hauyng nother of my self, nother of anny body one peny to caus the broken sherth that is on my bak to be ones washed, whos incommoditee

will not haue it declared, besyde the miserie of cold, & such thout gounne or convenient hose. If it were [her?] gracious ifull plersur for to suffer me to go teach yought in ye artes oukes of maners, I should doe it for nought, as hitherto I, neuer askyng or receavyng a peny of the church or Eccle-benefice duryng my lyfe, which I pray, (for the good Lordes t som mercifull harth moue or speak unto her mercifull, whom ye almyghtie Lorde preserue now and ever."

is may be appended the following additional examina-arently taken in 1587, before Sir William Cecil, in itograph it is preserved :—

ye B of Downe,* cam to Creagh abowt august, 1566: he Shan Oneyle, being in an lland called Irish darell† in com-the B of Downe, and dyned wt Shan uppon a Wednesday, was Tyrrough Lenogh.‡

d of Shan whyther he had receaued ye copy of a lre from and reqred his favor, wch Shan offred to hym.

Shan was then redy to goo wt power ageynst Pers (Sir Piers), and willed this examynat to subscribe a lre by which of Knockfergus wer willed to depart from Knockfergus, or should be spoyled.

yt Shane told hym yt if he shuld goo wt powre ageynst gus, then if they wold not depart they shuld repent, and Shane made the iorney.

yt ye next sondey followyng Shan Oneyle cam to Armagh s examynat preched afor Shan and Tyrlogh Lenogh and lonell.

other tyme, when Shan had made a jorneye into O'Donell's [?] and had hanged a prest, this examynat went to Dondan, who requyred absolucion of hym; but this examynat absolve hym, for yt it belonged to ye auctorite of ye pope.

ther tyme Shan cam to Armagh to bury his brother, wher ynynat was; Shan O'Neyle told hym he shuld be well used,

his chyrch as honorably as ever any archbish. had. This

sayth yt an Irish man whom he had sene wth Shan in

told hym yt he was sent into Monster to John Mc an Erle

de Shan, but ye pty cold not gett into Monster because ye

te was at Lymeryck, be sayth yt he hard Shan report yt he

o have faver of Ihon, of Desmond."

who was the author of many learned works, died a in the Tower of London in 1585. The fact of Shane

rother of Shane,

darell. Probably an island in a freshwater lake near Con-
county Armagh.

ugh Luineach, the son of Niall Conallagh, after the death of
John, styled, O'Neill.

dondavall, it appears to be the same as Dundavally, or Duna-

O'Neill having procured the Bishopric of Down for his brother has first been brought to light by Mr. Shirley, and some of the documents in the volume before us disclose new facts connected with the history of the Northern dynasts.

At the first introduction of the Reformation into Ireland many of the principal native Chiefs were favorable to its extension, and their inclination to form friendly relations with the English crown was manifested by their acceptance of patents of nobility and adoption of English customs. The mercenary officials who conducted the government of Ireland at the period, foreseeing that the destruction of their own importance would be the consequence of the general pacification of the country, early devised measures for rendering the Reformed religion repulsive to the natives. The principal dignities in the Church were filled with low dependants of the English courtiers, whose language the Irish were unable to comprehend, and whose conduct has been heavily censured even by their own most unscrupulous partizans. No attempt was made to address the natives in the Irish tongue, or to circulate the Scriptures in the language of the country, while the extensive spoliation of ecclesiastical property contributed to render the movement still more obnoxious. "In Ireland," says a learned Protestant writer, "the Reformation would have been more truly called the confiscation. There is at this moment scarcely an Irish nobleman, inheriting an ancient property, who does not owe the bulk of it to the confiscated lands of the Church.—And what was the consequence? The accounts given (in the extant Episcopal visitation returns) of the spiritual destitution of the Irish parishes, and of the miserable poverty of the Irish clergy in the two centuries which followed the Reformation, are truly marvellous: churches ruined, glebe lands violently seized, the clergy without houses, their lives threatened by the landowners, lest they should perchance reside, although without houses, and thus recover the spoliated property, or prevent further encroachments; such was the state of the Irish Church in the time of Bramhall." No measures appear to have been left untried by the English officials to estrange the Irish from the Reformed Church, and to excite them to revolts, the forfeitures consequent on which were usually devoted to the aggrandisement of those mercenary hirelings. In the mean time the Catholic princes of Europe found it their interest to stir up dissensions among

, who were led to suppose that the attempts made to bring England through Ireland were the results of religious motives. The friars and priests became the trusted agents and emissaries of the Irish Chiefs, to whom they were naturalized by a community of country, language, and religion. A complete change also took place in the policy of the Government, and from the time when England cast off their yoke, the Popes became the partizans of the native Irish whom they had before treated so superciliously. All these points ought to be fully investigated and fairly brought forward by every ecclesiastical historian.

It is much to be regretted that we possess no history of the Catholic Church in Ireland from the time of the Reformation. This branch of inquiry has been hitherto so totally neglected that there is not yet extant even a complete catalogue of the libraries of that Church during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. That important documents and objects must exist, cannot admit of a reasonable doubt, and we trust that writers will be found to emulate the example of the author of the "*Hibernia Dominicana*," who has written a large and valuable volume on the history of a single religious order. Mooney's manuscript history of the Irish Dominicans, if properly edited and continued, would form a valuable acquisition to the history of the Irish Roman Catholics. The scarcity of such writers as Roth, O'Sullivan, and Bruodin has frequently been impugned of late that it is to be wished that research should be made among contemporary state papers to ascertain how far their unsupported testimony is entitled to credit. A new edition of Dr. John Lynch's "*Alithim*," enlarged from manuscript and printed sources is also to be desired. In a notice of works on our ecclesiastical history, the excellent History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland by the late Dr. J. S. Reid, and Dr. Oliver's collections of the history of the Irish Jesuits, should not be overlooked. It is to be hoped that the various epochs of the history of the Catholic Church will soon engage the attention of those who are most interested in the subject; and that steps will be taken for placing beyond the reach of future danger those venerable monuments of our ecclesiastical history which are at present almost entirely obscure and inaccessible. The collation of the Irish Biblical Manuscripts is, we understand, contemplated by the Fellows of the Dublin University, to whom our literature

is already much indebted. Dr. J. H. Todd's researches among the Irish manuscripts in English collections show how much remains to be done in this department; while the important facts brought to light by the Rev. Charles Graves, in his elaborate collations of the more ancient Hiberno-Celtic documents, lead us to anticipate that "those powers of keen analysis and severe induction which have torn the veil from the mysteries of the *Ogham*" will, ere long, be employed in elucidating our early ecclesiastical monuments. These indications, together with Dr. Reeves's recent analysis of the Biblical writings of *Maelbrigid*, and his present labors with regard to the life of St. Columba, enable us to presage that before the close of the present generation we shall have received valuable and copious additions to our published materials for the History of the ancient Irish Church.

Mr. Shirley is already favorably known to us as author of the "Account of Farney," our most valuable local history yet published, with the sole exception of the Ordnance Memoir on Londonderry; his present work gives him another claim to the respect of all students of our literature, and we trust that he will not fail to give to the public the result of his further researches among the Irish State Papers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

THE

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—THE SURVEY OF IRELAND, A.D. 1655-6.

ory of the Survey of Ireland, commonly called the Survey, By Doctor William Petty, A.D. 1655-6. from a Manuscript in the Library of Trinity College, with another in the possession of the Most Noble marquis of Lansdowne, and one in the Library of the Inns, Dublin, by Thomas Aiskew Larcom, F.R.S., A., Etc., Major, Royal Engineers. 4to. Dublin: Irish Archæological Society, 1851.

ar 1641 a large section of the people of Ireland took to recover the rights of which they had been forcibly sed, and to defend themselves against the hostile is openly threatened by the English Puritans. The nder pretext of suppressing the revolutionary t, obtained the Royal assent to an ordinance confis- discriminately the properties of the natives; and ions of money and goods were publicly solicited by sh Parliament on the security of the lands which ected to fall into the power of England after Ireland subdued. Large sums were thus obtained from ated by various motives, "many coming in out covetousness to raise great fortunes; five hundred and being assigned for one hundred pound in some and not much under that proportion in others; some re fear, and to win credit with the powerful party, de this new project a measure of men's affections, and w far they might be trusted and relied on." The

King found too late that by assenting to the unjust forfeiture of the lands of the Irish Royalists he had furnished his enemies with funds for successfully opposing him, to which purpose the Parliament applied the money nominally contributed for the suppression of what was styled the Irish Rebellion.

After a protracted contest Ireland finally succumbed to the power of the Parliamentarians. The surviving native military abandoned their country "to fill all the armies of Europe with complaints of Cromwell's cruelty, and admiration of their own valour;" others retired to fastnesses whence they made desultory attacks upon the strange settlers, by whom they were styled "Tories;"* large numbers of the youth of both sexes were forcibly transported to the Indies; and the Dutch, the Vaudois, and the settlers in New England were invited to colonize Ireland. The proceedings of the Puritans at this period have been detailed by an English contemporary:—

"They found the utter extirpation of the nation (which they had intended) to be in itself very difficult, and to carry in it somewhat of horror, that made some impression on the stone-hardness of their own hearts. After so many millions destroyed by the plague which raged over the kingdom, by fire, sword, and famine; and after so many millions transported into foreign parts, there remained still such a numerous people, that they knew not how to dispose of: and though they were declared to be all forfeited, and so have no title to any thing, yet they must remain somewhere. They therefore found this expedient, which they called an act of grace. There was a large tract of land, even to the half of the province of Connaught, that was separated from the rest by a long and a large river, and which by the plague and many massacres remained almost desolate. Into this space and circuit of land they required all the Irish to retire by such a day, under the penalty of death; and all who should after that time be found in any other part of the kingdom, man, woman, or child, should be killed by any body who saw or met them. The land within this circuit, the most barren in the king-

* This name appears to be derived from the Irish word *Coim* or *Toir*, which signifies pursuit. A French writer in 1717 tells us that this celebrated party appellation originated in the reign of Charles I. "The King's adherents at first had the name of 'Cavaliers,' which was afterwards changed into that of 'Tories.'—At that time a sort of Irish Banditti, or robbers, who kept in the mountains and isles formed by the vast bogs of that country, were called 'Tories,' and at present are known by the name of Rapparees. As the King's enemies accused him of favouring the Irish Rebellion, which broke out about that time, they gave his adherents the name of 'Tories.'" For some historical remarks on the Irish moss-troopers or guerillas, the reader is referred to the IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. i., 627-8.

out of the grace and mercy of the conquerors assigned to the nation who were inclosed, in such proportions as might industry preserve their lives. And to those persons, from whom they had taken great quantities of land in other provinces, they gave the greater proportions within this precinct; so that some men's lot, especially when they were accommodated, was, to have a competent livelihood, though never to the fifth part that had been taken from them in a much better province. They might not be exalted with this merciful donative, in addition that accompanied this their accommodation, that they should all give releases of their former rights and titles to the king, as was taken from them, in consideration of what was now to be given to them; and so they should for ever bar themselves and their posterity from ever laying claim to their old inheritance. What could they do? they could not be permitted to go out of this precinct to seek a shift for themselves elsewhere; and without this assignation they would starve here, as many did die every day of famine. In this condition, and under this consternation, they found themselves obliged to accept or submit to the hardest conditions of their conquerors, and so signed such conveyances and releases as were required for them, that they might enjoy those lands which belonged to the king. And by this means the plantation (as they called it) was brought to an end, and all the Irish nation enclosed within the plantation; the rest of Ireland being left to the English; some to the lords and just proprietors, who being all Protestant, (for no Catholic was admitted,) had either never offended them, or had made composition for their delinquencies by the payment of some articles; some to the adventurers and soldiers. The good and great part (as I remember, the whole province of Connaught) Cromwell had reserved to himself, as a demesne (as he called it) for the state, and in which no adventurer or soldier should have any lot to be assigned, and no doubt intended both the state and the making great his own family. It cannot be imagined in any other method, and with what peaceable formality, this whole kingdom was taken from the just lords and proprietors, and was divided and given amongst those, who had no other right to it but what was given them; had power to keep it; no men having so great shares as the king, who had been instruments to murder the King, and were not to part with it to his successor. Where any great sums of money, or arms, ammunition, or any merchandise, had been so long in the hands of the king, they were looked upon as desperate, the creditors subscribed to them as lent upon adventure, and had their satisfaction from them as adventurers. Ireland was the great capital, out of which all debts were paid, all services rewarded, and all acts of government performed."

to satisfy the demands of the "adventurers" who had advanced money on the forfeited lands, and to liquidate the pay of the army, it was resolved in 1653, that "the whole kingdom should be surveyed, and the number of acres taken,

with the quality of them; and then, that all the soldiers should bring in their demands of arrears; and so give every man, by lot, as many acres as should answer the value of his demand." The office of surveying the forfeited lands was entrusted to Benjamin Worsley, Surveyor General, who, "having been often frustrated as to his many severall great designs and undertakings in England, hoped to improve and repaire himselfe upon a less knowing and more credulouse people. To this purpose he exchanged some dangerouse opinions in religion for others more merchantable in Ireland, and carries also some magnifieing glasses, through which he shewed *aux esprits mediocres*, his skill in severall arts, soe as at length he got credit to be employed in managing the Geometrical Survey of Ireland." Worsley was the author of a folio pamphlet styled "The Advocate," which is described by his opponent as a "friperie and long lane of thread-bare notions concerning trade;" and among his various projects in England we are told of "the Universal Medicine, Making of Gold, Sowing of Salt-petre, Universal Trade, Taking great Farms," &c.

On the death of Henry Ireton, at Limerick, in 1651, Major General John Lambert, a brave soldier, and "a favourer of ingeniose and usefull arts," was appointed to succeed him as Chief Governor of Ireland. His arrogance and assumption had, however, alarmed the Parliament, and Cromwell, desirous of advancing Fleetwood, obtained an act limiting Lambert's tenure of office to six months. This arrangement was nullified by an accident chronicled by a republican authoress of the time. "There went a story that as my Lady Ireton was walking in St. James's Park, the Lady Lambert, as proud as her husband, came by where she was, and as the present princess always hath presidency of the relict of the dead prince, so she put my Lady Ireton below, who, notwithstanding her piety and humility, was a little grieved at the affront. Colonel Fleetwood being then present, in mourning for his wife, who died at the same time her lord did, took occasion to introduce himself, and was immediately accepted by the lady and her father, who designed thus to restore his daughter to the honour she had fallen from. Cromwell's plot took as well as he himself could wish; for Lambert, who saw himself thus cut off from half his exaltation, sent the house an insolent message, 'that if they found him so unworthy of the

ney had given him as so soon to repent it, he would
 d their remedy for six months, but was ready to
 ' their commission before he entered into his office.'
 k him at his word, and made Fleetwood deputy, and
 ommander of the horse." After this event, Lambert,
 heart full of spite, malice, and revenge, retreated to his
 Wimbledon," where he passed his time in painting
 iculture, and "had the fairest tulips and gilliflowers
 d be got for love or money; yet in these outward
 ," according to an old writer, "he nourished the ambi-
 ntertainment before he was cashiered."

ood arrived in Ireland as Lord Deputy, in 1652, and
 , "in the quality of physician to the army, the said
 at General's person and family" came William Petty,
 s a contemporary, is "a proper handsome man,
 six foot high, good head of brown haire, moderately
 up; his eies are a kind of goose-grey, but very
 nted, and as to aspect beautifull, and promise sweet-
 ature, and they do not deceive, for he is a marveillous
 ured person; eiebrowes thick, dark, and straight.
 l is very lardge." Dr. Petty, born in 1623, was
 of a poor clothier of Rumsey; speaking of his early
 ells us that "At the full age of fifteen years I had
 the Latin, Greek, and French tongues, the whole
 common Arithmetic, the practical Geometry and
 y conducing to Navigation, Dialling, &c., with the
 e of several mathematical trades, all which, and hav-
 at the university of Caen, preferred me to the king's
 ere, at the age of twenty years, I had gotten up
 eescore pounds, with as much mathematics as any of
 as known to have had. With this provision, anno
 en the civil wars between the king and parliament
 I went into the Netherlands and France for three
 having vigourously followed my studies, especially
 edicine, at Utrecht, Leyden, Amsterdam, and Paris,
 l to Rumsey, where I was born, bringing back with
 other Anthony, whom I had bred, with about 10%.
 I had carried out of England. With this 70%.
 adeavours, in less than four years more, I obtained
 of M.D. in Oxford, and forthwith thereupon to be
 into the College of Physicians, London, and into
 bs of the Virtuous (Virtuosi); after all which ex-

pence defrayed, I had left 28*l*., and in the next two years being made Fellow of Brazen-Nose, and Anatomy Professor in Oxford, and also Reader at Gresham College, I advanced my said stock to about 400*l*., and with 100*l*. more advanced and given me to go for Ireland, into full 500*l*." From his childhood, Petty had exhibited a great attachment to mechanical and scientific pursuits. At Paris he studied anatomy with Thomas Hobbes, of Malmesbury, for whose work on optics he drew the diagrams; notwithstanding all his ingenuity he was once, while resident in France, obliged, from want of money, to live for a week on two penny-worth of walnuts. To his straitened circumstances at this period we find allusion in one of his works where he introduces a friend addressing him in the following terms; "you whom I have seen sumptuously treated with a piece of Pain de la Reine, a bunch of grapes and a draught of St. Genevieve's well: you once cried up mathematicks and bread for rich cheer, and you were frugal in your food to be prodigal in your expence upon projects."

Petty first distinguished himself among his learned contemporaries by his treatise on the advancement of learning, addressed to Samuel Hartlib and published in 1648. He also obtained a patent for a kind of manifold writer which he describes as "an instrument of small bulk and price, easily made, and very durable; whereby any man, even at the first sight and handling, may write two resembling copies of the same thing at once, as serviceably and as fast (allowing two lines upon each page for setting the instruments) as by the ordinary way, of what nature, or in what character, or what matter soever, as paper, parchment, a book, &c. the said writing ought to be made upon." At Oxford he became deputy to Dr. Clayton, professor of anatomy, who had an insuperable aversion to the sight of a dead body. "Anatomy," says a cotemporary, "was then but little understood by the university, and I remember Dr. Petty kept a body that he brought by water from Reading a good while to read on, some way preserved or pickled." He is said to have acted the principal part in restoring to life a woman named Anne Green who had been hanged for infanticide, and whose resurrection from the dead was commemorated in verse and prose by the wits of the university. In 1651, in addition to his professorship of anatomy, he was appointed professor of music at

resham College, and, accommodating himself to the religious and political circumstances of his time, he obtained the appointment of physician to the army and the Lord Deputy of Ireland, the salary of twenty shillings a day :—" The said Dr. had not landed two moneths, but, observing the vast and needless expence of medicaments, and how the Apothecary-Generall of the army, with his three assistants, did not spend their time to best advantage ; did forthwith, to the content of all persons concerned, with the State's bare disbursement of about 120^l, save them five hundred pounds per annum of their former charge, and furnished the army, hospitalls, garrisons, head quarters, &c., with medicaments, without the least noise or trouble, reducing that affair to a state of easiness and plainness, which before was held a mystery, and the vexation of such as were required to administer it well. Moreover, the said Dr. in the exercise of his own faculty tooke such paines, in all that related to the said charge, that, in satisfaction of the four or five first years of his services, he offered to refund all he had received by way of salary, soe he might but receive the lowest usuall allowance in reward for the business he had actually performed in the way of his calling."

Dublin Petty soon acquired an extensive medical practice which he made about £400, a year, beyond his regular salary as a government officer. Two years after his arrival he began to direct his attention to the manner in which the survey of the forfeited lands was being executed. Perceiving the errors and defects of Worsley's plans, he expected that by expediting the work and performing it in a more judicious manner he should receive just compensation as well as "monumental thanks," and also "by attempting new discoveries, to have stretched his own capacities and intellect ; which (like leather on a last) is not only formed and adapted, but much extended by such employments." And he added, " continues Petty, " hereby to enlarge my trade of knowledge from bodies to minds, from the motions of the one to the manners of the other ; thereby to have understood nature as well as fermentations, and consequently to have nature as pleasant a companion to my ingenious friends, as if nature's intermission from physic had never been."

Being convinced many "sober and judicious persons" of the necessity and utility to accomplish the survey of the forfeited lands in a comparatively short period, he obtained an order to

be heard before a Committee to whom he submitted his proposals.

"Dr. Petty's offer was £6 per 1000 acres. The payment of £3, with one penny an acre from the army, or £4 3s. 4d., per 1000 acres, making up £7 3s. 4d. per 1000 acres, was the payment afterwards recommended, and finally contracted for, with the Doctor, in regard to the forfeited profitable lands. The Church and Crown lands subsequently thrown in, from which there was no such contribution, were to be surveyed for £3 the 1000, as were also the unprofitable lands. A set of barony and county maps, for which he was to receive one thousand pounds, was also to be made, the more full details of which several works will be subsequently found in the articles of agreement.—That he might not appear to supplant the former surveyors, or deprive them of their reward, he consented to pay them for all they had done, so far as he could make use of the same, and to execute the whole work for £30,000, or £6 per 1000 acres, thus appearing to estimate the probable amount of forfeited land at five millions of acres. The boldness with which he undertook to bind himself, by pecuniary responsibility, to perform this immense work in thirteen months, may well have startled, 'gravelled' as he calls it, all opponents. It would have been the extreme of rashness in an ordinary man, but was doubtless justified by that self-dependence and confidence which such a man as Dr. Petty well might feel in himself and his own powers. He had discovered the great principle of division of labour. The mind was yet young, which in later life produced the Political Arithmetic, Political Anatomy, and other works of the like nature, making him almost the founder of what we now call political economy."

After "the greatest labour and discussion" the particulars of the contract were finally agreed to by the State, on the eleventh of December 1654, and on the same day it was resolved at a Council of war, that the army should contribute one penny per acre, one third of which was to be paid forthwith, the remainder after the survey should be completed and possession given. The articles of agreement, nineteen in number, ratified on the 25th December, were in accordance with Petty's proposals:—

"They enjoin a survey of all forfeited lands in the ten half-counties mentioned in the Act of the 26th of September, 1653, for the satisfaction of the adventurers and soldiers, viz. :—Limerick, Tipperary, and Waterford, the King's and Queen's Counties, Meath, Westmeath, Down, Antrim, and Armagh; also within the counties of Wexford, Wicklow, Kilkenny, Kerry, Longford, Cork, Kildare, Tyrone, Londonderry, and Donegal, 'which shall be set out as satisfaction for the arrears' of the soldiers; also, 'all forfeited, not yet disposed of or set out' in Dublin, Carlow, and the remaining part

rk; and of all Church lands and Crown lands. In explanation of these clauses it is necessary to mention, by reference to the Act quoted, that at the breaking out of the rebellion in 1641, and by the Parliament of Charles I. (17 Car. I.) declared the lands of the rebels forfeited, and called for contributions in money from persons willing to assist in quelling the rebellion, such contributions to be secured on the lands forfeited, at a certain rate, viz. :—

1000 acres in Leinster for £600

„ Munster for £450

„ Ulster for £200

For the redemption of this, after the rebellion was finally quelled, the Council of State, on the 1st of June, 1653, appointed a commission, was to sit at Grocer's Hall in London for this purpose, as to the money so advanced by the 'adventurers;' and another Commission, on the 22nd of the same month, to the Lord Fleetwood and others, in Dublin for the same purpose, as related to the army, which was to be paid its arrears in land. Of the latter there were three classes of claimants: those who had served since 1649; those who had also served before that time; those who had been already discharged and settled on lands; the widows, maimed and wounded soldiers, and some others. For these purposes, by the Act of 26th November, 1653, the forfeited lands in the ten counties first mentioned were set apart: one moiety for the adventurers, the other for the soldiers. If these proved insufficient, the county of Louth, with the exception of one barony (Ardee), was to be included; also the whole of the coast in Connaught, beginning from Sligo, within the limits of the sea and the western bank of the Shannon;—the lands of 'planted' persons, who, from the other provinces, were removed to Connaught, being excluded from that belt, and confined to the lands;—and finally, if these proved insufficient, all other forfeited lands were to be made available for these and the various other claims and debts, with certain precautions and reservations. This, in addition of the Church and Crown lands, and subtracting the adventurers' moiety of the forfeited lands, led to the long Survey, which embraced in the Down Survey, which ultimately covered the greater part of twenty-nine counties.

These, when profitable, were to be surveyed, showing the townlands and enominations known in the several counties, as plough lands, woods, &c. When unprofitable, less rigour was exacted, and by the 11th article the Doctor was to survey and protract separately the maps of all the baronies within the before-mentioned counties: perfect and exact maps may be had for publique use of each barony or countyes aforesaid.' These conditions were successful. The townland boundaries were then, as now, general boundaries of properties, therefore of forfeitures, and freehold grants; by which separate measurements for those purposes were rendered unnecessary, and the whole furnished material for a general map."

These arrangements having been completed, Petty bound himself to execute the survey at less than half the rate then

paid by the State, and to conclude in thirteen months the work which could not have been finished in less than seven years according to Worsley's system. "Of this earlier work, the Grosse Survey, only a few fragments remain, and they are confined to the terriers or lists of lands, with brief descriptions. The maps, if any were completed, are wholly lost." It was specially agreed by the Council that the Doctor should be allowed to avail himself of that portion of the survey made under the Earl of Strafford which contained the County of Tipperary, and which, according to Major Larcom, who has furnished us with a specimen of it, "would appear to have been made with great care, and to have been by far the most valuable work of that nature which had then been performed in Ireland. On that account the destruction of the maps and books was a serious loss, as, in consequence of Connaught having been originally excepted from Dr. Petty's work, it was the only detailed survey existing of that province." Petty, however, estimates his profit by the use of the Strafford survey, as not exceeding one hundred pounds, and we shall hereafter see that he was absurdly charged with making immense gains by giving a duplicate of that work. The details of the Down Survey will be best explained by the following paper written by our author, and entitled "A brief accompt of the most materiall passages relatinge to the Survey managed by Doctor Petty in Ireland, anno 1655 and 1656," printed for the first time in the work before us from a manuscript in the Record Branch of the Office of the Paymaster of Civil Services in Ireland:—

"Baronies in Irland are of various extents, vizt., some but 8000 acres, and some 160,000 acres. The first survey or old measurement was performed by measuringe whole baronies in one surround, or perimeter, and payinge for the same after the rate of 40s. for every thousand acres containyd within such surround; whereby it followed that the surveyors were most unequally rewarded for the same worke, vizt., he that measured the barrony of 160,000 acres did gaine neere five tymes as much per diem as he that measured that of 8000 acres. Besides, whereas 40s. were given for measuringe 1000 acres, in that way 5s. was too much, that is to say, at 5s. per 1000 a surveyor might have earned above 20s. per diem cleare, whereas 10s. is esteemed, especially in long employments, a competent allowance. The error of this way beinge discerned, the same undertakers order, that instead of measuringe entire baronies as before, that scopes of forfeited profitable lands should bee measured under one surround, bee the same great or small, or wheather such scopes

sted of many or few ffarme lands, townelands, ploughlands, or denominations usuall in each respective county or barrony. for this kind of worke the surveyor was to have 45s. for every land and acres, abatinge proportionably for such parcell, either of profitable or forfeited land as should happen to be surrounded in any greater scoope. Now this latter way, besides the inconveniences above mentioned, laboured with this other and greater, that by how much the measurer's paynes and worke was greater, so much his wages and allowance was lesse, soe as noe surveyor forsee wheather hee should be able to performe his respective takinge at the rate above said, or that hee should not gaine instantly by it. Hereupon Dr. Petty propounded that the whole should be measured both accordinge to its civill bounds, vizt., townes, parishes, townelands, ploughlands, ballyboes, &c., and by its naturall boundings by rivers, ridges of mountaines, s, loughes, boggs, &c., as answeringe not onely the very ends of sendinge the adventurers and souldiers then in view, but all such future ends whatsoever as are usually expected from any survey.

The objection was, that the same would not be don under y yeares tyme, and the settlement must be so long retarded. It answered, that security should be given for performinge the same in thirteen months, provided the allowance might be somewhat ordinary. Hereuppon the army agree to give out of theire purses soe much as should be requisite over and above what the councill were limitted unto by theire superiours.

This undertaking extended onely to the provinces of Ulster, Connaught, and Munster (that of Connaght beinge reserved for the Kinge), nor unto all the lands in the said three provinces, although the same labour and method would have effected the whole, and as well as what was. Now the method and order used by the Dr. Petty in this vast work was as followeth, viz: Whereas surveyors of land are commonly persons of gentile and liberall education, their practise esteemed a mistery and intricate matter, farr exceedinge the most part of mechanicall trades, and withall, the makinge of their instruments is a matter of much art and nicety, informed with that truth and beauty as is usuall and requisite. Dr. Petty, consideringe the vastnesse of the worke, thought of dividinge both the art of makeinge instruments, as also that of usinge them into many partes, vizt., one man made onely measuringe lines, vizt., a wire maker; another magneticall needles, with their boxes, vizt., a watchmaker; another turned the boxes out of wood, vizt., a turner; another the heads of the instrument playes, vizt., a carpenter; another, the stands or leggs, a pipe maker; another all the small worke, vizt., a foundry; another workman, of a more versatile hand and hand, touches the needles, adjusts the sights and cards, and laptates every piece to each other. In the meane tyme scales, sectors, and compasse-cards, beinge matters of accurate division, prepared by the ablest artists of London. Whithir also was sent a magazyin of royall paper, mouth glew, colours, pencills, &c. In the same tyme, a perfect form of a ffieild booke havinge bin concluded on, uniforme bookes for all the surveyors were ruled

and fitted accordinge to it, and moreover large sheetes of paper, of perhaps five or six ffoote square, were glewed together, and divided throughout into areas of ten acres each, accordinge to a scale of forty Irish perches to an inch, and other single sheets (by a particular way of printinge dry, in order to prevent the uncertaynties of shrinkinge in the paper) were lined out into single acres. Duringe the same tyme, alsoe, portable tables, boxes, rulers, and all other necessaryes, as alsoe small Ffrench tents, were provided to enable the measurers to doe any buisnesse without house or harbour, it beinge expected that into such wasted countreyes they must at some tymes come.

Duringe the same tyme, alsoe, books were preparinge of all the lands' names to be measured, and of theire ould proprietors, and guesse-plotts made of most of them, whereby not onely to direct the measurers where to beginne, and how to proceed, &c., but also to enable Petty himself how to apportion into each measure such scope of land to worke uppon, as hee might be able to finish within any assigned tyme.

At the same tyme care was taken to know who were the ablest in each barony and parish to shew the true bounds and meares of every denomination, what convenient quarters and harbors there were in each, and what garrisons did everywhere lye most conveniently for theire defence, and to furnish them with guards, and with all who were men of credit and trade in each quarter, fitt to correspond with for furnishinge money by bills of exchange and otherwise; and, lastly, who were men of sobriety and good affection, to have an eye privately over the carriage and diligence of each surveyor in his respective undertaking. Another person is appoynted to sollicite under offices for money, and to receive it from several publike and private persons, uppon whome each summe was assigned by the publike Treasurer. The same also paid bills upon stated accompts, drew bills of exchange into the country, &c., as also attended the course of coynes, which often rose and fell in that tyme; and was to beware of adulterate and light pieces, then and there very rife. But the principall division of this whole worke was to enable certayne persons, such as were able to endure travaille, ill lodginge and dyett, as alsoe heates and colds, being also men of activitie, that could leape a hedge and ditch, and could alsoe ruffle with the severall rude persons in the country, from whom they might expect to be often crossed and opposed. (The which qualifications happened to be found among severall of the ordinary shouldiers, many of whom, havinge bin bread to trades, could write and read sufficiently for the purpose intended.) Such, therefore (if they were but headfull and steddly minded, though not of the nimblest witts), were taught, while the other things aforementioned were in doinge, how to make use of their instruments, in order to take the bearinge of any line, and alsoe how to handle the chains, especially in the case of risinge or fallinge grounds; as also how to make severall markes with a spade, whereby to distinguish the various breakings and abutments which they were to take notice of; and to choose the most convenient stations or place for observations, as well in order to dispatch as cer-

ty. And lastly, they were instructed, per autopsiam, how to e of the values of lands, in reference to its beare qualities, and rding to the rules and opinions then currant, to distinguish the table from such as was to be thrown in over and above, and not for at all. Another sort of men, especially such as had beene of s into which payntinge, drawinge, or any other kind or desig- is necessary, were instructed in the art of protractinge, that is, awinge a modell or plott of the lands admeasured, accordinge cale of 40 perches to the inch, accordinge to the length and nge of every side transmitted unto the said protractors in the bookes of the measurers last above described; the which pro- ons were made uppon the papers aforementioned, which were ed out into areas, some of 10, some of single acres. These men, metimes others of smaller abilities, were employed to count any of the said greater or lesser intire areas were compre- d within every surround. And withall into how many intire the broken skirtinge reduced from decimal parts did amount which worke was soe very easie, that it was as hard to ce, as easie to discover and amend it, and infinitely more is to examination and free from error, than the usuall of reduceinge the whole surround into triangles was, educing the content from laborious prostapheresis of them. ext worke was reduceinge barrony plotts, which, accordinge to ale of 40 perches to the inch, were sometymes 8 or 10 foot , or thereabouts, within the compasse of a sheet of a royal whether the scale happened to be greater or less, soe as all rony plotts, being reduced to one size, might be bound up er into uniforme bookes, accordinge to the countyes or pro- unto which they belonge. These reducements were made by agrames, of which were made greater numbers, greater variety, larger dimensions, than perhaps was ever yet seene upon any occasion. Some hands that were imployed in the said re- ents did, for the most parte, performe the colouringe and ornament of the worke. Over and above all these, a few of st nasute and sagacious persons, such as were skilled in all tes, practices, and frauds, appartayninge unto this worke, or nto it was obnoxious, did in the first place view the measurers ookes, and thereby the same critickes as artists discerne orig- from coppies in paintinge, and truely antique medalls from are counterfeit, did endeavour to discover any falsification ght be prejudiciall to the service. The same men alsoe repro- the protractions above mentioned, compared the comon lines al men's worke, examined wheather any of the grounds given ge to be admeasured were omitted; and, lastly, did cast up every the measurers workes into linary contents, accordinge h the said Petty paid his workmen, although he himselfe id by the superficial content, or number of acres, which the ve admeasurements did conteyne; the which course of pay- : tooke to take away all byas from his under measurers to nprofitable for profitable, or vice versa, he himselfe havinge , in an ensnaringe contract, begetinge suspicions of those inst him, inasmuch as he was paid more for profitable than un-

profitable land ; for some parcells of unprofitable receivinge nothinge at all. Ffor this end he paid his under-surveyors by the lineary content of theire worke as aforesaid, though some suspect he rather did it to obscure his gaine, as well from those that employed him as those others whom himself employed, and withall, by removeinge the old surveyors from of theire old principles, and confoundinge them with new, to make them more amenable to his purposes. The quantitie of line which was measured by the chaine and needle beinge reduced into English miles was enough to have encompassed the world neere five tymes about."

Many obstacles impeded the completion of the survey; Petty was at first prohibited to employ scholars of Trinity College, soldiers, or Irish Papists, although it was absolutely necessary that the latter should be engaged at least to show the boundaries and meares. The greater part of the men employed were inexperienced and dishonest ; although each of the instruments was guarded by seven soldiers and a corporal they were frequently carried away by the "Tories ;" a large portion of the payment made to him by the state was in base coin ; and, to increase his difficulties, the weather at the commencement of the survey was wet and inclement. His indomitable energy and assiduity, nevertheless, enabled him to complete the contract, as stipulated, within thirteen months, and "with such exactness, that there was no estate, though but of 60%. a year, which was not distinctly marked in its true value, maps being likewise made of the whole performance." He however experienced much difficulty and vexatious procrastination before he was able to obtain a release of his sureties from the State. At length, on the 24th of June, 1657, the Doctor delivered into the Exchequer "all books, with the respective mapps, well drawne and adorned, being duly engrossed, bound up, and distinguished, placed in a noble depository of carved worke." On the 18th of December following he was, by an order in Council of that date, "fully discharged." He next became one of the Commissioners for the distribution of the forfeited lands ; an office of the greatest labor and difficulty, owing to the irregularity of the early proceedings, the judgments of the Court of Claims, and the disputes among the military. Of this distribution we possess but a meagre account, its full details would, as Dr. Petty tells us, require a separate treatise. "In truth," observes Major Larcom, "it is difficult to imagine a work more full of perplexity and uncertainty than to locate 32,000 officers, soldiers, and followers, with adventurers,

ers, and creditors of every kind and class, having different uncertain claims on lands of different and uncertain value, detached parcels sprinkled over two-thirds of the surface of the land. Nor, as he subsequently experienced, a task more distressing in the eyes of the contemporary million. It was for comfort that he obtained and kept the good opinion of those who were unprejudiced and impartial." Much surprise had been expressed at Petty's not having invested any of his money in the country in which it had been acquired, and sinister motives were supposed to actuate him in this course, although, he told us himself, his real object was, to keep himself "free and clear from all kind of partiality and injustice."

By silence malicious aspersions, and being desirous to be "really a benefactor to the same land whereon God had already blessed his endeavours," he determined to purchase estates, but finding them "scarce and deere" he petitioned the Council for the satisfaction of the arrears due to him for services by a certain quantity of land, as well as for permission to purchase mortgages, no person connected with the survey being allowed to engage in that traffic. His claims having been fully investigated, the Commissioners granted this request and set out to him nearly nineteen thousand acres of valuable land in part payment of his demands.

He may, perhaps, be regretted that he should have dealt in lands while he was himself a commissioner for distributing them. It would now be the feeling of a public officer, and such was his feeling, having long 'forborne out of tenderness to deale in land adventures, till the whole army was satisfied.' But it does not seem that he sought the office, and it would have been unreasonable to suppose that he should on that account have altogether abstained from purchasing land, or from obtaining that mode of payment, when it seemed probable even that means might fail, from the number of unknown of other kinds which were coming in; so many, that he states himself doubtful whether there would be enough land to satisfy them, and it is to be remembered, that although the Act prohibited persons employed in connection with it, from dealing in land without the special consent of the council, it allowed public salaries and debts to be paid wholly or in part in land, and that such was the practice. The names of his immediate coadjutors, Gookin, Symner, Worsley, nay, every name which appears in this history, appears also in the books of distribution as a possessor of land. Having forborne so long, appears the only peculiarity in that respect, except, indeed, the peculiar knowledge and ability which he brought to bear upon the subject, when once he had entered upon it. It is clear, however, that he had actually invested £7469, either his

own or admittedly due to him, viz., £3181, army debt, and £1000, debentures therewith, £1263 in redemption of mortgages, and £2025 for labours of distribution, for which 18,482 acres had been set out to him at the usual rates. The additional sum, stated to be above £3000, arising from comparing what he had, with what he might have had if his employment had not precluded him from dealing in the ordinary way, does not appear to have been then satisfied. There can be no doubt he considered it fairly due, especially in the absence of specific remuneration for his employment as commissioner of distribution, nor any that his extraordinary labours were not on the whole over-requited, compared with many around him, as it can scarcely be doubted that but for his survey and subsequent operations, the lands would not have been surveyed or set out before the Restoration. But neither is it to be wondered at, that to persons not conversant with the circumstances, nor acquainted with the peculiarities of his case, it might have appeared extreme and irregular. For example, the £3181 was indemnified fully in land, but it appeared to represent only £614 of real debt, and the 9665 acres given in requital for the £3181 and £1000 debentures, would seem conveyed for the £1000 only; the 3000 acres of redeemed land, also, would appear conveyed for half-a-crown, yet in both cases the full amount was paid, and the smaller sums merely satisfied the technicalities of title."

The Distribution of the lands in which Petty took the chief part, was necessarily attended with much dissatisfaction to all parties; and reports injurious to his reputation were soon circulated by interested parties, although in his attempts to keep himself clear of all suspicion of corruption he "declined bribes or gratuities, always refused even presents of eatables and drinkables, yea, forbore to take fees as a physician, for fear they might be intended to bias his actings, in any other trusts and capacities." His intimacy with Henry Cromwell, to whom he was appointed Secretary, his situation as Clerk of the Council, and general success in all his undertakings, procured him many enemies, especially among the Anabaptists, then a powerful body in the army, who, unable to discover his true religious tenets, which the Doctor always kept carefully concealed, accused him alternately of being a Jesuit, a Socinian, and an Atheist. An attempt was accordingly made to effect the ruin of Petty, and large numbers of dissatisfied men were found to join in persecuting one who by his genius and unceasing application had totally eclipsed them in the eyes of the world. The ringleaders of these malcontents were Worsley the Surveyor General, superseded by Petty, and Sir Hierom or Jerom Sankey, a fanatical Anabaptist, who was in the habit

aching at Dublin, "when also several officers who had always favourites to the governments, and had mighty is to back them, saw there was a design of profit which selves had missed; and when some of the soldiers re- g upon their long services in the army, hard duties, their ls and maims, considered they had not made near the advantage which a stranger, sedentary scholar, and a very man, was like to make even by a slight: and lastly," ues the Doctor, "when those that called themselves the rveyors, were unmasked and the whole world let to see, hat those formal Gloriosos cried up for a mystery, was g beyond the reach of a mean capacity, within a few s time: Then all those several persons set themselves ow blocks in my way, and to hang clogs at my heels, oy to make my merits and fortunes no more considerable eir own."

thus humorously describes his situation at this period:—

for the Dr. himselfe, he became to bee esteemed the —, angell of the nation; and although God enabled him to himselfe before the Councill and all other authorities, as any other particular persons who was but curiouse enough stand the reason of his actings, yet all he did it was still bee but delusion, and casting a mist before the eyes of men with. Yea, though it was his vanity to carry all things with nd impartially, yet the contrary was still imputed unto him, ough his greatest adversaries could never procure him a from his superiours, nor could hinder his masters, who had faithfull in small matters, to sett him over greater, nor to him with the adventurers and disbanded mens survey, even he had been excessively railed att for what he had imme- one before of that nature, inserting him allsoe in all com- relating to distribution of lands. Nor did the then Lord at (then whome no man knew him better) frighted for owning his secretary, as to his bussiness of nearest concernment. Nor Councill soe convinced of his unworthinesse as to refuse his s clerke to their table; for these two honors did God add , even when the cry of his adversaries was loudest, the he did not seeke as shelters to his crimes, soe he did not lly appeare in them, to avoyd the ostentation which usually om such advancements. The access of this new and more le trusts did but quench his fires with oyle, and provoked ouse adversaries to thinke of hewing downe the tree upon ereoff he stood, so as by multiplying their surmises and cla- ee became the Robin Goodfellow and Oberon of the country; retofore domestique servants in the country did sett on pinion of Robin Goodfellow and the faeries, that when them-

selves had stolen junketts, they might accuse Robin Goodfellow for itt; and when themselves had been revelling at unseasonable houres of the night, they might say the fairies danced; and when, by wrapping themselves in white sheetes, they might goe any whither without opposition, uppon the accompt of being ghosts and walking spiritts; in the same manner severall of the agents of the army, when they could not give a good accompt to those that entrusted them, to say Dr. Petty was the cause of the miscarriage was a ready and credible excuse. If the agent would goe from his countrey quarters to Dublin on free cost, the souldiers must contribute towards it, uppon the accompt of getting justice from Dr. Petty. If the poor souldiers would have their lands sett out before necessity compells them to sell, it was but saying Dr. Petty would not send a surveyor. If the surveyor doe not lay the house and orchard on the right side, the party disappointed need but say Dr. Petty employes insufficient instruments. When one party hath by good cheare and gratuity byassed a poor fellow, it was good ground for the other to say that Dr. Petty employes such as takes bribes, and perhapps shares with them; there being persons who have shown a poor souldier a bogg or other course land, telling him that was his lott sett out by Dr. Petty, to the end they might have the good land, which really was the poor man's, att the price of the bogg. If a piece of land better than our owne, through an accident, happen to be undisposed of, then our owne is cryed out uppon as incumbred, and Dr. Petty a villaine if hee doe not help cozen the State to exchange itt. If wee have undersett our land, then a Protestant claimes it, and soe wee become free to have other lands whereuppon to make a wiser bargain. If wee would have a good large quota or proportion of our debt satisfied in Leinster and Ulster, then Kerrey, being the refuse county of Munster, is all good land. If the Munster lott would be rid of Kerrey, they cry up the neating and withdrawing of dubiouse lands for a divine invention; to others, an abominable project. If the Commissioners are sparing to show their mapps, to prevent projecting and contriving uppon them, then Dr. Petty keepes all in the darke. If wee doe not observe what every juncto or faction directs, how contradictory or unintelligible soever, Dr. Petty transgresses the Committee's orders; if wee fall uppon course land, better being behind us, Dr. Petty hath overcharged the lott, and stuff in his owne friends; if better lands bee before us, then debentures were not equally fixed. When Dr. Petty minds the agents of their poore brethren, who served before 1649, and were disbanded in 1653, itt is said that this advertisement is like Judas his proposing to have the box of ointment sold for one hundred pence, and given to the poore. When loose debentures swarme up and downe, Dr. Petty is suspected of buying them at under rates, and hath been searcht like a theife with a constable; but noe body observes the agents breaking up the officers seale, and thereby introducing this danger. When the lyst or string of disposeable lands was made and presented to the agents, they would for greedinesse acquiesce in any thing; but when the lotts fell out amisse, Dr. Petty juggled. Whilst Dr. Petty forbore, out of tenderness, to deale in lands or debentures untill the

army was satisfied, then it was said he would not engage in
nds of Ireland, but, having gotten his money, would run away;
hen he had layd out his estate in land, he became soe wicked as
bee worthy to stay in the nation."

s enemies still continued actively plotting his ruin,
among "a thousand stratagems to undoe him," not the
ingenious was their design, "as a pretended favour, to
him the command of a troope of horse, believing that,
noe souldier, he should soon fall into some miscar-
for which they would disgrace or punish him at a court
all of their own packing."

ile engaged with the Committee of distribution at Lon-
lative to revising the allotments of the lands to adven-
he was recalled to Ireland to answer the charges brought
him in an anonymous letter which came into the hands
Lord Lieutenant. To inquire into the truth of the
ion, the State appointed a Committee of seven officers,
by our author "seaven purging pills guilded by the
ll's approbation." It was now reported at London
e Lord Deputy having discovered Petty's crimes had de-
him up to justice, that Sir Anthony Morgan, his
friend, had deserted him, that "his lands were sequestred,
ly and papers sealed up, and, in fine, that the Doctor
never more be seen in Ireland."

news in Ireland was of the same nature, though not in the
gree, because men by their owne eyes could see falshood in
rticulars of what was told in England; but what the news
s to horror in Ireland, it had in extent, for there was noe
did not talke thereof, nor any table nor taverne unprovided
me to discourse upon for many days together; upon all
e adventurers who wrought the letter of the 17th of Sep-
before recited, and engaged for such a reward for the Dra.
o them, as whereby hee might have gained near 2000.li,
eeding cold and suspiciouse; his tenants grew delatory
f excuses as to the payment of their rent; himselfe was
ed from improving his estate, and from accepting of such
as tended to his honourable and happier settlement in the
The aforementioned assembly of justiciary officers, after
uch spleene, and through their passions letting the world
eepe into but pore and gaze upon the common intention,
he less noble and wise of those officers, propounded the
papers, hanging of padlocks, diving into intentions by fetch-
wast papers back from the dunghill, and seeking for pre-
lraughts under the bottome of tarts,, &c. Whilst some,
and moderate, withdrew from these actings, others were

friendly and courageous, declared against this fury; others were crafty, not less malicious, laboured to sugar the poison; whilst others of all sorts ran with the multitude."

Having arrived in Dublin and ascertained the particulars of the accusations, he set to work actively to vindicate himself, and among other matters petitioned the Lord Lieutenant and Council "That all proceedings, since the 1st of December last untill your Lordships sentence hereupon, may be published in print, and that some indifferent notary bee forthwith appointed to that purpose; and that your Lordships would consider that without this, these proceedings, which may be a ruine to your petitioner, will be but sport to his adversaries, allthough they miscarry, they staking nothing to your petitioner's whole estate and reputation." All preparations having been made on both sides, Thursday, the seventh of April 1659 was finally fixed for the hearing of the case before the Council; however, on Sunday, the third of April, Dr. Petty received an order from the Speaker to attend in his place the English House of Parliament to answer the "articles of misdemeanours and breach of trust" exhibited against him by Sir Jerom Sankey, who at the same time came over to Ireland to seek evidence for his "wild assertions."

"These things being att this pass, the said seaven officers, supposing that, in the Drs. being thus sent for, his Excellency himselfe was strucke att, and that hee would thinke what was done was rather in order to some great matter, which indeed was the common opinion, came to the then Lord Lieutenant protesting and calling God to witnes, that what Sankey had done was by noe advice or consent of theirs; that the Drs. oppression would be their great greife and loss, he being one without whome they could not proceed in the rest of their distribution; and their only intention was to show his Lordship such irregularities in his actings as might procure reproofe enough whereby to take of that insolency and domination wherewith he managed that affaire; and that themselves had nothing to say but what was in their exceptions exhibited to the Councill, nor would they meddle or make farther in the business. Notwithstanding all which, they mett dayly; sent up and downe to all manner of discontented persons, far and neer; used all meanes to draw out of every what he could devise to say; revived discontents in those who had cleered accompts with the Doctor some yeares before; sent for Worseley, the late Surveyor-General, his professed enemy; tampered with his servants, especially the most indigent of them; entertained lawyers; and, in fine, did whatever could be thought on, to putt weapons into the hands of this furiose knight. On the other side, the Dr. prepares himselfe

over to answer the charge, carryeth with him such letters of commendation as his good friends were pleased to load him with. He came to London the 17th of Aprill, tooke his place in the House the 19th, and on the 21st, in the morning, before he had delivered his many letters, answered, or rather spake to his charge."

His speech, as reported by himself, is temperate and modest: he recapitulates his services, asserts the integrity of his conduct, and expresses his willingness to submit all his actions to a rigid scrutiny. Sir Jerom Sankey's reply affords a curious specimen of English parliamentary eloquence—without doubt, it may be observed, served in the reduction of Drogheda, and "took a prominent part in the proceedings of the Convention during the short interval it assumed high power at the close of 1659. His name appears first of twelve who signed particular letters constituting and calling together the committee of safety; and we find him commanding the Irish regiment in Lambert's army in the North of England."

Mr. Speaker, you have heard here a long, starcht, studied speech; starcht, studied peice—Mr. Speaker, there has been a great deal of rhetorique; I say, a great deale of rhetorique. But I will charge: I will make it good, Mr. Speaker, from the front, the face, the flank, and the reare; Mr. Speaker, that I will. I do not much rhetorique, but I have my papers here; I have them here from Dublyn; here they be in my hand; I have my papers, Mr. Speaker. Here be foule things; I will prove them. I will prove them, Mr. Speaker. He says, Mr. Speaker, that he hath not taken bribes,—not bribes? O strange! Really if he hath taken bribes, then he hath taken nothing. Not bribes!—surely not his memory! I thought he would have confest that. If he hath as good a memory as he hath confidence, hee would confest. Mr. Speaker: hee must have confidence. Really, hee must, for I have foule things in these papers here. Not bribes? Mr. Speaker! Why, there was Lieut.-Collonell Fflower, Mr. Speaker, gave him a bribe. Lieut.-Collonell Fflower came to him to buy land, and the Dr. asked him what he would give him. Lieut.-Collonell Fflower said 100*li.*, but the Doctor said, sh! Fflower, that thou shalt; and soe, Mr. Speaker, Lieut.-Collonell Fflower gave him a 100*li.* a year for a bribe. In the present, now, this was a bribe: for what was it else, Mr. Speaker?

And, Mr. Speaker, there was Captain Sands, Captain Sands, for a reprizall; but, said the Doctor to him, will you give me your house, then? His house in Oxman-towne, Mr. Speaker, said Robert Meredith there. Will you give me your house, said the Dr. Now if this was not a bribe, twas a bribe. Soe Captain Sands was glad to give to the Dr. his house in Oxman-towne, that he bought of Adjutant-

Generall Allen, and to make a writing for it ; but afterwards Captain Sands would have his writeing againe, and the Doctor would not give it him ; soe they fell to struggling, and Captain Sands was glad to teare the writings all to peices. I say, Mr. Speaker, this was an inducement to a bribe ; but I have fouler things in my papers here that I brought from Dublyn ; I say, from Dublyn, Mr. Speaker. Whilst he went on at this rate, the House fell a-talking one with another, till at length one, who had some other business to move, desired that the gentleman might bring in his charge in writing ; but another answered, that the gentleman had his papers, and that all was in writing allready. Another moved he might have time allowed to understand his papers. Another, fearing when Sir Hierome had done, that something of an ill nature would bee moved, desired that Sir Hierome might proceed. This motion seemed to Sir Hierome like Assuerus holding out the golden sceptre to Esther. Whereas he suddenly rose up againe, and said :— Why, then, Mr. Speaker, there is Captaine Winkworth came with an order for the liberties of Limericke ; but the Doctor said, Captaine, will you sell ? will you sell ? Noe, said the Captain, tis the price of my blood. Then said the Doctor, tis bravely said ; why, then, my noble Captaine, the liberties of Limricke are meat for your masters, meaning the Lord Deputy. Now, Mr. Speaker, who dishonours my Lord Deputy, the Doctor or I ? In my judgement, now, the Doctor doeth. Then, Mr. Speaker, comes Licut.-Collonell Brayfield for land ; but the Doctor asked whether he would sell ? He said, No. Then said the Doctor, Litleman, Litleman, there is land for you beyond the moone. I have more yett, Mr. Speaker ; there bee fouler things yett ; this is but halfe. Hereabouts interposes another, saying, Mr. Speaker, I admire you soe much forgott your selfe as to harken to these private quarrells, and neglect the publicke. Another, who himselfe used to speak like Sir Hierome, and loved such discourse, desired the gentleman might proceed. Sir Hierome starts up then and said :— Mr. Speaker, I must speake, for I have foule things. Why, there is Balleboy, the barony of Balleboy, Mr. Speaker ; the Doctor has 7000 acres in the barony of Balleboy, that he has noe right to. And then there is the od pence, that he has taken them all to make his debt swell ; he has 18000 acres, and his debentures come to about 5000 acres. Ffor our debentures, Mr. Speaker, comes many times to five shillings two pence ; hee takes the 2d. to himselfe, and pays only 5s. Then there is another thing, Mr. Speaker, I have it here in my papers, and that is Strafford's survey ; the Doctor gives in a duplicate of Strafford's survey, which never cost him 20*li.*, and receives 1100*li.* for itt. These bee foule things. Here another moved againe, that he might put his charge in writing, and that the House might proceed to the business of the day ; which motion, the House being weary in expecting some materiall thing, was seconded, and a weeks time allowed Sir Hierome to putt his charge in writing. Upp starts Sir Hierome againe, and said, Mr. Speaker, I have but one more short motion to make, which is, that all the originall mapps and books of reference which the Dr. keepe, contrary to the Act of Parliament,

ay be brought into the Exchequer ; for those are the bookes upon which we hold our estates, those are the records ; and if we have not these, Mr. Speaker, wee may be all undone. Hereupon the Dr. answered, saying :—Mr. Speaker, the surveys upon which the soldiers deeds are and must be grounded are already delivered into the Exchequer, and are kept there as records. The papers hee mentions are certaine foule draughts of plott, signed by noe man, confused, perfect, hard to be understood, &c., which might be a distraction to the Exchequer, but are of noe use, the fair and authentique checked books which have been made out of them being in the Exchequer already. Besides, Mr. Speaker, if these papers were ever needful or due to the State, I wonder why they have not been required any time these two yeares. If the gentleman who presents them hopes to prove any of his articles by them, I am content they may be secured. Then replied some friend of Hierome's :—But, Mr. Speaker, the Act of Parliament requires them. Whereupon I answered, that the Act required only what was the king's owne to be putt into the States hands ; I desired it might be tried whose goods those bookes and mapps were ; if the States, should have them at an hours warning ; if the Dr's., they should have them of him, at a very reasonable rate. Soe then it was moved it might be left to the Lord Lieutenant and Council of Ireland, to dispose of those papers according to law, and ordered accordingly. being over, the House fell upon the militia, and the right of voting thereof, which debate was resumed in the afternoon ; but Hierome was not present, but busied about a more effectual business, which was the dissolving of the House that night, wrought by his then Highness, and the next day in effect executed."

Dr. Petty was again assailed by Sankey in the Long Parliament at its re-assembling, and a dishonourable but fruitless attempt was made to deprive him of the benefit of the Act of Indemnity, which was passing. The accusations, entitled "Articles of high misdemeanours, frauds, breach of trusts, and severall other crimes," were referred back to Ireland : "the Restoration, and the Act of Settlement, speedily followed, and we hear no more of the impeachment or misdemeanours, which, if the merits of them had not been preserved by Dr. Petty himself, probably have been long since forgotten altogether. Notwithstanding the Survey, which" as Major Larcom justly observes, "will remain one of the most remarkable undertakings of which we have any record :"—

we are not to estimate its merits as a topographical work, by the precision which has been attained in modern times, nor test it by comparison with modern surveys, but with those which had gone before it, which it immediately replaced, as well as the circumstances under which it was executed, and the short time in which the operation was performed. Before the time of Petty, except

the material compiled into the early maps of Ireland by Boazio, Ortelius, Norden, Blaeu, and others, the only detailed surveys of any magnitude were those of the King's and Queen's Counties, about 1630; the County of Londonderry, by Raven; and the Strafford Survey. Worsley was carrying on the surveys for grants and forfeitures, which have been sufficiently adverted to already as 'grosse surrounds;' but it remained for Dr. Petty, to originate the idea of connecting the separate operations, into a general survey of the three provinces, which were not comprised in the Strafford Survey. This great step was making territorial and natural boundaries the main objects, instead of estate boundaries alone; because the former were permanent and enduring, the latter in their nature fluctuating, and destined to change by the very purpose for which the Survey itself was made. The insertion which he enjoined of prominent buildings and objects, the heights of remarkable mountains, the more general information in regard to harbours, roads, and communications, were the result of the general, and, it is not too much to say, enlarged views he took of the work before him. The division of labour, first between office and field work, and then between operative and directing ability; the forethought, apparent even in the minutest particulars, mark Dr. Petty as possessing the faculty which would probably have commanded success in any undertaking or career to which he had devoted himself. That he should have ventured upon one so remote from anything to which his attention had previously been directed, may be taken as great boldness on his part, but it enhances our surprise at the success of the work. It would be no easy task in our own day, to accomplish in thirteen months, even a traverse survey in outline, of 5,000,000 acres in small divisions, and it was immeasurably greater then. But then, as now, the difficulties of the director of such an operation did not lie in the work itself. They arose from the obstructions thrown around him, by ignorance on the one hand and jealousy on the other; without any power possessing sufficient knowledge, strength, and general control, to afford protection and support. Enmity is always more active than friendship, and the few who feel or fancy themselves injured, are far more clamorous, and more heard, than the many who are honestly served and satisfied. The true appeal is to the quiet force of public opinion, as time moves on, and anger gradually subsides; and from that tribunal the award has long been favourable to the work of Dr. Petty. It stands to this day, with the accompanying books of distribution, the legal record of the title on which half the land of Ireland is held; and for the purpose to which it was and is applied, it remains sufficient. To the rapidity with which it was executed, the adventurers and soldiers are indebted for the Act of Satisfaction having been carried out. At the rate of progress of the former surveys, the distribution could not have been completed before the Restoration, when the lands would have been deemed indeed forfeited to the King, and their former proprietors deprived, but the distribution would probably have been very different. Some years afterwards, Sir William combined his maps, and engraved a county series, in the frontispiece to which, it may be observed, is the only portrait of him known to exist. This

engraving is mentioned by Walpole, but the original picture is lost. For a general map of Ireland he felt the want, either of triangulation, or latitudes and longitudes, to connect the counties and smaller divisions; and it was the end of the next century, before a map worthy to be so called, was constructed by Dr. Beaufort. The more modern labours of the Ordnance Survey are too familiar to render any notice of them here necessary, if it were not wholly out of place to speak of them in detail, and the time is, perhaps, not come for doing so with advantage. They were very similar in many respects, as well of difficulties and obstructions, as in the modes of meeting them, to the work we have been considering, after a lapse of two hundred years; but they had their origin in peace, and for their object the improvement of the country, and the adjustment of its local burthens, instead of war, confiscation, and allotment."

In 1660 Petty was appointed one of the Commissioners of the Court of Claims, and obtained from the King an order for lands to be assigned to him for his deficient debentures; while the Act of Settlement confirmed him in possession of all the lands which he had in 1659. No document is yet extant to prove that he acquired any of his property in a fraudulent manner, nor was a reply ever given to the challenge which he publicly put forward in his published defence of himself, defying any one to prove him guilty of malversation in his official capacities. After the Restoration an attempt was made by the Duke of Ormond to obtain possession of some of the Doctor's lands, but the title of the latter proved too strong even for that then all powerful nobleman. The boast which Petty is said to have made on the transaction, that his witnesses "would have sworn through a three inch board" was probably one of those sallies of raillery in which, even on the most serious occasions, he delighted to indulge, notwithstanding the frequent difficulties in which he became involved by misconceptions of the true meaning of his ill-timed wit. In his writings he has given many details respecting the manner in which his property was acquired, and he appears to have been a man who would have overcome all obstacles in pursuit of the object which he sought to attain. The following is his argument to show that he might have realized an independent fortune without having engaged in the survey or distribution of the forfeited lands:—

"In the year 1649, I proceeded doctor in physic; after the charge whereof, and my admission into the College of London, I had left about sixty pounds: from that time, till almost August 1652, by my

practice, fellowship at Gresham and at Brazen-nose College, and by my anatomy lecture at Oxford, I had made that 60*l*. to be near 500*l*. From August 1652, when I went for Ireland, to December 1654, (when I began the survey and other public entanglements) with 100*l*. advance money, and with 365*l*. per annum, of well paid salary, as also with the proceed of my practice among the chief, in the chief city of a nation, I made my said 500*l*. above 1600*l*. If these be not real truths, they are at least very probable lies, and such as very many will swear they believe. Now the interest of this 1600*l*. for a year in Ireland, could not be less than 200*l*., which with 550*l*. (for another year's salary and practice, viz., until the lands were set out in October, 1655), would have increased my said stock to 2350*l*. With 2000*l*. whereof, I could have bought 8000*l*. in debentures, which would have then purchased me about 15000 acres of land, viz. as much as I am now accused to have: These 15000 acres could not yield me less than at two shillings per acre 1500*l*. per annum, especially receiving the rents of May-day preceding. This year's rent, with 550*l*. for my salary and practice, &c. till December, 1656, would have bought me even then (debentures growing dearer) 6000*l*. in debentures, whereof the $\frac{2}{3}$ then paid, would have been 4000*l*. neat; for which I must have had almost 8000 acres more, being as much almost, as I conceive is due to me. The rent for 15000 acres, and 8000 acres for three years, could not have been less than 7000*l*., which, with the same three years salary, viz., 1650*l*., would have been near 9000*l*. Estate in money, above the above-mentioned 2500*l*. per annum in lands. The which, whether it be more or less than what I now have, I leave to all the world to examine and judge. Now, lest this should be called reckoning chickens before they be hatched, I promise at all times to present a list of forty persons whose negotiations have been *pro rata*, more profitable than what is here set forth. Besides, (without vanity, be it spoken) if universal favour with all the grandees and their ministers would have reached this profit, I was not in any danger of failing: For before I dealt in surveys, and distributions, and other disobliging trinkets, I refer you to all that know me (Annis 1652-53-54, and part of -55, and who knew the state of Ireland in those years) to give you satisfaction herein. Neither can any man alledge one cause of my coming short of the above-fancied increase; but I can find him two probabilities for my exceeding the same."

In 1661 Dr. Petty was knighted by the King, who took much delight in his conversation; and he is said also to have obtained a patent creating him Earl of Kilmore, which title he never assumed. He was elected one of the first council of the Royal Society on its foundation in 1662. In the succeeding year he signalized himself by the invention of a double bottomed ship "of exceeding use to put into shallow ports, and ride over small depths of water. It consisted of two distinct keeles cramp together with huge timbers, &c., so that a violent streame ran betweene; it bare a monstrous broad saile." After performing

several voyages in an incredibly short period this vessel, which the King named "The Experiment," was finally cast away in a storm which destroyed a large fleet of ships. Petty was one of the original members of the Irish College of physicians, founded in 1667, in which year he married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Hardress Waller, "a very beautifull and ingenious lady, browne, with glorious eies."

The following notice of him was written by one of his learned friends in 1675 :—

"The Map of Ireland made by Sir William Petty is believ'd to be the most exact that ever yet was made of any country. He did promise to publish it; and I am told it cost him near £1,000 to have it engrav'd at Amsterdam. There is not a better Latine poet living when he gives himselfe that diversion; nor is his excellence less in Council and prudent matters of state; but he is so exceeding nice in sifting and examining all possible contingencies, that he adventures at nothing which is not demonstration. There were not in ye whole world his equal for a superintendant of manufacture and improvement of trade, or to govern a plantation. If I were a Prince, I should make him my second Counsellor at least. There is nothing difficult to him. He is besides courageous, on which account I cannot but note a true storie of him, that when Sr. Aleyn Brodrick sent him a challenge upon a difference 'twixt them in Ireland, Sr. William, tho' exceedingly purblind, accepted the challenge, and it being his part to propound the weapon, desir'd his antagonist to meete him with a hatchet or axe in a dark cellar, which the other of course refused. Sir William was, with all this, facetious and of easy conversation, friendly and courteous, and had such a faculty of imitating others that he would take a text and preach, now like a grave orthodox divine, then falling into the Presbyterian way, then to the phanatical, the quaker, the monk and frier, the Popish priest, with such admirable action, and alteration of voice and tone, as it was not possible to abstain from wonder, and one would sweare to heare severall persons, or forbear to think he was not in good earnest an enthusiast and almost beside himselfe; then he would fall out of it into a serious discourse; but it was very rarely he would be prevail'd on to oblige the company with this faculty, and that only amongst most intimate friends. My Lord Duke of Ormond once obtain'd it of him, and was almost ravish'd with admiration; but by and by he fell upon a serious reprimand of the faults and miscarriages of some Princes and Governors, which tho' he named none, did so sensibly touch the Duke, who was then Lieutenant of Ireland, that he began to be very uneasy, and wish'd the spirit lay'd which he had rais'd, for he was neither able to endure such truthes, nor could he but be delighted. At last he mealtd his discourse to a ridiculous subject, and came down from the joynt stoole on which he had stood; but my lord would not have him preach any more. He never could get favour at Court, because he outwitted all the

projectors that came neere him. Having never known such another genius, I cannot but mention these particulars amongst a multitude of others which I could produce. When I who knew him in mean circumstances, have been in his splendid palace, he would himselfe be in admiration how he ariv'd at it ; nor was it his value or inclination for splendid furniture and the curiosities of the age, but his elegant lady could endure nothing meane, or that was not magnificent. He was very negligent himselfe, and rather so of his person, and of a philosophic temper. 'What a to-do is here !' he would say, 'I can lie in straw with as much satisfaction.' He is the author of the ingenious deductions from the bills of mortality, which go under the name of Mr. Graunt ; also of that useful discourse of the manufacture of wool, and several others in the register of the Royal Society. He was also author of that paraphrase on the 104th Psalm in Latin verse, which goes about in MS. and is inimitable. In a word, there is nothing impenetrable to him."

Petty engaged extensively in mining, iron founding, and pilchard fishing, in the County of Kerry, and although he was obliged to surrender a portion of his lands to such of their former occupants as were declared innocent, it was said that he could see 50,000 acres, belonging to himself, from the summit of mount Mangerton. He was one of the first presidents of the Dublin Philosophical Society, founded in 1683, and in 1685 he published his maps of Ireland, entitled "*Hiberniæ delineatio quoad hactenus licuit perfectissima*," which were issued at fifty shillings, and have frequently since produced more than ten times that price. His surveys, we are told, "as far as they go, are tolerably exact as to distances and situations, but neither the latitudes nor roads are expressed, nor is the sea coast exactly laid down ; his design being only to take an account of the forfeited lands ; many other tracts are left blank, and from such a survey his maps are formed." The remaining portion of Petty's life presents little connected with Ireland, except the production of his two well known works on the Dublin Bills of Mortality, and the "*Political Anatomy of Ireland*." His death took place in 1687, and among the various directions contained in his will, may be noticed his desire that "his daughter might marry in Ireland, desiring that such a sum as I have left her, might not be carried out of Ireland." Petty's widow was advanced to the Peerage, and his son was created Baron of Shelburne. His descendants failed in male issue, and, through the female line, the title and property of Petty's representatives came into the family of Fitz Maurice, and thence to the present Marquis of Lansdowne,

who appears to be the great-great-grandson of the author of the work before us.

Many conjectures have been hazarded relative to the origin of the title "Down Survey," which, according to Major Larcom, "was so called simply to mark its distinction from those former (the Civil and Grosse) surveys, by its topographic details being all laid down by admeasurement on maps. This is well expressed in the letter from Mr. Weale (of the department of Woods and Forests), in which he says: 'Childish as the etymon has always sounded in my ears, I am obliged to admit that the Survey obtained its name solely from the continued repetition of the expressions, 'by the survey laid down,' 'laid down by admeasurement,' in contradistinction to Worsley's surveys, the word 'Down' being so written as often as it occurs in the MS. It must be admitted,'" continues Major Larcom, "that the name would have equally applied to the Stafford Survey which it is now clear was also laid down on maps, but for the sake of contrasting Dr. Petty's work, by some distinctive cognomen, with the Civil and Grosse Surveys. It was indeed, so far as relates to the name, only carrying out the instructions given by the commissioners to the old surveys, before the Survey was undertaken as a whole by Dr. Petty, as will be seen by a paper printed in the Appendix, where they are ordered 'to sett downe certain boundaries in a 'toutch plott.' It may also be observed, that the name is still used in Ireland, among the country surveyors of the old school, for any survey laid down on a map, as distinguished from a mere list of areas, which they also call a survey."

The original Down Survey consisted of thirty-one folio volumes, containing baronial and parochial maps, the former on a scale of from one hundred and sixty to three hundred and twenty perches to an inch, and the latter varying from eighty to forty perches to the same measure; "to each parish a folio sheet was given, that the trace might be correct; also, with the content of acres, the situation of Churches, Castles, Glebes, and other ecclesiastical lands, were noted; the scales by which laid down, and bearings of the magnetic needle.* To all these were

* Major Larcom observes, that "it is worthy of notice, that about the date at which the Down Survey was performed, there was but little magnetic variation in Ireland. The needle, by computation, pointed due north in Dublin in 1657. This would not afford any peculiar facility for the survey, but might tend to prevent error, both in the field work and protraction, by careless hands."

added another folio sheet to each parish, describing its site, bounds, particular denominations, content, forfeiters' names. And in the Auditor General's books, which were transcripts of references only, without maps, the names of those Adventurers (who came over with Cromwell to settle the kingdom in 1649) to whom those forfeited lands were subsequently adjudged, and confirmed by the Act of Settlement: this is known by the title of, 'the book of distribution.'” Of these volumes of maps eleven were partly destroyed, with many other valuable documents, by an accidental fire in 1711. After the peace of 1763, Colonel Blaquiere discovered in France copies of the baronial maps of the Down Survey, which, on their way to England, had been taken by a French privateer; an application for them was made to the French ministry, and acceded to, but the maps were not given up, and it was alleged that they had been mislaid; report, however, said “that they were put into the hands of French artists, to enable them to perfect a map of Ireland therefrom, for the use of that country.” Some time after they were found in the French King's Library, by General Vallancey, and he, together with Alexander Taylor and a French engraver, were employed in Paris for two years, by the Irish Government, in copying them. In 1790, the question of making Vallancey's transcripts legal evidence, was brought before the Irish Parliament, and although agreed to by the Commons, their resolution does not appear to have been confirmed by the House of Lords. The remaining original maps of the Survey, with the copies of them from the French library, were repaired in 1814, under the superintendence of the Irish Record Commissioners, and they are now, together with other documents connected with the Down Survey,—“the legal records of the title on which half the land of Ireland is held,”—deposited in an insulated stone building in the Custom House of Dublin. The work before us is printed from a manuscript in the library of Trinity College, collated with copies in the possession of the Marquis of Lansdowne, and the Society of King's Inns, Dublin. The notes, and original documents appended, are confined to the illustration of the text, and do not extend to the distribution of the forfeited lands, on which Petty promised a separate treatise, as well as a satire on his various enemies in Ireland. To the latter he refers as follows in 1660: “There is another piece of a quite contrary nature, being indeed a satire; which though it contain little of seriousness, yet does it allow nothing of untruth; it is a gallery

wherein you will see the pictures of my chief adversaries hanged up in their proper colours ; it is intended for the honest recreation of my ingenious friends.—To prepare myself for which work, I will read over *Don Quixote* once more ; that having as good a subject of Sir Jerom (Sankey) as Michael de Cervantes had of him, something may be done not unworthy a representing next Bartholomew Fair.” Whether Petty ever executed this proposed work we have no means of determining ; if it exist in manuscript it must necessarily contain a vast amount of interesting details of contemporary manners and customs in Ireland during the Protectorate. The present work appears to have been written toward the close of the year 1659, and fully answers Petty’s description of it as “an history of the survey and distribution of the forfeited lands in Ireland, and withall a series of my own services and sufferings, with references thereunto, and to that nation ; which work consists chiefly of all Acts of Parliament, resolves of all general assemblies of the army, orders of the Council, acts of councils of war, results of committees, petitions of agents, references, reports, and accounts, &c., relating to all and singular the premises.” This volume fills a considerable blank in the history of Petty’s life as well as in the civil annals of Ireland, and cannot fail to interest as the record of the progress of an experiment carried out on an extensive scale and with complete success during the infancy of science. It were, however, to be wished that a memoir of the author had been prefixed the work, as an accurate and detailed biography of Sir William Petty is still a desideratum, and the publication of the *History of the Down Survey* afforded an opportunity for its production which may not soon again occur. On the whole, the work has been edited in a style worthy of Major Larcom whose connection with the Ordnance Survey rendered him peculiarly fitted for the task, and whose exertions to promote the cultivation of Irish literature, and to elevate the national character, by making us acquainted with our ancient historical monuments have been more than once noticed in this journal.

Few will be found in the present day to defend the atrocious spoliation and destruction perpetrated by Cromwell on the Irish adherents of Charles I., or the confirmation of the Protector’s acts, by a monarch so heavily indebted to the Irish as Charles II. The settlement of the “motley crew” of adventurers in Ireland, has exercised a marked influence on the

destinies of this country. Unlike the ancient English settlers, the mass of the Cromwellians never identified themselves with the true interests of the island. Their descendants, in general, became men, as it were, of a middle nation, exhibiting the vilest sycophancy towards the corrupt English ministers, who, in return, ruined their trade, excluded them from offices of importance in Church and State, and kept them in a condition of humiliating dependence. Under the withering influence of their ascendancy, knowledge, science, and manufactures languished, in consequence of the attempts to suppress education, and to extirpate all feelings of manly independence. The constitutional arguments of Molyneux, in favor of the ancient prerogatives of the nation, were declared rebellious; Swift's attempts to save the country from the nefarious designs of the English cabinet, and to revive her manufactures were accounted treason; while Lucas was driven into exile for asserting the principles of a free citizen. The press was fettered, the Established Church oppressed, education, at home or abroad, denied to the native population, and the Irish Roman Catholics were only to be traced through the Statute book by their blood. The example of the expatriated Irish in America, and the labors of Grattan and his associates, obtained for the country an interval of independence and unparalleled commercial progression; but, unable to contemplate the reform of a corruption which supported them, and heedless of the bright example of some of their own race, the ascendancy faction drove the nation into anarchy, and bartered her rights for a paltry stipend, at a period when they had it in their power to have made her a great and prosperous country. The completion of this suicidal compact gave a fatal, though unforeseen, blow to the power of a vicious oligarchy, the extinction of which enables us to look forward to a future unclouded by the tyranny of men who, while in power, lived on the prostitution of their country, and the oppression of their fellow-subjects, and who have not left a single noble monument, to identify themselves with Ireland, or to cause even a momentary regret at their final extirpation.

ART. II.—COCKBURN'S LIFE OF JEFFREY.

Life of Lord Jeffrey, with a Selection from his Correspondence.

By Lord Cockburn, one of the Judges of the Court of Session in Scotland. 2 vols. 8vo. A. & C. Black, Edinburgh, 1852.

"By far the most considerable change which has taken place in the world of letters, in our day,"—it is to this effect that Jeffrey writes, A.D. 1816—"is that by which the wits of Queen Anne's time have been brought down from the supremacy which they had enjoyed without competition for the best part of a century. When we were at our studies, some twenty-five years ago, we can perfectly remember that every young man was set to read Pope, Swift, and Addison, as regularly as Virgil, Cicero, and Horace. They, and their contemporaries were universally acknowledged as our great models of excellence, and placed without challenge at the head of our national literature. All this, however, is now altered. It is no longer to them that the ambitious look up with envy, or the humble with admiration. It seems to be clearly ascertained that they are declined considerably from 'the high meridian of their glory,' and may fairly be apprehended to be 'hastening to their setting.' There are but two possible solutions for phenomena of this sort. Either our taste has degenerated, or its old models have been surpassed; either the writers of the last century are too good for us, or they are not good enough. Now, we confess, we are no believers in the *permanent* corruption of national taste; on the contrary, we think that it is, of all faculties, that which is most sure to advance with time and experience; that, with the exception of those great physical or political disasters which have checked civilization itself, there has always been a sensible progress in this particular; and that the general taste of every successive generation is better than that of its predecessors. There are capricious fluctuations, no doubt, but the great movements are all progressive.

"We are of opinion, then, that the writers who adorned the beginning of the last century have been eclipsed by those of our own time. The former are sagacious, no doubt, neat, clear, and reasonable; but, for the most part, cold, timid, and

superficial. Their chief care is to be at once witty and rational, with as good a grace as possible. Their inspiration accordingly is little more than a sprightly sort of good sense. Little gleams of pleasantry, and sparkles of wit glitter through their compositions; but no glow of feeling—no blaze of imagination—no flashes of genius, ever irradiate their substance. They may pass for sensible and polite writers, but scarcely for men of genius.

“Our first literature consisted of saintly legends, and romances of chivalry, though Chaucer gave it a more national and popular character, by his original descriptions of external nature, and the familiarity and gaiety of his social humour. In the time of Elizabeth it was intrinsically romantic, serious, lofty, and enthusiastic. In the reign of James the First, our literature appears to us to have the greatest perfection to which it had yet attained; though it would probably have advanced still farther in the succeeding reign, had not the great national dissensions which then arose, turned the talent and energy of the people into other channels—first to the assertion of their civil rights, and afterwards to the discussion of their religious interests. The graces of literature suffered of course in those fierce contentions; still the period of the civil wars produced the giant powers of Taylor, and the muse of Milton. The Restoration arrived, and as all the eminent writers of the preceding period had inclined to the party that was now overthrown, and their writings had been deeply imbued with its obnoxious principles, it became profitable as well as popular to discredit the fallen party. Add to this, that there were real and serious defects in the style and manner of the former generation, and that the grace, brevity, and vivacity of that gayer manner which was now introduced from France, were not only good and captivating in themselves, but had then all the charms of novelty and contrast. But there would probably have been a revulsion towards the accustomed taste, had not the party of the innovators been reinforced. Dryden, carried by the original bent of his genius, and his familiarity with our older models, to the cultivation of our native style, was, notwithstanding, unluckily seduced by the attractions of fashion and the dazzling of the dear wit and gay rhetoric in which it delighted, to lend his powerful aid to the new movement.

“It was the unfortunate ambition of the next generation of authors to improve and perfect the new style, rather than to

return to the old one—and they did improve it. They corrected its gross indecency, increased its precision and correctness, made its pleasantry and sarcasm more polished and elegant, and spread through the whole of its irony, its narration, and reflection, a tone of clear and condensed good sense. This is the praise of Queen Anne's wits. They seem to have felt that they were born in an age of reason, rather than of feeling or fancy. They made no pretensions to the glow of enthusiastic passion, or the richness of a luxuriant imagination; but, writing with infinite good sense, and great grace and vivacity, and, above all, writing for the first time in a tone peculiar to the upper ranks of society, and upon subjects that were almost exclusively interesting to them, they naturally figured, at least while the manner was new, as the most accomplished, fashionable, and perfect writers the world had ever seen; and made the wild, luxuriant, and humble sweetness of our earlier authors appear rude and untutored in the comparison.

“The age which succeeded was still less an age of mental adventure. There never was, on the whole, a quieter time than that of the two first Georges. There was nothing to stir the minds of the people at large. They went on accordingly, minding their old business and reading their old old books. Certainly there never was so long an *interregnum* of native genius, as during about sixty years in the middle of the last century. The few sparks that appeared, too, showed that the old fire was burned out, and that the altar must hereafter be heaped with fuel of another quality. Gray had the talents rather of a critic than a poet; Akenside attempted a sort of classical and philosophical rapture; Goldsmith wrote with perfect elegance and beauty, in a style of mellow tenderness and elaborate simplicity. He had the harmony of Pope without his quaintness, and his selection of diction without his coldness and eternal vivacity; and last of all came Cowper, with a style of complete originality—and, for the first time, made it apparent to readers of all descriptions, that Pope and Addison were no longer to be the models of English poetry. In philosophy and prose writing, in general, the case was nearly parallel, till Junius and Johnson again familiarized us with more glowing and sonorous diction, and made us feel the tameness and poorness of the serious style of Addison and Swift. This brings us down,” says Jeffrey, “almost to the

present time, in which the revolution in our literature has been accelerated and confirmed by the concurrence of many causes. The agitation of the French Revolution, and the dissensions as well as the hopes and terrors to which it gave occasion."——

—But we need not follow his text farther. The purpose of the previous quotations is attained; and we have now but one immediate duty to discharge—to awaken the reader to the reflection—that, amongst "the many causes" which helped to "confirm" (and perhaps to "accelerate") the great "revolution in our literature," a foremost place must be accorded to the *Edinburgh Review*—and, that, in the conduct of that efficient organ of criticism, a foremost, indeed, *the* foremost place, must be accorded to FRANCIS JEFFREY.

It has been observed that the human mind has its seasons, like the material world. The autumn which has witnessed the successful labours of one generation, and gathered in the fruits of one age, is succeeded, it would seem, by a suspension of vegetation and a cessation of toil, during whose winter time the world subsists on the harvest of the past. But the suspension and the cessation reach their limit.

"—— The Spring
Comes forth her work of gladness to contrive;"

a new age arises to awaken the spirit of man, and another generation come forth with hopeful energy to till the fields of their fathers anew. The seed is sown, and germinates, and ripens, and winter is not eternal. Just such a time did the end of the last, and beginning of the present century disclose; and we, in these latter days, are gladdened by the splendid harvest whose beginnings were watched by other eyes, and tended by other hands than ours, who sit down gratulant "among the rigs of barley," in the full yet mellow sunlight of an advanced civilization. We have seen Jeffrey, in the passage from his works above quoted, bring down the history of our literature to that era of illumination which was inaugurated in the early years of this century; and it were needless for us to trace it farther with any degree of fulness, still less, of minuteness. Did we seek to be most truly eloquent on this theme, we might restrict ourselves, (as, in effect, we now do) to name, simply and succinctly, such men as Campbell, Rogers, Wordsworth,

Scott, Byron, Moore, Shelley, Keats, and others of that splendid throng of whom so few now remain to us :

“ Star after star decays.”

When genius walks the earth, it casts a shadow, criticism—and in that shadow Jeffrey followed the great poets, with the modest, but erect port of an esquire attendant upon his lord, inferior, but free. Accordingly, it is in his quality of critic the world has been pleased chiefly to regard him. Yet there cannot be a greater mistake than to suppose that he fulfilled no other function. On the contrary, construed *cum grano salis*, and under conditions which include a catalogue of defined and ascertained avocations, (for, in this respect, he “wears his rue with a difference,”) the celebrated lines of Dryden are not inapplicable to the subject of our notice :

“ A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.”

It was his happy destiny to cultivate assiduously the powers of an acute intellect, and the feelings of a large and true heart, through the various phases of a career which alternately presented him to the world as a writer, an advocate, a senator, and judge—for all these functions did Jeffrey fulfil. Literature boasts of many prouder names, the bar has been illustrated by more profound acquirements and more vivid eloquence, Parliament has been informed by higher wisdom than fell to his lot, and the bench dignified by greater knowledge than he could claim—but, for the happy union of those various qualifications, (notwithstanding that each of them was manifested in a less degree of intensity in him than in others), vivified by sterling worth of character and warm affections, the subject of this memoir was eminently distinguished through different periods of a whole half century. With pen and tongue, with head and heart, he fought the good fight, a true soldier of our civilization, patient, vigilant, courageous, and victorious.

FRANCIS JEFFREY was born at Edinburgh in the year 1773. “His father was George Jeffrey, who was bred to the law, and became one of the Depute-Clerks in the Supreme Court, not a high, but a very respectable situation.” Though his boyhood passed “without,” says Lord Cockburn, “being

marked by any of those early achievements or indications which biography is so apt to detect, or to invent, in the dawnings of those who have risen to eminence," yet, that transition period of life which intervenes between boyhood and manhood—and which is described by a well-known word, notoriously dissonant to the ears of "young gentlemen"—was marked in Jeffrey's instance by a sinister precocity in ambition, in fancy, in perception, in general intellectual power. The Rev. Doctor Macfarlane, now principal of the College of Glasgow, and a quondam fellow-student of Jeffrey's, informs us that the latter "broke upon us"—that is, his contemporaries—"very brilliantly. In a debating society called the Historical and Critical, he distinguished himself as one of the most acute and fluent speakers, his favorite subjects being criticism and metaphysics." And the vanity and precocity of the following letter to one of his first preceptors, Dr. Adam, (author of the *Roman Antiquities*), were it now written by any boy of fifteen of our acquaintance, would make us tremble for the youth's future respectability, whether of intellect or of character. Yet Jeffrey was but *fifteen* when he penned it, and his respectability, whether for character or for intellect, did but increase thenceforward, during every year of his honorable, useful, and brilliant career. Nothing in this sinister production the evidence of what he was at fifteen, and remembering, nevertheless, that he did *not* subsequently become either a puppy, an adventurer, or a fool, we are tempted to ascribe his redemption from the devil of conceit and presumption to a special interposition of the divine mercy in behalf of the pitiable boy whose youth was not that of the young; and the truth announced by the great Dramatist rises before us, less in the graceful attire of a subtle and profound poetical philosophy, than in the simple garb of inspired prophecy—

"There is a Providence that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."

Here is the letter we have referred to.

JEFFREY TO DR. ADAM.

"Dear Sir, I do not question that you will be surprised at the freedom of this uninvited intrusion; and when I tell you (by way of

apology) that for these some weeks I have been impelled to the deed by the impulse of some internal agent, I question if your surprise will be diminished. As a student of philosophy I thought myself bound to withstand the temptation, and as an adept in logic, to analyse the source of its effects. Both attempts have been equally unsuccessful. I have neither been able to resist the inclination, nor to discover its source. My great affection for the study of mind led me a weary way before I abandoned this attempt; nor did I leave the track of enquiry till I thought I had discovered that it proceeded from some emotion in the powers of the will rather than of the intellect. My epistolary communications have hitherto been confined to those whom I could treat with all the familiarity of the most perfect equality, and whose experience or attainments I was not accustomed to consider as superior to my own. This, I think, will account and apologise for any peculiarity you may discern in my style. I think it superfluous to assure you, that whatever appearance of levity or petulance *that* may bear, the slightest, the most distant, shadow of disrespect was never intended. When I recollect the mass of instruction I have received from your care—when I consider the excellent principles it was calculated to convey—when I contemplate the perspicuous, attentive, and dispassionate mode of conveyance—and, when I experience the advantages and benefits of all these, I cannot refrain the gratification of a finer feeling in the acknowledgment of my obligations. I am sufficiently sensible that these are hackneyed and cant phrases; but, as they express the sentiments of my soul, I think they must be tolerated. If you ever find leisure to notice this, I shall esteem your answer as a particular honour; and that you may more easily accomplish that, I inform you that I lodge at Mr. Milne's, Montrose Lodgings. So—this is an introductory letter! It wants indeed the formality of such a performance; but the absence of that requisite may for once be supplied by the *sincerity* with which I assure you I am, dear sir, yours, &c. &c., F. JEFFREY."

But if Jeffrey possessed his share of the pedantry of youth, it was creditably counterbalanced, and finally effaced, by a well-directed diligence which seldom survives precocity, and which constituted through life the foundation of his success. The shingly stratum of vain pedantry disappeared in time, and came to be overlaid by a soil of no ordinary depth and fertility.

"If there be any thing valuable in the history of his progress, it seems to consist chiefly in the example of meritorious labour which his case exhibits to young men, even of the highest talent. If he had chosen to be idle, no youth would have had a stronger temptation or a better excuse for that habit; because his natural vigour made it easy for him to accomplish far more than his prescribed

tasks respectably, without much trouble, and with the additional applause of doing them off hand. But his early passion for distinction was never separated from the conviction, that in order to obtain it, he must work for it.

"Accordingly, from his very boyhood, he was not only a diligent, but a very systematic student; and in particular, he got very early into the invaluable habit of accompanying all his pursuits by collateral composition; never for the sake of display, but solely for his own culture. The steadiness with which this almost daily practice was adhered to, would be sufficiently attested by the mass of his writings which happens to be preserved; though these be obviously only small portions of what he must have executed. There are notes of lectures, essays, translations, abridgements, speeches, criticisms, tales, poems, &c.; not one of them done from accidental or momentary impulse, but all wrought out by perseverance and forethought, with a view to his own improvement. And it is now interesting to observe how very soon he fell into that line of criticism which afterwards was the business of his life. Nearly the whole of his early original prose writings are of a critical character; and this inclination towards analysis and appreciation was so strong, that almost every one of his compositions closes by a criticism on himself."

Amongst his other papers, written when he was from sixteen to eighteen years of age, are some entitled "My opinions of some Authors," constituting a collection of critical essays:—

"He says in a note, 'I have only ventured to characterise those who have actually undergone my perusal.' Yet they are fifty in number; and besides most of the English classics, include Fenelon, Voltaire, Marmontel, Le Sage, Moliere, Racine, Rousseau, Rollin, Buffon, Montesquieu, &c. His perusal of many of these must have been very partial; yet it is surprising how just most of his conceptions of their merits and defects are. Many of these criticisms, especially of English writers, such as Dryden, Locke, and Pope, are written in a style of acute and delicate discrimination, and express the ultimate opinions of his maturer years. Johnson, as might be expected of a youth, is almost the only one whom he rates far higher then than he did afterwards.

"There are twelve *Letters*, each somewhat longer than a paper of the *Spectator*, addressed to an imaginary 'My Dear Sir,' and subscribed by *Philosophus*, *Simulator*, *Proteus*, *Scrutator*, *Solomon*, &c., and all dated July 1789. They are all on literary and philosophical subjects, lively and well composed. One of them is on *Criticism*—by no means the best, but now curious from its subject. It explains the importance of the art, and the qualities of the sound critic.

"Between November 1789 and March 1790, there are thirty-one essays, each about the same length with these letters. They are full of vigorous thinking, and of powerful writing; and a mere statement of these subjects will shew his fertility. They are entitled:—

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| 1. On Human Happiness. | 16. Ancient and Modern Learning. |
| 2. On a State of Nature. | 17. On the Fate of Genius. |
| 3. On Slavery. | 18. On Death. |
| 4. On Sincerity and Self-Love. | 19. Of a Town Life. |
| 5. On Indolence. | 20. Of Human Instinct. |
| 6. On the Praise of former Ages. | 21. On Novel Reading. |
| 7. The Superiority of the Sexes. | 22. On New Year's Day. |
| 8. Of Man. | 23. On Beauism. |
| 9. Of the Love of Fame. | 24. On Beauty. |
| 10. Of Fancy. | 25. On the Poetic Character. |
| 11. On Jealousy. | 26. On Fortitude. |
| 12. Celibacy and Marriage. | 27. The Use of Philosophy. |
| 13. Of Love. | 28. The Use of Ridicule. |
| 14. Of Man. | 29. Of Literary Habits. |
| 15. Of Local Emotion. | 30. The Companionable Virtues. |

And the list curiously closes with a paper whose subject is—" *The foregoing essays!*" But not only were his writings thus the theme of his criticism (a useful and worthy labour), but his character was likewise subjected to his introspection (by no means a useful or worthy labour). "His '*Sketch of my own Character,*'" says his biographer, "is so singular a piece of self-analysis for a youth of seventeen, that I have sometimes been inclined to put it in the appendix; but it is better not. Though well written, and full of striking observations, it is seldom safe to disclose descriptions by a man of himself. *Even when perfectly candid, and neither spoiled by the affectation of making himself better or worse than he really was,* they are apt to be misunderstood, and their publication, especially near his own day, is certain to provoke ridicule"—opinions in which we completely coincide. There is nothing more injurious to truth, to courage, and to integrity, than the habit of introspection, unless where it is corrected by active pursuits, and enlightened by experience of the world. It is, in most cases, a sort of moral squinting, by which a man endeavours, as it were, to see one of his eyes with the other. The world without can hardly spare any divergence of insight to the world within; and society will not fail, in the greater number of instances, to furnish a "*Sketch of my own Character,*" without gratuitous chalk-drawing from the sitter for the portrait.

He entered at Oxford in September, 1791. The merits of that venerable institution he sums up in one short sentence written to a correspondent, wherein, we suspect, he has sacrificed some portion of truth to humour. "Except praying and drinking," he says, "I see nothing else that it is possible to acquire in this place."

"In spite of the prevailing dissipation and idleness, he himself was a diligent student in his own way. Sir John Stoddart, who knew him there, says that though 'not a reading man, he must have devoted much time to literature in general; for his conversation, though always gay and lively, evinced a large store of information.' Accordingly, he himself used to acknowledge, that though, on the whole, disappointed with Oxford, his time there had not been lost totally. This indeed is implied in the fact, that during these nine months, he wrote a great many papers, of which eighteen happen to have been preserved.

"Some of them are short and immaterial, such as a translation of the life of Agricola, and another sermon; which latter seems to be a species of composition rather seductive to literary laymen. His are about as good as any sermons can be, which are got up as mere rhetorical exercises. Several of them were preached, with considerable effect; particularly by Mr. Marshall, whose elocution did justice to the author's style, and by a late respectable minister of our Established Church, who had been a tutor at Herbertshire, and imposed some of them on his congregation so lately as 1825.

"Among the longer papers, there is one on Beauty; which is interesting, as the germ of his treatise on that subject, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, many years afterwards."

He finally left Oxford in July, 1792, and returned to Edinburgh, where he speedily commenced the study of the law, and became a member of a debating society—the "Speculative"—an event which Lord Cockburn informs us "did more for him than any other in the course of his education."

"It was exactly what he required, and he gave himself to it with his whole heart. The period for regular attendance was three years; but his voluntary and very frequent visits were continued for six or seven years more. In the course of these nine or ten years, he had a succession, and sometimes a cluster, of powerful competitors. It is sufficient to mention Sir Walter Scott, with whom he first became acquainted here; Dr. John Thompson; John Allen; David Boyle, now Lord President of the Court of Session; the Rev. Dr. Brunton; the Marquis of Lansdowne; the late Charles, Lord Kinnaid; Dr. Headlam; Francis Horner; the late William Adam, Accountant General in the Court of Chancery; John A. Murray, and James Moncrieff, both afterwards Judges; Henry Brougham; Lord Glenelg, and his late brother Robert Grant; James Loch, the Honourable Charles Stuart, and William Scarlett. * * It has scarcely ever fallen to my lot to hear three better speeches than three I heard in that place,—one on National Character by Jeffrey, one on the Immortality of the Soul by Horner, and one on the Power of Russia by Brougham."

He composed verse too, in addition to his prose labours. "He was fond of parodying the *Odes of Horace*, with applications to modern incidents and people, and did it very successfully." He translated the whole of the *Argonauticon* of *Apollonius Rhodius* into blank verse, besides writing original poems; but "his poetry was less poetical than his prose," sneers his biographer, and fortunately made way for more serious, if not more profitable pursuits."

"On the 16th of December 1794, he was admitted to practise at the bar.

"No idea can be formed of the prospects which this privilege opened, or of the good which he ultimately did, without knowing something of the political state of Scotland when he thus came into public life.

"Everything was inflamed by the first French Revolution. Even in England all ordinary faction was absorbed by the two parties—of those who thought that that terrible example, by showing the dangers of wrongs too long maintained, was the strongest reason for the timely correction of our own defects,—and of those who considered this opinion as a revolutionary device, and held that the atrocities in France were conclusive against our exciting sympathetic hopes, by an admission that curable defect existed. It would have been comfortable if these had been merely argumentative views, upon a fair subject of amicable discussion. But they were personal as well as political feelings, and separated people into fierce hostile factions, each of which thought that there was no safety for the state, or for itself, without the destruction of the other. Never, since our own Revolution, was there a period when public life was so exasperated by hatred, or the charities of private life were so soured by political aversion. * * * But this cannot be converted from a personal into a general, or even a local history; and, therefore, those not so intimately connected with Jeffrey as to have affected his life, must be passed over. As to himself, his public opinions, or rather their principles, were coeval with the growth of his reason. His private writings show that they were not formed without study and reflection, and his purity in adopting them may be inferred from their all being against his immediate interest. Nothing beyond his conviction of their soundness is necessary in order to account for his adoption of them. If accidental circumstances co-operated, they probably consisted in the attraction of free principles to such a mind; in his abhorrence of the prevailing local persecution, and in the gloomy intolerance of his Tory father, contrasted with the open-hearted liberality of his Whig uncle of Herbertshire.

"The legal profession in Scotland had every recommendation to a person resolved, or compelled, to remain in this country. It had not the large fields open to the practitioner in England, nor the practicable seat in the House of Commons, nor the lofty political and judicial eminences, nor the great fortunes. But it was not a

less honourable or a less intellectual line. It is the highest profession that the country knows; its emoluments and prizes are not inadequate to the wants and habits of the upper classes; it has always been adorned by men of ability and learning, who are honoured by the greatest public confidence."

In 1798 he visited London with a view to obtain literary employment, but failed in the attempt. "So much the better for him," says Lord Cockburn. "He came home, and was gradually drawn by circumstances into the line of life which was the best for his powers, his usefulness, and his happiness." The principal "happiness" appears to have been "Catherine, one of the daughters of the Rev. Dr. Wilson, Professor of Church History at St. Andrews, a second cousin of his own."

"The marriage took place on the 1st November 1801. It had all the recommendation of poverty. His father, who was in humble circumstances, assisted them a very little; but Miss Wilson had no fortune, and Jeffrey had told his brother, only six months before, that '*my profession has never yet brought me £100 a-year*. Yet have I determined to venture upon this new state. It shews a reliance on Providence scarcely to be equalled in this degenerate age, and indicates such resolutions of economy as would terrify any less magnanimous adventurer.' His brother having asked him to describe his wife; he did so, as I think, who came to know her well, with great accuracy. 'You ask me to describe my Catherine to you; but I have no talent for description, and put but little faith in full drawn characters; besides, the original is now so much a part of myself, that it would not be decent to enlarge very much, either upon her excellences or her imperfections. It is proper, however, to tell you, in sober earnestness, that she is not a showy or remarkable girl, either in person or character. She has good sense, good manners, good temper, and good hands, and above all, I am perfectly sure, that she has a good heart, and that it is mine without reluctance or division.' She soon secured the respect and esteem of all his friends, and made her house, and its society, very agreeable."

In 1802, he made his first professional speech, in a cause of no public interest. Notwithstanding, Jeffrey's ability made him conspicuous on this occasion, and he himself states that about this period "his professional employment was increasing, and his general reputation as a man of business." But he met with a check at this time, which party injustice and the loss of a powerful connexion rendered the more mortifying. "There were no regular reporters of the proceedings of the courts," says Lord Cockburn, "except two advocates, who were elected to the office by their brethren by the bar." On a

vacancy occurring, Jeffrey presented himself as a candidate, and was rejected in favour of an opponent, who though inferior to him in capacity, had the merit of being on the "right side" in politics.

"The election was connected with one painful occurrence, which distressed him for many years. There was some business relation between his father and Sir William Miller, Bart., who was a judge, and known, from his estate's name, as Lord Glenlee. This had led his Lordship to notice Frank Jeffrey while very young, and, seeing his talents, to have him a good deal about him. But as the youth grew up, and his political principles began to disclose themselves, his Lordship's taste for him did not increase, and their intercourse became less frequent. Glenlee had no vote in the election, but it was thought that he might have some influence, and as there was no avowed rupture, Jeffrey asked him to exert it on his behalf. But his Lordship took this occasion to tell him plainly that, in consequence of his politics, he could befriend him no more. They parted, and scarcely exchanged words for nearly thirty years. Jeffrey was Lord Advocate before he was allowed to renew the old acquaintance. He did so then, and with great pleasure; for throughout this long alienation he had never uttered one word about his early patron but in respect and gratitude. So far as we know, this was the solitary eclipse by which any friendship of Jeffrey's was ever obscured."

But the "Providence that shapes our ends" befriended Jeffrey in his manhood, as well as in his youth, and this apparently unfortunate circumstance became the turning point of his thenceforth prosperous destiny. This young man, of a birth but commonly respectable; with a precarious income which oscillated rather in the direction of a straightened poverty, than that even of a barely decent competence; scarcely prized save by a few friends, amidst a throng of enemies; embarrassed by an early marriage which made a sunshine, indeed, around his heart, but a sunshine such as gilds at morning the icy peaks of a repulsive and unproductive mountain range, within the limits of eternal snow; banned in his native land for the crime of loving it well, and not unwisely; and even repelled, as we have seen, from that Emigration-land of London which is, and has been so long, to the outcast scholar and the literary adventurer, what America is to the overtaxed mechanic or exterminated peasant; this young man has just engaged in an enterprise which shall bring him reputation and competence in the present, and lay open the path of fame and wealth and ennobling honours in the future;

which shall set him upon that bench whose decisions he was at one time forbidden to report ; which shall appoint him in his ripe age a member of an administration called to office by the voice of the sovereign and the nation to establish the very principles of free government, the advocacy of which made the sole crime, and insured the signal punishment, of his youth ; which—passing from the consideration of his personal interests to those of the community—shall herald the march of a new literature and exalt the public taste of his own and succeeding times ; and, finally, afford enlightened and efficient aid to the depressed cause of reform and progress through a long lapse of years during which the growth of an improved public spirit, “ an increasing purpose ” shall have overthrown ancient abuses, laid the foundation of a more fortunate future, and “ widened the thoughts of men with the process of the suns.”* We can hardly believe in this age of Reviews and Magazines that a Review could in any way have contributed to such results, notwithstanding the deliberately written evidence of a living witness, Lord Cockburn, the author of Jeffrey’s biography, his contemporary, rival, and friend. But the reader must not fail specially to remember that at the period when the *Edinburgh Review* was started by Jeffrey and Sydney Smith, our periodical literature boasted of but as many lines as it now does of columns. The market may now be glutted (though that is a matter of question), but it was not then moderately, or even niggardly supplied. Finally, the year 1802 preceded its brother 1852, and during the intervening half century it was that same *Edinburgh Review* which gave the vital impulse to that very literature the contemplation of whose present luxuriance will only deceive the enquirer in his valuation of its condition fifty years ago. Fifty years ago ! There have been few periods in the history of the world, when those little words might bear so great a meaning as at this very day. You stand in the harvest field of an age, and, like children, forget that your fathers reclaimed the soil, and sowed the seed, and made the wilderness to blossom as the rose. But old men still live and talk of the old times. In those days Wordsworth was struggling with the darkness, Scott unknown, Byron had “ not

* “ Yet I doubt not thro’ the ages an increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.”
Tennyson.

penned his inspiration," steam had not baffled sea and wind, and re-mapped the land, the Catholic was unemancipated, the subject unfranchised. For, to this effect old men bear witness, and amongst them, Lord Cockburn leans on his staff of memory, and his voice is not the least instructive to us *fruges consumere nati*. His biography of Jeffrey abounds in the—past! Within our limits, we can hardly hope to do the biographer justice; our pages can but scantily supply the information fully detailed in the original work, the subject of this brief review, and the reader will do well to avail himself of its instruction at the fountain head. Meantime, we will quote as largely as we may—

"Sydney Smith's account of the origin of the Edinburgh Review is this:—'One day we happened to meet in the eighth or ninth storey or flat, in Buccleuch Place, the elevated residence of the then Mr. Jeffrey. I proposed that we should set up a Review; this was acceded to with acclamation. I was appointed editor, and remained long enough in Edinburgh to edit the first number of the Edinburgh Review.'—(Preface to Smith's Works.)

"There were circumstances that tended so directly towards the production of some such work, that it seems now as if its appearance, in Edinburgh, and about this time, might almost have been foreseen. Of these it is sufficient to mention the irrepressible passion for discussion which succeeded the fall of old systems on the French Revolution; the strong feeling of resentment at our own party intolerance; the obviousness that it was only through the press that this intolerance could be abated, or our policy reformed; the dotage of all the existing journals; and the presence, in this place, of the able young men who have been mentioned, most of them in close alliance, and to whom concealed authorship was an irresistible vent.

"The most important of these were Jeffrey, Smith, Brougham, and Horner. Very few of them contemplated letters or politics as the business of their lives, but they were all eager for distinction, and for the dissemination of what they, in their various walks, thought important truth; and they were then all masters of their own time.*

"But they plainly lent upon Jeffrey, who had not merely been engaged in the study of criticism all his life, but had reduced his study to practice. * * * There had been no critical journal in Scotland since the days of the original "*Edinburgh Review*,"

* Their youth, though it was one of the established grounds of the pretended contempt of their opponents, was by no means excessive. Allen, in 1802, was thirty-two, Smith, thirty-one, Jeffrey, twenty-nine. Brown, twenty-four, Horner, twenty-four, Brougham, twenty-three. Excellent ages for such work.

the first number of which was published in January, 1755, and the second and last in January, 1756."

"There were reviews in England; but, though respectable according to the notions at that time of critical respectability, they merely languished in decent feebleness. Indeed, the circumstance of their almost restricting themselves to the examination of books, exclusively of public measures and principles, narrowed the range of their criticism, and congealed its spirit."

"At last, on the 10th of October 1802, the first number of the Edinburgh Review appeared. Besides several other articles, it contained seven by Smith, four by Horner, four commonly ascribed to Lord Brougham, and five by Jeffrey, one of which, upon Mourier on the influence of the French Revolution, began the work.

"The effect was electrical. And instead of expiring, as many wished, in their first effort, the force of the shock was increasing on each subsequent discharge. It is impossible for those who did not live at the time, and in the heart of the scene, to feel, or almost to understand, the impression made by the new luminary, or the anxieties with which its motions were observed. It was an entire and instant change of every thing that the public had been accustomed to in that sort of composition. The old periodical opiates were extinguished at once. The learning of the new Journal, its talent, its spirit, its writings, its independence, were all new; and the surprise was increasing by a work so full of public life springing up, suddenly, in a remote part of the kingdom. Different classes soon settled in their different views of it. Its literature, its political economy, and its pure science, were generally admired. Many thoughtful men, indifferent to party, but anxious for the progress of the human mind, and alarmed lest war and political confusion should restore a new course of dark ages, were cheered by the unexpected appearance of what seemed likely to prove a great depository for the contributions of able men to the cause of philosophy. Its political opinions made it be received by one party with demonstrations of its iniquity, with confident prophecies of the impossibility of so scandalous a publication lasting, much pretended derision, and boundless abuse of its audacious authors. On the opposite side, it was hailed as the dawn of a brighter day. It was not merely the intelligent championship of their principles that those on that side saw apparently secured, but the far higher end, that reason would be heard. The splendid career of the Journal, as it was actually run, was not anticipated, either by its authors or by its most ardent admirers; none of whom could foresee its long endurance, or the extent to which the mighty improvements that have reformed our opinions and institutions, and enable us to engraft the wisdom of experience on the maintainable antiquities of our system, were to depend on this single publication. They only saw the present establishment of an organ of the highest order, for the able and fearless discussions of every matter worthy of being inquired into; but they could not then discern its consequences.

"Nowhere was its pillar of fire watched with greater intensity than in Scotland, where the constitutional wilderness was the darkest.

Many years had to pass before it could effect actual reform ; but it became clearer every day that a generation was forming by which the seed sowing by this work must at last be reaped. To Edinburgh in particular it was of especial benefit. It extended the literary reputation of the place, and connected it with public affairs, and made its opinions important. All were the better of a journal to which every one with an object of due importance had access, which it was in vain either to bully or to despise, and of the fame of which even its reasonable haters were inwardly proud.

"It was distinguished in its outset from similar publications, by its being kept quite independent of booksellers, and by the high prices soon paid for articles. The first kept its managers free ; the second gave them the command of nearly all the talent in the market. Yet for the first two or three numbers they had an idea that such a work could be carried on without remunerating the writers at all. It was to be all gentleman, and no pay. And it was during this state of matters that Jeffrey doubted its success, and meant to have a very short connection with it. But this blunder was soon corrected by a magnificent recurrence to the rule of common sense. Mr. Constable, who was their publisher, though unfortunate in the end, was the most spirited bookseller that had ever appeared in Scotland.

"The society of Edinburgh was not that of a provincial town, and cannot be judged of by any such standard. It was metropolitan.

"All our nobility had not then fled. A few had sense not to feel degraded by being happy at home. The old town was not quite deserted. Many of our principal people still dignified its picturesque recesses and historical mansions, and were dignified by them. The closing of the Continent sent many excellent English families and youths among us, for education and for pleasure. The war brightened us with uniforms, and strangers, and shows.

"Over all this there was diffused the influence of a greater number of persons attached to literature and science, some as their calling, and some for pleasure, than could be found, in proportion to the population, in any other city in the empire.

"It was in this community that Jeffrey now began to rise. It required some years more to work off the prejudices that had obstructed him, but his genuine excellence did work them off at last ; till, from being tolerated, he became liked ; from being liked, popular ; from being popular, necessary ; and in the end was wrapped in the whole love of the place. His favourite social scenes, next to his strictly private ones, were the more select parties where intellect was combined with cheerfulness, and good talk with simplicity. But though a great critic of social manners, no one was less discomposed by vulgarities or stupidities, if combined with worth, when they fell in his way. No clever, talking man, could have more tolerance than he had for common-place people ; a class, indeed, to which many of his best friends belonged. I have heard him, when the supercilious were professing to be shocked by such persons, thank God that he had never lost his taste for bad company."

And here we must anticipate the future. The order of time must yield to the order of connexion between causes and effects, between events and their consequences. In the year 1802, as we have seen, Jeffrey aided in the establishment of the *Edinburgh Review*, in the year 1829 his connexion with it ceased, and the merits of the publication during the intermediate period are thus set forth towards the close of Lord Cockburn's volume—

“On closing the labours of these twenty-seven years, Jeffrey had a career to look back upon such as never elevated the heart of any one who had instructed the public by periodical address. It is not my business to review the *Review*; and I am conscious of incapacity to do it. But it is not very difficult to state the grounds on which I think that this was a splendid retrospect.

“We can only estimate our permanent obligations to the *Edinburgh Review*, when Jeffrey retired from it, by placing ourselves on the eminence of 1829, and looking back on the space between that point and the month of October 1802. It is nearly impossible even to count the useful intervening changes. A few of the more material ones stand out, and will for ever display themselves, as the great marks that attest the progress of the age. In 1802, dread of the people, and a stern resistance of improvement, because it implied change, were the necessary, and often the only, qualifications for favour with the party in possession of power. The rights of religious toleration were so little understood, that several millions of the population were subjected, on account of their creed, or their forms, to various important disabilities. We traded in human beings, under the protection of a great party, and of the law. Popular education was so utterly unknown to England, that the ignorance of the lower orders was considered as a positive recommendation. Ireland was in a state of disorderly barbarism; and, because it was peopled by Papists, this was thought its natural and its deserved condition. There was much hardness or indifference in public opinion; shewing itself particularly in the severity of our dealings with all we had to punish or control,—the sailor or soldier, the criminal, the insolvent, the lunatic, and the young. The foundations of many parts of our public policy were hollow; or, where solid, what had been raised upon them was unsound; so that facility of revision was what was required; yet these defects were exactly what were successfully maintained to be the best parts of our policy. The mere elements of political economy were very sparingly known, except to a very small class. Some of the physical sciences, such as geology, were only arising, and all of them admitted of great improvement. The literary horizon was but beginning to glow with the brilliancy of its later great era. The public mind was in the bud; but, if not cherished, the blossom and the fruit might have been destroyed, or long delayed.

In the year 1829, all this was altered or mitigated. The alteration from youth to manhood, in an individual, is not more complete

than the change that had taken place in the nation. That miserable horror of change, which must in time reduce any country to idiocy, was duly abated; and novelty, though it never of itself became a recommendation, ceased to be a reproach, and conclusive. The Protestant dissenter and the Papist were emancipated. Nothing effectual was yet done for popular education; but the existing evil had been exposed; and we heard little of the praises of ignorance. The sad insanities of Ireland, which may still baffle a century of sound legislation, were not cured; but the folly of dealing with that as a doomed island, and the duty of trying to relieve its miseries, though self-inflicted, by justice and prudence, and the hope of the ultimate success of wise measures even on that people, came to be the habitual sentiments of parliaments and of public men. Our great crime of slavery was put down; and the many curses by which it will ever revenge itself upon any people that practise it were avoided. The light was admitted into many abuses, and many defects, in many parts of our polity, not excepting the fiscal and the legal, the most inscrutable and the best guarded of them all. The heart of the nation was softened. All the haunts, whether of penal or corrective control, of innocent or of guilty misery, were reformed by that pity which would have entered them in vain, but for the improved humanity of the age. Commercial and kindred questions came to be solved by an application of the economical science to which they belong, and which lost by discussion much of its mystery, and became familiar to the ordinary thoughts of ordinary people. That extension of the elective franchise, without which it now seems certain that revolution could not have been long delayed, had not actually taken place; but it was close at hand. Campbell, Crabbe, Southey, Scott, Byron, Moore, and Wordsworth, had risen, and shone, and nearly passed away. But not till the true principles of poetical composition had been examined and applied to each. There never was a period in which such numerous and splendid contributions, moral and physical, were made to the treasury of public knowledge; and all of these were now discussed with no general and feeble expressions of praise or of blame, but with a decree of independence and talent, entering into the very heart of the matter, that gave people of all sides an assurance of being adequately instructed.

"If there be a person who thinks that the condition of the people, and of our institutions and system, was better in 1802 than in 1829, and who, consequently, if he could, would go back to the earlier period, that person, of course, can feel no gratitude to the *Edinburgh Review*. But whoever exults in the dropping away of so many fetters, and in the improvement of so many parts of our economy, and in the general elevation of the public mind, must connect all these with the energy and intelligence of this journal. Not that many of these changes, or perhaps all of them, would not have taken place although this work had never existed; for, to a certain extent, they arose naturally out of the advance of a free community. But they certainly would not have occurred so soon, or so safely. There is scarcely one abuse that has been overthrown, which, supported as every one was, might not have still survived, nor a right principle

that has been adopted which might not have been dangerously delayed, had it not been for the well-timed vigour and ability of this Review. It was the established champion of the measures, and principles, and feelings, that have prevailed; and the glory of the victory cannot be withheld from the power that prepared the warriors who fought the battle.

"It was not merely that the journal expounded and defended right principles and objects. Its prerogative was higher. It taught the public to think. It opened the people's eyes. It gave them, periodically, the most animated and profound discussions on every interesting subject, that the greatest intellects in the kingdom could supply. The mere mention of the names of a few of those who addressed the public through this organ, during Jeffrey's editorship, is of itself sufficient to attest the high character of the instruction given, and to guarantee its safety. How could a periodical work be but magnificent, of which it could be said that it was carried on by such men as the following, all in the full force of their powers, and each zealous on his favourite subject, viz :—Jeffrey, Smith, Horner, Brougham, Thomas Brown, Walter Scott, John Playfair, Hallam, Malcolm Laing, George Ellis, Wilberforce, Lord Melbourne, John Allen, Coleridge, Malthus, Payne, Knight, Professor Lesley, D. Mackintosh, Daniel Ellis, Moore, Dr. John Gordon, Palgrave, Leigh Hunt, Romily, Foscolo, Dr. Chalmers, Professor Wilson, J. R. Macculloch, Empson, Dr. Arnold, Sir William Hamilton, Macaulay, Carlyle, Robert Grant, Hazlitt, Alexander (Sanscrit) Hamilton, Thomas Campbell, Peter Elmsley, Phillimore, James Mill, Macvey Napier, Chenevix, Bloomfield, Sir H. Parnell, General William Napier. Many other bright stars might be added; but the sky that blazes with these constellations is bright enough. Their influence in illuminating the age may be ascertained by every man for himself. Let any regular reader of this Review recollect, and say how many of his opinions, and of the reasons for them, were formed from its successive articles; and how largely the feelings and principles that he now owns were breathed into him by its general spirit.

"Jeffrey's value as *Editor* was incalculable. He had not only to revise and arrange each number after its parts were brought together, but before he got this length, he, like any other person in that situation, had much difficult and delicate work to perform. He had to discover, and to train, authors; to discern what truth and the public mind required; to suggest subjects; to reject, and, more offensive still, to improve, contributions; to keep down absurdities; to infuse spirit; to excite the timid; to repress violence; to soothe jealousies; to quell mutinies; to watch times; and all this in the morning of the reviewing day, before experience had taught editors conciliatory firmness, and contributors reasonable submission. He directed and controlled the elements he presided over with a master's judgment. There was not one of his associates who could have even held these elements together for a single year. The merit of getting so many writers to forego the ordinary jealousies of authors and of parties, and to write invisibly, and without the

fame of individual and avowed publication, in the promotion of a work made up of unconnected portions, and assailed by such fierce and various hostility, is due to him entirely. He acquired it by his capacity of discussing almost any subject, in a conciliatory spirit, with almost any author; by the wisdom with which his authority was exercised; by the infusion of his personal kindness into his official intercourse; and his liberal and gentlemanlike demeanour."

Jeffrey's literary pursuits did not interfere with his professional labours, and his industry and talent gradually raised him to eminence in the most arduous of all professions, that of the law. This assertion—independently of the consideration that the *fact* was really as we have stated it—requires some elucidation. In England, and in this country, a barrister is at liberty to employ the energies of his earlier years in literature, and possibly, his success in that field will be carried to the credit of his general account for mental capacity with the public. But, should a period arrive when clients honour him with their confidence, and when common honesty imperatively claims his time and exertions in the paramount behalf of their interests, to the exclusion of intellectual exercises and scholarly vanities, from that hour forth the sole function of his pen is to note his briefs. The reason is well known, even to the *utter* public—if the reader will pardon a technical phrase, borrowed for the nonce, from professional caste. The Law at Westminster, and in our Four Courts, is not merely a *principle* that may be mastered by a mind prone to *generalize*—it is a *practice* that can only be fully acquired by a memory powerful to *accumulate*. But, in Scotland, it was far otherwise in Jeffrey's time. His biographer, Lord Cockburn, "one of the judges of the Court of Session in Scotland," and who filled the post of Solicitor-general under Jeffrey at the time when the latter was Lord Advocate, informs us that "The Law," as established in the last named country, "is not much upheld by the dim mysteries which are said *elsewhere* to be necessary. It is perhaps, the best, and the *simplest* legal system *in Europe*. It is deeply founded in practical wisdom—aided by that conjoined equity which"—mark this—"is equity *to the world*, as well as to *lawyers*. Its higher practice has always been *combined with literature*"—these are its words—"which indeed is the hereditary fashion of—the *profession*!" But, we shall fall into a grave error if we conclude that *any* man can make a lawyer, even in Scotland.

From the first period in which society consented to live by a Rule, to this very hour, the expositors and umpires of that Rule have constituted a distinct caste, with uncommon attributes of mind, with a peculiar basis of contemplation, and a defined limit of action; and, we have no doubt, it will be so to the end of time. "Every man his own lawyer" is apocalyptic—synonymous with the Final Confusion. Be that as it may, we do not mean to underrate Jeffrey as an advocate. He was all that an acute, conscientious, instructed, and eloquent counsel could be, and this in an age when Curran was remembered, Erskine still living, Brougham ascendant. We shall do well to keep in mind this condensed result of his professional labours, since matters of a more general and public interest will presently demand our remaining space, and since it is at once useless and impossible to drag the reader step by step from the junior's "first fee" to the judge's retiring pension. Enough that he attained the highest honours of his profession, that he was Lord Advocate during a period of great public interest, to which we shall have occasion afterwards to refer, and that the Bench sustained the weight of his advanced years. At this point of his destiny, it is "passing strange" to go back to that year 1801, and to refresh our recollection of his early repulse with a brief quotation from the first pages of his biography. "There were no regular reporters of the decisions of the court at this period, except two advocates, who were elected by their brethren. Both offices becoming vacant, Jeffrey presented himself as a candidate for one of them, and was rejected by a large majority. It was made a mere *party question*."

"And thus," may we truly say with Shakspeare, "the whirligig of time brings in his revenges."

His merits as a judge are carefully set forth by his biographer, himself a judge—

"Notwithstanding one questionable habit, the judicial duties have rarely been better performed than they were by him. His ability need not be mentioned—nor the sensitiveness of his candour—nor his general aptitude for the law. Surpassed, perhaps, by one or two in some of the more mystical depths of the law of real property, his general legal learning was more than sufficient to enable him, after ordinary argument, to form sound views, and to defend them, even on these subjects. The industry that had turned the vivacity of his youth to account, and had marked all his progress, followed him to the bench. His opinions were always given fully, and with

great liveliness, and great felicity of illustration. His patience, for so quick a person, was nearly incredible. He literally never tired of argument, and therefore had rather a leaning against all devices for shortening proceedings not on matters of mere form. This was partly the result of a benevolent anxiety to make parties certain that they had at least been fully heard; but it also proceeded from his own pleasure in the game. Though not exactly denying the necessity of rules for ending discussion, he scarcely liked them; and half pitied a party whose desire to say still more on his own matter, which was everything to him, was resisted for the convenience of other matters, for which he cared nothing; and has been known to say, that if there was only one cause in the world it would never end; and why should it? What are other causes to a man who has not done with his own? He who was inclined to hold this paradox must have been a very patient judge. It was his patient activity that reconciled him to it, even as a paradox.

"The questionable thing in his judicial matter consisted in an adherence to the same tendency that had sometimes impaired his force at the bar—speaking too often and too long. He had no idea of sitting, like an oracle, silent, and looking wise; and then, having got it all in, announcing the result in as many calm words as were necessary, and in no more. Delighted with the play, instead of waiting passively till the truth should emerge, he put himself, from the very first, into the position of an enquirer, whose duty it was to extract it by active processes. His error lay in not perceiving that it would be much better extracted from him by counsel, than it generally can be by a judge. But disbelieving this, or disregarding it, his way was to carry on a running margin of questions, and suppositions, and comments, through the whole length of the argument. There are few judges in whom this habit would be tolerated. It is disagreeable to counsel, disturbs other members of the court, and exposes the individual to inaccurate explanation and to premature impression. But, as done by Jeffrey, it had every alleviation that such a practice admits of. It was done with great talent; with perfect gentleness and urbanity; solely from an anxiety to reach justice; with no danger to the ultimate formation of his opinion; and with such kindly liveliness, that the very counsel who was stranded by it, liked the quarter from which the gale had blown. Accordingly, he was exceedingly popular with every body, particularly with the bar; and the judicial character could not be more revered than it was in him by the public."

As a politician, Jeffrey was earnest, active within the limits which his multiform avocations imposed, and useful to the full extent permitted by the conditions of his situation, his time, and country. In the summary of his varied exertions in connection with the *Edinburgh Review*, we have already seen Lord Cockburn assign to him his measure of praise as a recognized and worthy leader of liberal opinion. But we must

observe that the pages of the *Review* did not constitute the sole medium of action of which he availed himself to fulfil his duties to the political world. The platform, the hustings, and the benches of parliament, successively presented an arena to his energy, and his eloquence; and, although, as a member of the legislature, he was circumscribed by the policy of the administration of which he was a member, his active mind was not weakened by the repression, but the rather condensed into a compass of increased efficiency. And this latter circumstance of his necessary subordination to the views of the men with whom he acted, is in no way discreditable, since it was unattended by any departure from principle. Nor was it humiliating in a merely intellectual point of view, since he whose destiny it is to be all things cannot be in each supreme. Jeffrey, in some respects, was the Crichton of his age, and concentrated in his person the qualities of the intellectual character of his time. This is to us his chief value. He lived the life of a nineteenth century man in the nineteenth century—the life of the pen, the life of the tongue, the life of free opinion, of social intercourse, of speculation, of action too, and above all, of labour—the life of a child of the people, whose sheer merit exalted him above, but did not sever him from, the people—who, like the Italian of old, in Sismondi's history, "carried his castle in his heart," and stood at length in the shadow of feudal roofs, the equal of their lords. But we must not fail to note, that he did not prove an exception to the truth of the observation, that a character remarkable for the universality of its qualities includes conditions compatible with deficiency of power in particular gifts, as compared with the manifestation of the latter, solely and severally vested in individual recipients. And yet, making this allowance for Jeffrey's *variation*, the wonder still remains, that the magnet of his spirit ever pointed to truth—that he, who was all things in turn, was all things so well. It has now become our duty to present him in his political aspect, and we may here remark that Lord Cockburn's volume is exceedingly interesting from the graphic minuteness of many details of the great Reform struggle. We have, however, already quoted so largely, in reference to other topics, that allowing ourselves much further liberty in that respect would be unjust to the author who has a right to expect a full review from our pen, but can scarcely covet an abridged edition from our scissors.

The following extract has reference to the year 1809, and it is not a little curious that it might be written in the year 1852 :—

“His opinions were in substance just those of the Whig party; but with this material qualification, that he was one of those who always thought that even the Whigs were disposed to govern too much through the influence of the aristocracy, and through a few great aristocratical families, without making the people a direct political element. He stated this view in the following letter to Mr. Horner, 26th October, 1809. ‘In the main, I think our opinions do not differ very widely; and, in substance and reality, you seem to me to admit all that I used to contend with you about. In the first place, you admit now that *there is* a spirit of discontent, or disaffection if you choose to call it so, among the people, which must be managed and allayed, in some way or other, if we wish to preserve tranquillity. And, in the next place, you admit that the leading Whigs belong to the aristocracy, and have been obliged to govern themselves a great deal by the necessity of managing this aristocracy. Now, all I say is, that there is a radical contest and growing struggle between the aristocracy and democracy of this country; and agreeing entirely with you, that its freedom must depend in a good measure on their coalition, I still think that the aristocracy is the weakest, and ought to give way, and that the blame of the catastrophe will be heaviest on those who provoke a rupture by maintaining its pretensions. When I said I had no confidence in Lord Grey or Grenville, I meant no more than that I thought them too aristocratical, and, consequently, likely to be inefficient. They will never be trusted by the Court, nor cordial with the Tories; and, I fear, unless they think less of the aristocracy and its interests and prerogatives, they will every day have less influence with the people.

“‘I have no doubt of their individual honour and integrity, and am disposed to think highly of their talents. You ask too much of the people, when you ask them to have great indulgence for the ornaments and weaknesses of refined life. You should consider what a burdensome thing Government has grown; and into what dangers and difficulties they have been led by trusting implicitly to those refined rulers. As long as they are suffering and angry, they will have no indulgence for these things; and every attempt to justify or uphold them will be felt as an insult. I still think our greatest immediate hazard is from without. But I differ from you still more in your opinion that we are more in danger of falling under a military tyranny through the common course of internal tumult and disorder, than of having our present Government consolidated into something a good deal like despotism without any stir. The very same want of virtue which make all popular commotion likely to end in military tyranny, gives reason to fear for the result of a passive obedience on one hand, and bad, unprincipled measures, on the other. Unless something be done, or happen, to conciliate, one or other of the parties will come to act in a decided manner by and by. I own to you,

that with the Government in the hands of Wellesleys and Melvilles, and with the feeling that something vigorous *must* be hazarded, I should rather expect to see the Habeas Corpus Act suspended—Cobbett and the Edinburgh Review prosecuted—newspapers silenced—and all the common harbingers of tyranny sent out, than to witness any alarming symptoms of popular usurpation and violence. The same cause, however, promises to avert both disasters. The people are both stronger and wiser, and more discontented, than those who are not the people will believe. Let the true friends of liberty and the constitution join with the people, assist them to ask, with dignity and with order, all that ought to be granted, and endeavour to withhold them from asking more.' * * * So as his uniform recommendation of uniting reasonableness of object with temperance of means, was acceded to, he never shrunk from coming forward when required; and, consequently, was always in the van. The battles he had to fight, like most of the common battles of party after they are over, may seem insignificant now. But they were of very serious importance at the time, inasmuch that there are many who will consider a failure to explain them as depriving Jeffrey of much of his public merit. But I cannot think that any exposition of their detail is necessary, or that reasonable curiosity may not be satisfied by a general reference to transactions which, even at the distance of thirty years, there is some pain in remembering. I shall therefore only state, that as it was clear that the battle of internal reform had begun, there was no place where this truth was perceived with greater horror than at Edinburgh. The reason of this was that Edinburgh was the great seat of the influence of Government in Scotland. The most numerous, and the highest class of political competitors was there, and there was more patronage to fight for. Complaint had been so habitually crushed, that the defenders of the old system considered every effort towards independence as rebellion; while those who made these efforts treated opposition to them as tyranny. Neither of these feelings was at all unnatural, in the position of the parties. But the conflict was carried on with very different arms; which I shall not describe or contrast. The Whigs made no secret that their object was to emancipate Scotland. They were opposed with great bitterness, and with unhandsome weapons. These local animosities lasted some years, and brought Jeffrey and his associates into constant collision with their opponents. During those protracted and irritating proceedings, his judgment and his eloquence were often required, and nearly as often exerted; to the effect of greatly animating the spirits, and advancing the cause, of his party all over the country * * * In December 1830, the Whigs came into office, and he, by pre-eminence, was appointed Lord Advocate. This, in one unexpected moment, changed his whole habits, prospects, and avocations. He had hitherto lived entirely in Edinburgh, or its neighbourhood, enjoying his fame and popularity with his private friends,—an honourable and happy life. But he had now to interrupt his profession; to go into Parliament at alarming pecuniary risk; to forego the paradise of Craigcrook, and his delicious vocations; to pass many weary months, and these summer

ones, in London; to be no longer the easy critic of measures, but their responsible conductor; and to be involved, without official training, in all the vexations of official business. These calamities he would have avoided if he could. But being assured that his party and the public were concerned, he submitted.

"Within a few weeks after his elevation, he was returned member for what were termed the Forfarshire Burghs; on which occasion he had the honour of being pelted by what he calls the '*The brutes of Forfar*,' being a gang of blackguards who thought that this was a good way of promoting the cause of his opponent. But there was a flaw in the proceedings which soon unseated him. He had only got the return by the vote of the Dundee delegate, and this burgh having been previously disfranchised, it was ultimately decided that it had no right to vote. But as the judgment of disfranchisement was under appeal, he was advised to take his seat till the appeal should be disposed of.

"And so he was in office and in Parliament. 'I come into public life in stormy weather, and under no very enviable auspices, except that our *cause*, and our *meaning*, are good.'—(To Richardson, 27th July 1831.)

"The Reform Bill was propounded on the 1st of March 1831. Three days thereafter he made his first speech. 'I have proposed to speak twice, but could never get in. I think I must to-night. But not a word has yet been said as to Scotland, nor do I think the House would bear three sentences on that insignificant subject. I must therefore go into the general question.'—(To me, 4th March 1831.) He did so, in a speech, of which Macintosh says, 'Macaulay and Stanley have made two of the finest speeches ever spoken in Parliament. Jeffrey's, though not quite so debating and parliamentary, was quite as remarkable for argument and eloquence. No man of fifty-five* ever began a new career so well.'—(Memoirs, ii. 479). This speech was published immediately afterwards, at the special request of Government, and made a strong impression on those who really wished to understand the question. It is certainly general, and too much above the common grapple of parliamentary contention; but out of the whole speeches that were delivered throughout the two years that the question was discussed, no better argument in favour of the principle and necessity of the measure, on its general grounds, is extrac.

Having been unseated for the Forfarshire Burghs, we are informed that "Lord FitzWilliam let him have his burgh of Malton," for which he was accordingly elected, but, a fortnight after this, Parliament was dissolved. He was put in nomination for Edinburgh; the town council—thirty-two in number

* He should have said above fifty-seven.

—composed the whole body of the electors; and he was rejected by an overwhelming majority. But—courage!—the day of retribution is at hand.

He was re-elected for Malton, and in July, 1831, brought in the Scotch Reform Bill—

“The Scotch Bill passed the Commons about midnight on the 27th of June 1832.

“This did not end his anxieties, but it greatly relieved them. It left little beyond the general principle of the measure to be discussed, and this was virtually settled by the English case; though there were some persons, and even in high places, who wished to protract the struggle, on the curious ground that though the representation of England had been reformed, that of Scotland had better continue as it was. But this could not disturb him, and the intrigues and discussions and wranglings that had agitated the preceding eight months, were virtually at an end. Being the official manager of the measure, he, like every one else in that position, had to resist the most opposite proposals, both from friendly and from hostile quarters, and was blamed accordingly.”

“His reflections on getting the measure through the Commons were these:—‘It is odd how strangely I felt as I walked home alone last night after all was over. Instead of being elated or relieved, I could not help feeling a deep depression and sadness, and I rather think I dropped a tear or two, as I paused to interrogate my own feelings in St. James’ Square. I cannot very well explain this, but a sense of the littleness and vanity even of those great contentions, was uppermost in my mind.’”

The chief object of his ambition now was to represent his native city of Edinburgh. The Honble. James Abercrombie and Jeffrey received a requisition to permit themselves to be nominated as candidates—

“He and Jeffrey received a requisition to let themselves be put in nomination, signed by about 1200 electors. They consented, and went through the usual processes of addressing meetings of the constituents, and of seeing and conferring with the district leaders. These things have become common since; but this was the first time that the people had ever exercised the elective franchise; and the novelty of the proceedings gave them an interest that can never be felt again. People stared at the very sight of the hustings; all from curiosity, many with delight, some with unaffected horror. One party saw, in these few rare planks, the fulfilment of a vision long cherished; another the end of a system which they had hoped to perpetuate. The nomination was on the 17th of December 1832, the declaration of the poll upon the 19th. Their opponent on the Tory side was a most excellent gentleman, Mr. Forbes Blair, a

banker. The result was, that 4058 voted for Jeffrey, 3865 for Mr. Abercrombie, 1519 for Mr. Blair. It is due to the electors to state, that the two first were returned free of expense."

And here once more do we affirm, "thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges." For we cannot even now forget that year 1801, when Jeffrey was an unsuccessful candidate for the office of reporter to the Court of Session, rejected by his brethren of the bar, whose votes then elected to the situation. "It was made a *mere party question*," says Lord Cockburn, noticing that transaction. Who could then have foreseen, that, thirty years after, this same Francis Jeffrey should be a "party" to a "party question," whose partizans should number in their ranks an overwhelming majority of the enfranchised citizens of a great city? There is much to ponder on in these two elections, and in their results, both as regards the man, and the community. Remember that his early disappointment in the year 1801 is linked with his final success in 1832; and fail not to mark these footprints of Providence with as eager an eye as that of Crusoe beholding, for the first time, the vestige of a human foot in the sand "by the sad sea waves," that girdled his lonely island-kingdom. "Whatever," says Lord Cockburn, speaking of the first of the two events we are now considering, "whatever this rejection proved to the party from whom it proceeded, it was to Jeffrey, personally, a most fortunate occurrence. This exclusion increased his despair of success in the law, and co-operated with his literary ambition in leading him into the scheme and management of that great work" (the *Edinburgh Review*) "with which his name is now permanently associated, which for the next twenty-seven years became the business of his life." It was this circumstance, then, which laid the foundation of the private fortunes of the man; its further action upon the public of these islands has been already amply considered; and the united operation of these twofold influences presents itself to our view in a confluent aspect in the first election at Edinburgh subsequent to the Reform Bill. Thus may we discern the providential relation between distant events of a totally different complexion, yet solidly and subtly linked together in one common chain of cause and effect through a long lapse of years and change of circumstance: thus the career of a single individual, considered in its life-long shiftings and accomplish-

ed results, becomes an evidence, and record for ever, to "vindicate the ways of God to man;" and thus may we note in the sand of destiny, as we pace this Fernandez-shore of our life, traces significant as those which rivetted the gaze of Defoe's mariner in the story—such traces, we mean, as fail not to print the way where Providence has passed, and to give assurance that a Being other than ourselves has gauged the limits, and shares with us the knowledge, of our little world."

In the relations of private life, Jeffrey possessed every solid virtue, and every amiable attraction, that could command respect, or win admiration. His correspondence is full of thoughts, reflections, and expressions, such as indicate the rare union of a delicate susceptibility with manly earnestness and strength of character. In this respect he resembled many of his gifted and worthy race. A Scot can reconcile numerous apparent contrarieties, which refuse to dwell peaceably together in the lives and bosoms of most men not born in that "renowned, romantic land." He can talk metaphysics, and cast up accounts, knows how to be theoretical with the abstract, and how to be more practical than the practical themselves, can take a cheerful cup with a friend, and keep a cool head for his enemy. If he should stumble on Keats' question, and the reply thereto, touching the "two brothers" of Isabella, in the *Pot of Basil*,

"Why were they proud? Because red-lined accounts
Were richer than the songs of Grecian years,"

he will probably exclaim, "Hech! Sirs—the sillers braw, but the 'sangs of Grecian years' are gude thae day, if the bardie that cheerped them is like our ain Robin." This happy constitution of the national character, beneath whose well-poised roof-tree so many various mental manifestations, and affections, and susceptibilities sit down together in peace "in their ain house at hame," was largely shared by the subject of this biographical notice, whose acute, solid, and active intellect fraternized with a sensitive, genial, and noble heart. Never did sword so keen, so elastic, so well-balanced, repose in a scabbard more rich in the softness of velvet, the embroidery of gems, and inlaying of gold. We are but too often enjoined to regard the world in either of two extreme lights; as a tawdry Vanity-Fair to the fortunate and the idle, a place of harping

and pirouetting, built in the classic spirit of bridal-cake architecture; or, on the other hand, as a cell of stripes, and fastings, and ascetic meditations, to the suffering and thoughtful children of toil. Great, then, is our gratitude, when a man such as Jeffrey arises to rebuke the laughing and the weeping philosophers alike, and to cry out with all his might, "A curse on both your houses." Great is our joy, when a strong spirit has conquered the world, and a genial spirit enjoyed it. Great is our profit, when we see the learning of the courts and the energy of public places, transmute themselves into the cordial friendships, and subtler affections, of the hearth; when sense, spirit, and feeling are reconciled in the career of a gifted, and a good man. But it is time to let Lord Cockburn say something on this topic. Speaking of his friend's reputation in society, the latter says:—

"This popularity, by which he was less elated than softened into gratitude, was the result of his character and of his conversation.

"The last I have not skill to describe, except negatively. He was certainly a first-rate talker. But he was not an avowed sayer of good things; nor did he deal, but very sparingly, in anecdote, or in personalities, or in repartee; and he very seldom told a story, or quoted; and never lectured; and though perpetually discussing, almost never disputed; and though joyous, was no great laughier. What then did he do? He did this:—His mind was constantly full of excellent matter; his spirit was always lively; and his heart was never wrong; and the effusion of these produced the charm. He had no exclusive topics. All subjects were welcome; and all found him ready, if not in knowledge, at least in fancy. But literary and moral speculations were, perhaps, his favourite pastures. And in these, as in any region whatever, for nothing came amiss, he ranged freely, under the play of a gay and reasoning imagination; from no desire of applause, but because it gratified his mental activity. Speaking seemed necessary for his existence. The intellectual fountains were so full, that they were always bubbling over, and it would have been painful to restrain them. For a great talker, he was very little of an usurper. Everybody else had full scope, and indeed was encouraged; and he himself, though profuse, was never long at a time; except perhaps when giving an account of something of which he was the mere narrator, when his length depended on the thing to be told. Amidst all his fluency of thought, and all his variety of matter, a great part of the delight of his conversation arose from its moral qualities. Though never assuming the office of a teacher, his goodness of feeling was constantly transpiring. No one could take a walk, or pass a day, or an evening, with him, without having all his rational and generous tastes confirmed, and a steadier conviction than before, of the dependence of happiness on

kindness and duty. Let him be as bold, and as free, and as incautious, and hilarious, as he might, no sentiment could escape him that tended to excuse inhumanity or meanness, or that failed to cherish high principles and generous affections. Then the language in which this talent and worth were disclosed! The very words were a delight. Copious and sparkling, they often imparted nearly as much pleasure as the merry or the tender wisdom they conveyed. Those who left him might easily retire without having any particular saying to report, but never without an admiration of mental richness and striking expression. His respect for conversational power made him like the presence of those who possessed it. But this was not at all necessary for his own excitement, for he never uttered a word for display, and was never in better flow than in the ordinary society of those he was attached to, however humble their powers, and although they could give him no aid but by affection and listening. There was so much in his own head and heart, that, in so far as he was concerned, pouring it out was enjoyment enough. It may appear an odd thing to say, but it is true, that the listener's pleasure was enhanced by the personal littleness of the speaker. A large man could scarcely have thrown off Jeffrey's conversational flowers without exposing himself to ridicule. But the liveliness of the deep thoughts, and the flow of the bright expressions, that animated his talk, seemed so natural and appropriate to the figure that uttered them, that they were heard with something of the delight with which the slenderness of the trembling throat, and the quivering of the wings, make us enjoy the strength and clearness of the notes of a little bird."

The following, too, will be read with interest from its connection with the name of Moore; but it has a still higher claim to our consideration—who are the biographers of Jeffrey, and whose proper business is with the latter, the merits of the former finding their allotted place elsewhere in this number of our Review—since it bears testimony at once to the cordiality and delicacy of feeling which ever walked hand in hand together in Jeffrey's heart, like the strength of Adam and the grace of Eve in Eden—

"It was reported about this time that Mr. Thomas Moore had fallen under some severe pecuniary misfortune, on which Jeffrey wrote as follows to Mr. Rogers:—

"Edinburgh, 30th July 1819.—My dear Sir, I have been very much shocked and distressed by observing in the newspapers the great pecuniary calamity which has fallen on our excellent friend Moore; and not being able to get any distinct information, either as to its extent, or its probable consequences, from any body here, I have thought it best to relieve my anxiety by applying to you, whose kind concern in him must have made you acquainted with all the particulars, and willing, I hope, to satisfy the inquiries of one

who sincerely shows interest in his concerns. I do not know, however, that I should have troubled you merely to answer any useless inquiry. But in wishing to know whether any steps have been taken to mitigate this disaster. I am desirous of knowing also, whether I can be of any use on the occasion. I have unfortunately not a great deal of money to spare. But if it should be found practicable to relieve him from this unmerited distress by any contribution, I beg leave to say I should think it an honour to be allowed to take a share in it to the extent of £300, or £500, and that I could advance more than double that sum over and above, upon any reasonable security of ultimate repayment, however long postponed. I am quite aware of the difficulty of carrying through any such arrangement with a man of Moore's high feeling and character, and had he been unmarried, or without children, he might have been less reluctantly left to the guidance and support of that character. But as it is, I think his friends are bound to make an effort to prevent such lasting and extended misery as, from all I have heard, seems now to be impending. And in hands at once so kind and so delicate as yours, I flatter myself that this may be found practicable. I need not add, I am sure, that I am most anxious that, whether ultimately acted upon or not, this communication should never be mentioned to Moore himself. If you please you may tell him that I have been deeply distressed by his misfortunes, and should be most happy to do him any service. But as I have no right to speak to him of money, I do not think he should know that I have spoken of it to you. If my offer is accepted, I shall consider you and not him as the acceptor. And he ought not to be burdened with the knowledge of any other benefactor.

"Is there any chance of seeing you in Scotland again?"

"Jeffrey partook in 1826 of the sorrow and consternation of all Scotland, on the disclosure of the pecuniary misfortunes of Sir Walter Scott. Mr. Constable, the publisher of the Review, whose bankruptcy produced the crash, was Jeffrey's debtor to a very considerable amount on account of that work. The claim, after some negotiation, was settled. But even while his recovering anything seemed extremely doubtful, all feeling for his own loss was forgotten amidst his grief for the severer calamity that had fallen upon Scott. Indeed it never disturbed his serenity. Writing to Mr. Richardson, who acted as usual as his professional friend in London, he says, (21st January 1826)—'It is grievous to annoy you with all this dull stuff, which I am happy to tell you does not make me in the least unhappy. Cockburn has taken advantage of it to indite what he terms a *Constable dinner*; to be held at my house next Saturday, and to be continued weekly till I get out of my difficulties.'

The mention of Moore reminds us of another Irishman of whom we find brief mention in Lord Cockburn's volume. We are indebted to Jeffrey for a portrait of O'Connell, which, for unpretending and life-like fidelity, we do not hesitate to place beside Mr. Carrick's celebrated miniature. He describes him

thus : "Large and muscular. with an air and an eye in which a half natural, and half assumed indolent good-nature and simplicity is curiously blended with a kind of cunning, and consciousness of superiority. He spoke very fearlessly and readily on all subjects, without study, or apparent attention to words or effect. * * He is in my opinion indisputably the greatest orator in the House ; nervous, passionate, without art or ornament ; concise, intrepid, terrible ; far more in the style of old Demosthenic directness and vehemence than anything I have heard in this modern world."——

Our task is nearly ended. We have touched on the pedantry of Jeffrey's boyhood, fostered by over-culture, till, at the early age of fifteen, he flatters himself into the dishonest belief, that the vanity which prompted him to obtrude his crude correspondence on his old master was "an emotion in the powers of the will, rather than of the intellect ;" we have seen him outlive the sinister precocity, and devote the growing energies of his young life to a course of study, at once original and laborious ; we have marked the early years of his manhood, employed in honorable emulation with his contemporaries, contemporaries, the greater number of whom reflected back on him in the course of their own splendid career the full measure of the illumination they derived from the companionship of his talent and his worth ; we have blushed with him at that invidious repulse his "patient merit of the unworthy took ;" we have risen with him to "the height of his great argument,"—the *Edinburgh Review* ; we have shared the anxieties of his arduous practice at the bar ; we have glowed with him in the struggles of the political arena, and applauded his public spirit, his moderation, and integrity ; we have seen the avenues of power made holy by his gentle, earnest, and loving approach, and the crown of judicial dignity awarded to his diligence and worth ; we have been (through the intermediate introduction of a genial biography) as a friend amongst his friends, in the innocent hours when the fire upon his hearth was a star of comfort to all within the influence of its light ; and what remains to tell is but a Date—SATURDAY, THE 26TH OF JANUARY, 1850, ÆTATIS 77.

"He was not so much distinguished" says Lord Cockburn, "by the predominance of any one great quality, as by the union of several of the finest. Rapidity of intellect, instead of misleading, as it often does, was

combined in him with great soundness; and a high condition of the reasoning powers with an active and delightful fancy. Though not what is termed learned, his knowledge was various; and on literature, politics, and the philosophy of life, it was deep. A taste exquisitely delicate and largely exercised, was one of the great sources of his enjoyment, and of his unmatched critical skill. But the peculiar charm of his character lay in the junction of intellectual power with moral worth. His honor was superior to every temptation by which the world could assail it. The pleasures of the heart were necessary for his existence, and were referred by him to every other gratification, except the pleasures of conscience. Passing much of his time in literary and political contention, he was never once chilled by an unkind feeling, even towards those he was trying to overcome. An habitual gaiety never allowed its thoughtlessness, nor an habitual prudence its caution, to interfere with any claim of charity or duty. Nor was this merely the passive amiableness of a gentle disposition. It was the positive humanity of a resolute man, glowing in the conflicts of the world.

“He prepared himself for what he did by judicious early industry. He then chose the most difficult spheres in which talent can be exerted, and excelled in them all; rising from obscurity and dependence to affluence and renown. His splendour as an advocate was exceeded by his eminence as a judge. He was the founder of a new system of criticism, and this a higher one than had ever existed. As an editor, and as a writer, he did as much to improve his country and the world, as can almost ever be done, by discussion, by a single man. He was the last of four pre-eminent Scotchmen, who, living in their own country, raised its character and extended its reputation, during the period of his career. The other three were Dugald Stewart, Walter Scott, and Thomas Chalmers; each of whom, in literature, philosophy, or policy, caused great changes; and each left upon his age the impression of the mind that produced them. Jeffrey, though surpassed in genius certainly by Scott, and perhaps by Chalmers, was inferior to none of them in public usefulness, or in the beauty of the means by which he achieved it, or in its probable duration. The elevation of the public mind was his peculiar glory. In one respect alone he was unfortunate. The assaults which he led against error, were efforts in which

the value of his personal services can never be duly seen. His position required him to dissipate, in detached and nameless exertions, as much philosophy and beautiful composition as would have sustained avowed and important original works. He has raised a great monument, but it is one on which his own name is too faintly engraved."

ART. III.—THE STREETS OF DUBLIN.

NO. II.

IN the majority of European cities the most ancient streets are usually to be found in the vicinity of the castle or chief fortress of the town, the protection afforded by which was an object of paramount importance to the burghers during the unsettled state of society in the middle ages. Castle street, in the city of Dublin, or "*Vicus castr*," as it is styled in the old records, is nearly coeval with the first establishment of the Anglo Norman power in Ireland. In the year 1235, while Henry III. filled the throne of England, we find a portion of this street mentioned as the habitation of certain artisans engaged in the manufacture of armour; and from a pipe roll of A.D. 1260, it appears that the king's exchequer was situated on the south west part of Castle street, even before that early period. The antiquity of the locality was further confirmed by the discovery there, about a hundred years ago, of an ancient leaden water pipe, bearing upon it an inscription of the thirteenth century. "The entrance into the castle from the city," says a writer in 1766, "was on the north side, by a drawbridge, placed between two strong round towers from Castle street, which took its name from the fortress. The towers were called the gate-towers, and the most west-ward of them till lately subsisted, the other having been some time before pulled down, to make a more commodious entrance into the court of the castle. The gate-way between these towers was furnished with a port-cullis, armed with iron, to raise or let down as occasion required, and to serve as a second defence, in case the drawbridge had been

prised by an enemy. Since the invention of artillery, two
 es of great ordnance were planted on a platform opposite to
 gate, to defend it, if the drawbridge and portcullis should
 pen to be forced. From the western gate-tower, a strong
 high courtin extended in a line parallel to Castle-street
 ar as another tower which in the last century took the
 e of Cork-tower upon the following occasion. On the
 of May, 1624, about nine o'clock in the morning, this
 r suddenly fell down, and being only in part re-built at
 charge of the publick, Richard Boyle, the opulent and first
 of Cork, in the year 1629, undertook to finish it at his
 expence, and in the accomplishment thereof disbursed
 . His arms, and an inscription were fixed in the wall,
 e place from whence he carried the work. This tower
 een since demolished to make room for other buildings.”
 n the south side of the street was situated Austin's lane,
 ding to Austin's gate in Ship street. “This took the
 of Austin's gate, either as it was dedicated to that saint,
 it afforded a passage to the friars of that order to attend
 itizens in their nightly confessions and other duties, when
 principal gates of the city were kept close shut and
 led.” On a portion of this lane stood the house of sir
 s Ware, which is described in 1618, in an official docu-
 as “all the place, tenement, or house and shop, occu-
 y Thomas Pinnocke, goldsmith, deceased, and now by
 s Ware, esq., with two small gardens annexed, situate
 n the precinct of the castle ditch; and extending from the
 bridge to the city wall west of the said bridge; and from
 stle west and north of the said castle.” The first of the
 ench family of de Warr, le Ware, or Ware who settled
 land, was James Ware who came over as secretary to
 eputy Fitz William in 1588, five years after which he
 appointed clerk of the common pleas in the exchequer.
 afterwards obtained a reversionary patent for the office
 litor general to commence on the death, forfeiture or
 der of the then present officer (Christopher Peyton),
 the 28th July, 44 Eliz. This last was an employment
 d reputation and considerable profit, which continued
 century in his family, except for a short interval dur-
 e usurpation of Oliver Cromwell, and the several succeed-
 vernments until the restoration. The benefit and in-
 f this office enabled him to make several considerable

purchases in the county and city of Dublin and elsewhere." His eldest son, James, born in Castle street in 1594 studied with distinction at Trinity college, Dublin, then under the government of its fourth provost, the learned William Temple, grandfather of the celebrated Irish author and statesman of the same name, and also distinguished for having been the secretary of sir Philip Sidney, until the death of that accomplished knight after the battle of Zutphen, after which he acted in the same capacity for the earl of Essex.

"Ware continued about six years in the university; and having left it he prosecuted his studies at his father's house with the utmost application. It was here he fell under the notice of Dr. Usher, then bishop of Meath, who discovering in him a great propensity to the study of antiquities, and an inclination of employing himself among old records and manuscripts, encouraged him in that sort of learning, in which he so much delighted himself: and from that time there continued a close and intimate friendship between them. That learned prelate concludes the first edition of one of his immortal works in these words, 'Interim dum nos, &c. In the meantime having finished that task, which I looked upon as a debt due by me to my country and fellow-citizens, while I am entering into the consideration of digesting into method the antient chronology of the Hebrews, Greeks, Romans, and other nations, the courteous reader may, from the labours of sir James Ware of Dublin, knight, our most worthy auditor-general, expect the annals of Ireland, together with a catalogue of the writers of our country, out of which may be drawn a considerable supplement to those particulars in which I have been defective.' And it was in that very year 1639, in which the archbishop's book *de Primordiis* came out, that our author published his treatise '*de scriptoribus Hiberniæ*.' But this was after his father's death. His father thinking it convenient he should marry, procured him a match to both their satisfactions. It was Mary, the daughter of Jacob Newman* of the city of Dublin, esq. But this alteration in his condition did not in the least take him off from his beloved studies. He had begun to gather manuscripts, and make collections from the libraries of Irish antiquaries, and genealogists, and from the registries and cartularies of cathedrals and monasteries, in which he spared no expence. He had recourse, when he pleased,

* He was clerk in the rolls office in the court of chancery. Among the "Lansdowne Manuscripts" in the British Museum are preserved extracts "out of the white book of the exchequer which was burnt in sir Francis Aungier's closet at Jacob Newmans in 1610." From this book, otherwise known as "*liber albus scaccarii*," sir John Davies quotes certain curious old English verses in his "*Discoverie of the true causes why Ireland was never entirely subdued, nor brought under obedience to the crowne of England*," till the reign of James I.

voice collections made by Dr. Usher, as well as to those of Molyneux, Ulster king at arms, a very curious antiquary, whom the similitude of their studies had cemented a strict p. Our author takes occasion in one part of his works to 'venerandæ antiquitatis cultorem.' When he had gleaned uld for his purpose at home, he resolved to take a journey nd, not doubting but he should reap a plentiful harvest by g the libraries both public and private there. He arrived on in the beginning of April, 1626, where he had the satisfacind his dear friend Dr. Usher, then archbishop of Armagh, oduced him into the acquaintance of sir Robert Cotton, and him a ready access to his curious and valuable library. Sir ntertained him with much friendship, and kept up a constant se of correspondence with him for the five remaining years . Having furnished himself with many materials from sir vast treasury, and from many other places, particularly from ds of the tower of London (great collections from both ces I have seen in his hand-writing, and which are now in e library), he returned into Ireland in company with the of Armagh, and immediately published a tract entitled, *Discoporum Cassiliensium et Tuamensium vitæ, duobus exnmentariolis.* Dublinii, 1626, 4to. Two years after he another piece intituled, 'De præsulibus Lageniæ, sive Dubliniensis. Liber unus.' Dublinii, 1628, 4to. These ses he afterwards melted into one book under the more tle, 'De præsulibus Hiberniæ.' About this time also, he his 'Cænobia Cistertientia Hiberniæ;' which was afterluded in his 'Disquisitiones de Hibernia,' and, with other es, completed the twenty-sixth chapter of his Antiquities. ter end of the year 1628, he passed again into England. ed with him some manuscripts, which he knew would be e to sir Robert Cotton, particularly a fair cartulary foronging to St. Mary's abbey near Dublin; in the title page sir Robert wrote these words, which are yet to be seen in and-writing, viz., 'Donum viri clarissimi Jacobi Waræi.' In ey he added considerably to his collections, and having le acquainted with Mr. Selden, and other learned and en, he returned home about the end of summer 1629, and received the honour of knighthood from the hands of the tices, sir Adam Loftus, lord chancellor, and Richard rl of Cork, lord treasurer, the latter of whom had a dship for him, and by his last will as a testimony of his nd love bequeathed to his worthy friend sir James Ware, of his own breed.' His father was still living; so that there knights of the same name and surname residing together se at the same time, they always living together."

he death of his father in 1632, sir James was called studies to fill the vacant office of auditor general, became distinguished for his knowledge and judg-

ment in public affairs. He was considered a "very honest and able officer" by the lord deputy Strafford, who consulted him on all occasions, and procured him a place in the privy council. The clergy and bench of bishops held so high an opinion of his integrity that the two houses of convocation in 1634 specially requested that he should be one of the commissioners to whom their affairs were to be referred by the state. "Nor was he wanting on his side to cultivate this good opinion conceived of him, not only by his services to them upon all occasions, but also in the affairs of his office of auditor general, by remitting the fees due therein to clergymen and clergymen's widows, which he never would receive." In 1639 he was elected to represent the university of Dublin in parliament, where he strenuously, though vainly, opposed the proceedings of the enemies of his patron Strafford, to whom he had dedicated his history of the "writers of Ireland," published in 1639, his edition of Spenser's View of the state of Ireland, and the Irish histories of Campion and Hammer. After the rising of 1641 Ware distinguished himself by the active support which he gave to the royal cause, and in 1643 he was dispatched with lord Edward Brabazon and sir Henry Tichborne to arrange with Charles I., relative to a treaty with the confederate Irish.

"They left Ireland early in December 1644, and arrived safely to the king at Oxford. While they stayed with the king, sir James employed all the time he could spare from his publick business, in conversing with the learned men of that university, or in studying in the publick libraries, collecting whatever materials he judged might be afterwards useful in compiling the books which he had in view to publish. During his attendance he was complimented with the honorary degree of doctor of laws, and highly caressed by most of the considerable men then at Oxford. At length, the business these commissioners went about being concluded, about the end of December they took leave of his majesty, not without many kind expressions of grace and favor. On their return to Ireland, they were pursued at sea by a parliament ship commanded by captain Swanley. Sir James finding no hopes of escaping, just as the enemy were boarding the vessel, cast the king's packet of letters, directed to the marquis of Ormond, into the sea. They were sent prisoners to the tower of London, where they continued upwards of ten months; but were at last released in exchange for the lady Moor, sir Robert Meredith, sir Robert Hanway, sir Patrick Wemys and others, who had been committed prisoners in Dublin, being taken up for a treacherous attempt to betray the town of Drogheda to the Scotch covenanters. Our author employed some part of this tedious imprisonment in writing an imaginary voyage to an Utopian island."

having regained his liberty he returned to Dublin and was united, with the earl of Roscommon and the lord Lambart, to the conduct of the earl of Glamorgan. "In progress of the war, when the Protestants of Ireland had divided themselves between the king and the parliament, our author sided with the royal party, and zealously adhered to the marquis of Ormond, who ever after entertained a great and paternal affection for him, which he evidenced upon all occasions, both before and after the restoration of king Charles second. Thus we see him high in the favour of two governors, and both of them exact judges of merit." The surrender of Dublin to the parliamentarians in 1647, was one of the hostages for the full performance of the

the agreement for the surrender of the city of Dublin being executed, the hostages were licensed to depart. Our author retired to Dublin, where he lived for sometime in a private condition, having been stripped of his employment of auditor-general, which was given to doctor Robert Gorges, who enjoyed it until the restoration of King Charles II. Michael Jones, governor of Dublin, sometime after took umbrage at our author, and thought it not convenient, a person of such unshaken loyalty to the royal family, and one who had obstinately refused their darling covenant, should continue in the city; where he might have had the opportunity of forming a party prejudicial to the cause he was engaged in; and the rather, as at that time the marquis of Ormond, who had returned into Ireland, was beginning to grow formidable by an union with the army of the supreme lord, and many of the Presbyterians under the command of the lordes. Jones therefore sent a peremptory order to sir James Oates to depart the city, and transport himself beyond the seas into any country he pleased, except England. He chose France for the place of his banishment, and Jones furnished him with a pass for himself, his eldest son, and one servant, signed April the 4th, 1649. He resided at St. Maloes, where he resided a short time, of which he has given notice in the eleventh chapter of his Antiquities. From St. Maloes he removed to Caen in Normandy, and from thence to Paris; and the acquaintance he contracted with some eminently learned men made the misfortune of his banishment sit easy on him. The conversations he had with the famous Bochart delighted him extremely; in whose company he could have been contented to spend the residue of his life. He highly admired that learned man, and had so great an esteem for his works, that, upon his return into England, he thought his 'Hierozoicon' a present worthy to be added to the library of the university of Dublin. He wrote at this time a book, entitled, 'Itinerarium Gallicum,' which in his return into England, he presented to Sir Robert Cotton in manu-

After a residence of two years in France, the parliament granted him a licence to return, and in 1654 he published "his masterpiece" entitled "*De Hibernia et antiquitatibus ejus disquisitiones*," which was followed in 1656 by his edition of St. Patrick's writings, styled "*Sancto Patricio, qui Hibernos ad fidem Christi convertit, adscripta opuscula*." After the restoration he was reinstated as auditor general and obtained other offices of importance through the influence of the duke of Ormond, who, "being constituted lord lieutenant of Ireland, was pleased to distinguish him in a very peculiar manner, by advising with him upon all occasions, and when the gout hindered his attendance at the council table, the duke would frequently visit him at his own house.—His majesty, in consideration of his faithful services for a great number of years, and possibly not forgetting a handsome sum of money which he had sent him in his exile, was graciously pleased to offer to create him a viscount of the kingdom of Ireland. He thankfully refused the honour, and in regard his estate, by a general entail created on the marriage of his eldest son, was likely to go to a female heir. For the same reason he refused to be created a baronet. But at his request the king granted him two blank baronets' patents, which he filled up and disposed of to two friends, whose posterity to this (1745) day enjoy the honours. Afterwards, when the magistracy of the city of Dublin was dignified with the title of lord mayor in 1665, it was well known how instrumental he was, by the favour he had with the duke of Ormond, in obtaining a grant from the crown of 500*l.* a year, for the maintenance and support of that new dignity. The hurry of business (which upon such a revolution, and total change of affairs, must be very great) being now over, our author found leisure to put the last hand to some works which he designed for the public." Accordingly in 1662 appeared his annals of Ireland during the reign of Henry VIII., followed in 1664 by a portion of the works of venerable Bede, and in 1665 by his history of the Irish bishops, under the title of "*De præsulibus Hiberniæ commentarius; a prima gentis Hiberniæ ad fidem Christianæ conversione, ad nostra usque tempora*." His death, on the first of December, 1666, prevented him from continuing his publications for which he had amassed considerable materials.

"Our author, sir James Ware, was of a very charitable disposition, and frequently contributed good sums of money to the relief of

the indigent and necessitous, especially to the decayed cavaliers (as they who adhered to their royal cause were then called) whom he often invited to his plentiful table, being noted for hospitality. He always forgave the fees of his office to widows, clergymen and clergymen's children; and was frequently known to lend money, where he had no prospect of repayment, not knowing how to deny any body who asked. There is one remarkable instance of his generosity. A house in Dublin, forfeited by the rebellion, was granted to him. He sent for the widow and children of the forfeiting person, and conveyed it back to them. He had a great love for his native country, and could not bear to see it aspersed by some authors; which put him upon doing it all the justice he could in his writings, by setting matters in the fairest light, yet still with the strictest regard to truth: and this was not an easy task for one who had not a perfect skill in the Irish language; 'who could make a shift to read and understand it (says a late author) but was utterly ignorant in speaking it; and yet by his great industry, and diligent inquiries among those who were perfectly knowing in it, he collected more Irish monuments, than some who pretended to be better versed in the language.' He always kept in his house an Irish amanuensis, to interpret and translate the language for him, and at the time of his death one Dudley Firbisse* served him in that office. He was at the pains of making a large collection of valuable manuscripts relating to the affairs of his country; for some of which he spared no costs in the purchase. They fell into the hands of the earl of Clarendon, when he was lord lieutenant of Ireland, in the reign of king James II., who carried them with him into England, where they were afterwards sold to the duke of Chandos, who at this time

* This was Duald Mac Firbis, the most learned Irish historian of his day. He belonged to the ancient clan of the same name which enjoyed a castle and lands in Tíreragh, by virtue of their hereditary office of historiographer. While in Dublin Mac Firbis translated the Registry of Clonmacnois, and Annals of Ireland from A.D. 1443 to 1468, with the following epigraph: "This translation begun was by Dudley Firbisse, in the house of sir James Ware, in Castle-street, Dublin, 6th November, 1666." These annals, together with the author's history of the tribes and customs of Tíreragh, have been published by the Irish Archæological Society, as noticed in the IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. I.

The death of Mac Firbis took place in 1670 and by it "our antiquities received an irreparable blow:" his genealogical manuscript, transcribed by Mr. Curry, is one of the most valuable documents in the library of the Royal Irish Academy. The Rev. William Reeves informs us that "The Clarendon manuscripts in the British Museum are, in a great measure, composed of sir James Ware's compilations and collections. They embrace an immense mass of historical treasure not to be found elsewhere. Among other matters they contain the extracts from the rolls and the various authorities which formed the basis of Ware's history of the Irish bishops. Lord Clarendon took them to England; after whose death they were purchased by the duke of Chandos, and at his sale they passed to dean Milles, who bequeathed them to the Museum."

(1745) hath them in his possession. There was a catalogue of them printed in Dublin before the year 1641, and another at Oxford in the year 1697 among the manuscripts of England in large folio. The works he published gained him great reputation both at home and abroad, especially his 'Antiquities;' in which his skill and industry are peculiarly conspicuous. Most authors both foreign and domestick, who have occasion to mention him, speak honourably of him, and they are not a few in number. Waving what others have said, let it suffice to instance Dr. Nicholson, late bishop of Derry, who among other encomiums calls him the Camden of Ireland."

Few distinguished men of the seventeenth century have left behind them a more amiable character than sir James Ware. Amid the active employments of public life he contrived to produce those elaborate works which still maintain a high character in the Irish historical library. Respected abroad for his learning, and venerated at home for his loyalty, integrity and philanthropy, he passed through the stormy times in which he lived without creating a single personal enemy; happy in the consciousness of having scrupulously fulfilled his duty in the important offices which were entrusted to him, of having advanced the literary fame of his country, and of having applied a considerable portion of his wealth to the relief of suffering humanity. Although, as noticed in a former paper, no monument exists to denote his last resting place in St. Werburgh's church, the Irish Archæological Society have testified their respect for his memory by placing his portrait on the title pages of the works issued under their superintendence. On a portion of the site of Austin's-lane and sir James Ware's house, the buildings forming Hoey's court were erected in the seventeenth century, apparently, by sir John Hoey, founder of the family of Dunganstown, county Wicklow.

In the "Declaration of the commons assembled in parliament, concerning the rise and progress of the grand rebellion in Ireland" we find the following among other charges; "That in March, 1639, the earl of Strafford carried with him into Ireland, sir Toby Matthews, a notorious, pernicious English jesuited priest (banished at the beginning of this parliament upon the importunity of both houses) lodged this priest over against the castle of Dublin, the house where the earl did himself reside, and from whence this priest daily rode to publique masse-houses in Dublin, and negotiated the engaging of the Papists of Ireland in the war against Scotland." This sir Toby Matthew, one of the most extraordinary characters

of his time, eldest son of the erudite and witty archbishop of York of the same name, was early distinguished for his learning, which procured him the intimate friendship of sir Francis Bacon, whose Essays he translated into Italian. During his travels abroad, Matthew was induced to embrace the Roman Catholic religion by the learned jesuit, Robert Parsons, and received holy orders in 1614 from cardinal Bellarmin, at Florence. On his return to England he was imprisoned, but through Bacon he obtained his liberty and repaired to the Continent, where he became acquainted with the duke of Buckingham, who procured him permission to return to England, and brought him on the expedition with prince Charles to Spain, relative to the match with the infanta. For his services, in the latter affair, king James received him into favor and created him a knight in 1623. He became a general favorite at court from his versatile talents, for he distinguished himself as a politician, a poet, a painter, an author and a man of gallantry; of the last he gave indisputable proof by his verses on Lucy, countess of Carlisle, "she being the goddess that he adored." He was highly esteemed by the earl of Strafford, and bitterly hated by the Presbyterians; sir William Boswell, the king's agent at the Hague, describes him as follows, in a letter written in 1640:—

"Sir Tobie Matthew a jesuited priest, of the order of politicians, a most vigilant man of the chief heads, to whom a bed was never so dear that he would rest his head thereon, refreshing his body with sleep in a chair for an hour or two; neither day nor night, spared he his machinations, a man principally noxious, and himself the plague of the king and kingdom of England; a most impudent man, who flies to all banquets and feasts, called or not called; never quiet, always in action and perpetual motion, thrusting himself into all conversations of superiors. He urgeth conferences familiarly, that he might fish out the minds of men. Whatever he observeth thence, which may bring any commodity or discommodity to the part of the conspirators, he communicates to the pope's legat, and the more secret things he himself writes to the pope, or to cardinal Barbarino. In sum he adjoins himself to any man's company, no word can be spoken, that he will not lay hold on, and communicate to his party. In the mean time whatever he hath fished out, he reduceth into a catalogue, and every summer carrieth it to the general Consistory of the politician jesuits, which secretly meet together in Wales, where he is an acceptable guest."

An English Protestant writer, who gives us a somewhat more

amiable character of this "pernicious" jesuit, says, "I shall only tell you that he had all his father's name, and many of his natural parts; was also one of considerable learning, good memory, and sharp wit, mixed with a pleasant affability in behaviour, and a seeming sweetness of mind, though sometimes, according to the company he was in, pragmatical and a little too forward." Among his various works Matthew is said to have written a treatise to shew "the benefit that proceeds from washing the head every morning in cold water;" and it was also believed that he had begun a history of his own times, still unpublished and probably containing some particulars relative to his sojourn in Ireland which appears to have been very brief. Sir Toby died at the jesuits' house in Ghent in 1655, aged seventy-seven years; he bequeathed to the order a sum of eleven thousand scudi which was expended in purchasing the vineyards of Magliana, and other property in the vicinity of Rome.

Castle street is also connected with the history of the rising of the Irish in 1641. Sir Phelim O'Neil, one of the principal actors in that revolutionary movement, asserted, on his examination in 1652, "that about a quarter or half-a-year before the beginning of the rebellion, the plot thereof was discovered to him by the lord Macguire and Roger Moore; and they two, with Philip O'Reily and himself, had several times in Dublin met and discoursed of the plot. That at some of the meetings colonel John Barry, sir James Dillon, Anthony Preston and Hugh Mac Phelim were present. That there was an oath of secrecy administered to such persons as were made privy to the plot, and that the oath was given to him at his chamber in Nelson's house, Castle-street, by the lord Macguire and Roger Moore. That at their meetings it was agreed, the several forts should be taken; and to that purpose he was appointed to take Charlemount; the lord Macguire, Enniskillen; Barry, Preston, Moore and Plunket, the castle of Dublin; sir James Dillon, the fort of Galway; and sir Morgan Cavenagh and Hugh Mac Phelim, the fort of Duncannon."

The usual lodging of Conor Macguire, baron of Enniskillen, attainted and executed in 1644, for having engaged in the attempt made by the native Irish to regain the lands and rights of their ancestors, was at "one Nevil's, a chirurgion, in Castle-street, near the pillory." The lords justices, in their despatch to the lord lieutenant, Robert, earl of Leicester, dated Dublin,

25th of October, 1641, give the following details of the proceedings in Dublin on the day of the intended rising :

“ Calling to mind a letter we received the week before from sir William Cole, we gathered that the lord Macguire was to be an actor in surprizing the castle of Dublin, wherefore we held it necessary to secure him immediately, thereby also to startle and deter the rest, when they found him laid fast. His lordship observing what we had done, and the city in arms, fled from his lodging early before day, it seems disguised ; for we had laid a watch about his lodging, so as we think he could not pass without disguising himself, yet he could not get forth of the city, so surely guarded were all the gates. There were found at his lodging hidden some hatchets, with the helves newly cut off close to the hatchets, and many skeans, and some hammers. In the end the sheriffs of the city, whom we employed in strict search of his lordship, found him hidden in a cockloft, in an obscure house far from his lodging, where they apprehended him, and brought him before us. He denied all, yet so, as he could not deny but he heard of it in the country, though he would not tell us when, or from whom ; and confessed that he had not advertised us thereof, as in duty he ought to have done. But we were so well satisfied of his guiltiness by all circumstances, as we doubted not upon further examination, when we could be able to spare time for it, to find it apparent : Wherefore we held it of absolute necessity to commit him close prisoner, as we had formerly done Mac Mahon, and others ; where we left him on the three and twentieth of this month in the morning, about the same hour they intended to have been masters of that place, and this city. That morning also we laid wait for all those strangers that came the night before to town, and so many were apprehended whom we find reason to believe to have hands in this conspiracy, as we were forced to disperse them into several gaols : And we since found that there came many horse-men into the suburbs that night, who finding the plot discovered, dispersed themselves immediately. When the hour approached, which was designed for surprizing the castle, great numbers of strangers were observed to come to town in great parties several ways ; who not finding admittance at the gates, staid in the suburbs, and there grew numerous, to the terrour of the inhabitants. We therefore to help that, drew up instantly and signed a proclamation, commanding all men, not dwellers in the city and suburbs, to depart within an hour, upon pain of death, and made it alike penal to those that should harbour them, which proclamation the sheriffs immediately proclaimed in all the suburbs by our commandment. Which being accompanied with the example and terrour of the committal of those two eminent men, and others, occasioned the departure of those multitudes. And in this case, all our lives and fortunes, and above all, his majesty's regal power and authority being still at the stake, we must vary from ordinary proceedings, not only in executing martial law as we see cause, but also in putting some to the rack to find out the bottom of this treason, and all the contrivers thereof, which we foresee will not otherwise be done.”

Shortly after the commencement of hostilities, the lords Justices, wanting money to pay the army, issued a proclamation, on the fourteenth of January, 1642, ordering "all manner of persons of what condition or qualitie soever, dwelling in the city or suburbs of Dublin, as well within the liberties as without, within ten daies next after publication of the said order, doe deliver or cause to be delivered half or more of his, her or their plate to William Bladen, of Dublin, alderman, and John Pue, one of the sheriffes of the same citty, taking their hand for receipt thereof, to the end use may be made thereof for the present relief of the said officers. And this board by the said order did give the word and assurance of his majestie and this state, that as soone as the treasure shall arrive forth of England, due satisfaction shall be made after the rate of five shillings the ounce, for such plate as is true tuch, and the true value of such as is not of such tuch to the owner thereof, together with consideration for forbearance for the same, after the rate of eight pound per cent per annum." The inhabitants of the county of Dublin were also invited to contribute on the same terms, and it was ordered "that the said William Bladen and John Pue doe meet every day (except the sabbath day) at the dwelling house of the said William Bladen, scituate in Castle street, in Dublin, and there continue every forenoon from nine till eleven of the clock, and every afternoon from two till four of the clock, there to receive the said plate, and to give acknowledgments of the receipts thereof, expressing the parties name from whom it comes, and the weight, tuch, and value thereof—and we thinke fit that the said William Bladen and John Pue doe call to their assistance Gilbert Tongues and Peter Vandenhoven (goldsmiths), who with the said William Bladen and John Pue are to view the said plate and the value thereof." The silver * thus

* The remembrance of this transaction was preserved in the name of an alley on the south side of Castle-street, named "Silver court," in the second house of which, "next door to the sign of the Golden hammer and hart," the "Dublin Intelligence" was published in 1728; as also another newspaper with the following title:—"R. Dickson. The * Silver court gazette, containing an impartial account of the most material news, foreign and domestick." Printed by Richard Dickson in Silver court in Castle-street, opposite to the Rose Tavern."

At the "Civet cat in Castle-street, opposite to the Rose tavern," lived Dr. Jaque (1706) who used "to practice according to the laudable

obtained was "hastily coined into several kind of species of different shapes. One kind has only the weight stamp on them, as nineteen penny-weight eight grains—nine penny-weight eight grains—three penny-weight twenty grains—one penny-weight six grains. Another sort, instead of the weight, has only the value, V. for five shillings." William Bladen was lord mayor of Dublin in 1647, and he appears to have held the office of state printer both under Charles I. and the commonwealth; in noticing the low condition to which the press was reduced at this period, the Rev. Dr. Leland tells us that "an order was sent to Ireland, conceived in the full spirit of arbitrary power. 'That the printer (for there was but one) in Dublin should not suffer his press to be made use of, without first bringing the copy to be printed to the clerk of the council; who, upon receiving it, if he found anything tending to the prejudice of the commonwealth, or the public

custom of Holland for the easy fee of one shilling for each visit, and to attend families for fifty-two shillings per annum, and single persons at twenty-six shillings, according to his printed proposals."

On the north side of the street stands Pembroke court, apparently so called from the earl of that name who was lord lieutenant of Ireland in 1707. Many of the early publications of the celebrated George Faulkner was printed in this court; among others, the first collected edition of the "drapier's letters" (1725), and a periodical called the "country gentleman." Of the various booksellers and printers who resided in Castle-street we may notice John North (1659); Samuel Dancer at the sign of the "horse shoe" (1663); John Leach (1666); Joseph Wilde (1670); M. Croke (1671); Samuel Helsham at the "college arms," next door to the "bear and ragged staffe" (1685); Patrick Campbell (1695); William Dowdall, next door to the sign of London (1704). At the "stationers' arms" in Castle-street, in the reign of James II. was the shop of Eliphal Dobson, the most eminent Dublin bookseller and publisher of his day. He was attainted in the parliament of 1689, and returned to his former habitation after the evacuation of Dublin by the Jacobites. "Eliphal Dobson's wooden leg," says an English writer in 1707, "startled me with the creaking of it; for I took it for the *crepitus ossium*, which I have heard some of our physicians speak of. Mr. Dobson is a great Dissenter, but his pretence to religion does not make him a jot precise. He values no man for his starched looks or supercilious gravity, or for being a Churchman, Presbyterian, Independent, &c. provided he is sound in the main points wherein all good men are agreed." Dobson was succeeded by his son and namesake; and in 1737 we find Stearne Brock, bookseller, at the "stationers' arms," Castle-street. Of the other publishers in the locality it may suffice to mention Thomas Benson at Shakespeare's head (1728); Laurence Flynn (1766); and John Hillary, of 54 Castle-street, who published "Pue's Occurrences" after purchasing that newspaper in 1776.

peace and welfare, should acquaint the council with the same, for their pleasures to be known therein.'” The printer of Castle street, it may be observed, was the ancestor of colonel Martin Bladen, appointed comptroller of the mint in 1714, three years after which he declined the office envoy extraordinary to the court of Spain. His translation of Cæsar’s commentaries appeared in 1750; he was also author of two dramatic pieces. Pope describes him as a gamester, and notes that he lived in the utmost magnificence at Paris, and kept open table frequented by persons of the first quality of England, and even by princes of the blood of France. Colonel Bladen was uncle to two distinguished men—William Collins, author of the ode on the passions, and Edward lord Hawke, “one of the greatest characters that ever adorned the British navy; but most remarkable for the daring courage which induced him on many occasions to disregard those forms of conducting or sustaining an attack, which the rules and ceremonies of the service had before considered as indispensable.” Speaking of colonel Martin Bladen, Warton observes, “He was uncle to my dear and lamented friend Mr. William Collins the poet, to whom he left an estate, which he did not get possession of till his faculties were deranged and he could not enjoy it. I remember Collins told me that Bladen had given to Voltaire, all that account of Camoëns inserted in his essay on the epic poets of all nations, and that Voltaire seemed before entirely ignorant of the name and character of Camoëns.”

Sir Daniel Bellingham, the first lord mayor of Dublin, held his mayoralty in the year 1665 in a “large elegant structure” erected by himself on the site of a portion of an ancient passage named Cow-lane, at the corner of Fishamble-street and Castle-street.

While the Scandinavians ruled Dublin, its chief magistrate appears to have been styled *mor maer* or “great steward”; after the Anglo-Norman settlement we find the name changed to provost. The provosts and bailiffs were generally men of Norman or French descent, and of those who distinguished themselves by their munificence John le Decer, provost in 1308, 1309, and 1324, may be noticed:—

“He at his own charge made a marble cistern in the publick street to receive water from the conduit in Dublin for the benefit of the inhabitants (such as was never before seen there.) He also a

little before built a bridge over the Liffey, near the priory of St. Wolstan, and a chapel dedicated to the B. V. Mary in the Franciscan monastery, wherein he was afterwards buried himself. He also erected another chapel to the B. V. Mary in St. John's hospital. His bounty to the Dominicans is also celebrated; for he erected a large and elegant stone pillar in their church, and presented to the friars a large stone altar with all the appurtenant ornaments, and entertained them at his own table every Friday out of charity. It is also recorded in the registry of the Dominicans of Dublin, that this generous magistrate in a time of great scarcity raised a vast sum of money, and furnished out three ships to France, which returned in two months laden with corn, and that he bestowed one of the ships loading on the lord justice and the militia, another on the Dominican and Augustin seminaries, and reserved a third for the exercise of his own hospitality and bounty. At the same time the prior of Christ-church being destitute of corn, and having no money to buy it, sent to this worthy mayor a pledge of plate to the value of 40*l*. but he returned the plate and sent the prior a present of twenty barrels of corn. These beneficent actions moved the Dominicans to insert the following prayer in their litany, viz. :—*‘Orate pro salute majoris, ballivorum, et communitatis de omni civitate Dubliniensi, optimorum benefactorum huic ordini tuo, nunc et in hora mortis.’*”

The position of Dublin, surrounded on every side by hostile native clans, rendered it necessary that the citizens should be prepared to resist their incursions, and occasionally to carry the war into the enemies' country; the provost consequently became a semi-military character, generally marching at the head of the city troops when the lord lieutenant sallied forth to do battle with the Irishry. In consideration of the services thus rendered to the crown of England, Henry IV. in 1407 granted a licence that the provost for the time being, and his successors for ever, should bear before them a gilded sword, for the honor of the king and his heirs, and of his faithful subjects of the said city, in the same manner as the mayors of London had borne before them; and in 1409 the title of provost was changed into that of mayor.

“The military forces of the city were antiently composed of twenty corporations, commanded in chief by the principal magistrate, and every company under the guidance of their respective masters, as captains, subordinate to whom were appointed lieutenants, and other inferior officers. The foot, consisting of twenty companies, were mustered and exercised four times a year. First, on Easter Monday, commonly called ‘black Monday,’ from a disastrous accident which happened (A.D. 1209) to the citizens of Dublin on that day. Secondly, on May-day; Thirdly, on Midsummer-eve; and Fourthly,

on St. Peter's eve. On 'black Monday' and Midsummer-eve the mayor and sheriffs mustered and commanded the forces in person; but on the other two days the mayor and sheriffs of the 'bull-ring' had the chief command of the bachelors, who were then mustered before them. The horse were mustered on Shrove-Tuesday, and then commanded in chief by the sheriffs of the city. The charges of these musters were defrayed by fines levied on such freemen as had been married the foregoing year. The mayor, and principal citizens, sat at these musters under a pavillion or tent erected on the top of a butt; and every person so married, being below the estate of paying a fine in money, presented the mayor with an orange, as an acknowledgement for the fine, which by the constitution and custom of the city he was liable to. The mayor of the 'bull-ring' was an officer eligible by the citizens yearly, to be captain or guardian of the bachelors of the city.—He took his name from an iron ring in the corn-market, to which the butchers fastened their bulls for baiting; and when any bachelor citizen happened to marry, the custom was for the mayor of the bull-ring, and his attendants, to conduct the bridegroom, upon his return from church, to the ring, and there with a solemn kiss receive his homage and last farewell: from whence the new married man took the mayor and sheriffs of the bull-ring home to dinner with him, unless he were poor; in which case, the mayor and his bachelors made a collection for him, which they gave to him at the ring, upon receiving his homage. But this office seems to have been ludicrous, and established merely by custom, without any foundation of authority."

A writer in 1586, well acquainted with Dublin and its citizens, has left us the following notice of the chief officers of the city in his time:—

"The hospitalitie of the maior and the shiriffes for the year being, is so large and bountifull, that soothlie (London fore priced) verie few such officers under the crowne of England keepe so great a port,* none I am sure greater. The maior, over the number of officers that take their dailie repast at his table, keepeth for his yeare in maner open house. And albeit in tearme time his house is frequented as well of the nobilitie as of other potentats of great calling: yet his ordinarie is so good, that a verie few set feasts are provided for them. They that spend least in their maioraltie (as those of credit, yea and such as bare the office haue informed me) make an ordinarie account of five hundred pounds for their viand and diet that yeare: which is no small summe to be bestowed in houskeeping, namelie where vittels are so good cheape, and the presents of friends diuerse and sundrie. There hath been of late yeares (1554) a wor-

* State or attendance:—

"Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead;
Keep house, and port, and servants as I should."
Taming of the Shrew.

shipfull gentleman, named Patrick Scarsefield,* that bare the office of the maioralte in Dublin, who kept so great port in this year, as his hospitalitie to his fame and renowne resteth as yet in fresh memorie. One of his especiall and entire friends entring in communication with the gentleman, his yeare being well neere expired, mooued question, to what he thought his expenses all that yeare amounted to? Trulie James (so his friend was named) quoth maister Scarsefield, I take between me and God, when I entered into mine office, the last saint Hierome his day (which is the morrow of Michaelmasse, on which daie the maior taketh his oth before the chiefe baron, at the exchequer, within the castell of Dublin) I had three barnes well stored and thwackt with corne, and I assured my selfe, that anie one of these three had been sufficient to haue stored mine house with bread, ale, and beere for this yeare. And now God and good companie be thanked, I stand in doubt, whether I shall rub out my maioralte with my third barne, which is well nigh with my yeare ended. And yet nothing smiteth me so much at the heart, as that the knot of good fellows that you see here (he ment the serjeants and officers) are readie to flit from me, and make their next yeares abode with the next maior. And certes I am so much wedded to good fellowship, as if I could mainteine mine house to my contentation, with defraieing of fve hundred pounds yearelie; I would make humble sute to the citizens, to be their officer these three yeares to come. Ouer this, he did at the same time protest with oth, that he spent that yeare in housekeeping twentie tuns of claret wine, ouer and aboue white wine, sacke, malmeseie, muscadell, &c. And in verie deed it was not to be maruelled; for during his maioralte, his house was so open, as commonly from fve of the clocke in the morning, to ten at night, his butterie and cellars were with one crew or other frequented. To the haunting of which, ghests were the sooner allured, for that you should neuer marke him or his bed fellow (such was their buxomnesse) once frowne or wrinkle their foreheads, or bend their browes, or glowme their countenances, or make a soure face at anie ghest, were he neuer so meane. But their interteinment was so

* This family was of Norman extraction; among those summoned from Ireland in 1335 to attend John Darcy, justiciary, with arms and horses in his expedition to Scotland, were John Sarsefield de la Belagh, and John Fitz David de Sarsefield. The Sarsefields filled the office of lord mayor of Dublin in 1531, 1554, and 1566. It appears from the unpublished records of the court of exchequer in the reign of James I. that sir William Sarsefield held the manor of Lucan in capite by annual service of four pair of gloves and a tabor; "the payment, thereof many yeares in arreare and but lately come to light being cleane forgotten to be remembered, called upon and written for till perusal of the ancient pipe rolls of this court by Roger Downton, clerk of the pipe, same found out and by him recontinued in charge. He shall bring into court ten pair of gloves and one tabor, and for the residue referred to the commissioners of arreares." A demand was accordingly made for "twenty two tabors and so many payre of gloves," Sarsefield, however, pleaded his patent to "Gerald, late earl of Kildare." Of this branch came Patrick Sarsfield, the celebrated earl of Lucan.

notable, as they would sauce their bountifull and deintie faire with heartie and amiable cheere. His porter or anie other officer durst not for both his eares giue the simplest man that resorted to his house Tom drum his intertainment, which is to hale a man in by the head, and thrust him out by both the shoulders. For he was fullie resolved, that his worship and reputation could not be more distained, than by the currish intertainment of anie ghest. To be briefe (according to the golden verses of the ancient and famous English poet Geffreie Chaucer :—

'An housholder, and that a great, was hee,
Saint Iulian he was in his countrie.
His bread, his ale, was alwaie after one,
A better viended man was no where none.
Without bakte meat was neuer his house,
Of fish and flesh, and that so plenteouse.
It snewed in his house of meat and drinke,
Of all deinties that men could thinke.
After the sundrie seasons of the yere,
So changed he his meat and his suppere.
Full manie a fat partrich had he in mew,
And manie a breme, and manie a luce in stew.'

"Some of his friends, that were snudging peniefathers, would take him up verie roughlie for his laushing and his outrageous expenses, as they tearme it. Tush my maisters (would he say) take not the matter so hot : who so commeth to my table, and hath no need of my meat, I know he commeth for the good will he beareth me ; and therefore I am beholding to thanke him for his companie : if he resort for need, how maie I bestow my goods better, than in relieving thepoore ? If you had perceiued me so far behind hand, as that I had bene like to have brought haddocke to paddocke, I would patientlie permit you, both largelie to controll me, and friendlie to reprove me. But so long as I cut so large thongs of my owne leather, as that I am not yet come to my buckle, and during the time I keepe myself so farre afloate, as that I haue as much water as my ship draweth : I praie pardon me to be liberall in spending, sith God of his goodnesse is gracious in sending. And in deed so it fell out. For at the end of his maioraltie he owght no man a dotkin. What he dispended was his owne : and euer after during his life, he kept so worthie a standing house, as that hee seemed to surrender the princes sword to other maiors, and reserued the port and hospitalitie to himselfe. Not long before him was Nicholas Stanihurst their maior, who was so great and good an housholder, that during his maioraltie, the lord chancellor of the realme was his dailie and ordinarie ghest. There hath beene of late worshipfull ports kept by maister Fian, who was twice maior, maister Sedgraue, Thomas Fitz Simons, Robert Cusacke, Walter Cusacke, Nicholas Fitz Simons, James Bedlow, Christopher Fagan, and diuerse others, And not onelie their officers so farre excell in hospitalitie, but also the greater part of the ciuitie is generallie addicted to such ordinarie and standing houses, as it would make a man muse which waie they are able to beare it out, but onelie by the goodnesse of God, which is the upholder and furtherer of hospitalitie. What should I here speake of their charitable almes, dailie and hourlie extended to the needie. The poore

prisoners, both of the Newgate and the castell, with three or foure hospitals, are chieffie, if not onelie, relieued by the citizens. Furthermore, there are so manie other extraordinarie beggers that dailie swarme there, so charitable succored, as that they make the whole ciuitie in effect their hospitall. The great expenses of the citizens maie probablie be gathered by the worthie and fairlike markets, weeklie on wednesdaie and fridaie kept in Dublin. Their shamblis is so well stored with meat, and their market with corne, as not onelie in Ireland, but also in other countries, you shall not see anie one shamblis, or anie one market better furnished with the one or the other, than Dublin is."

A charter of Charles I., dated at Westminster, 9th July, 1641, constituted the six senior aldermen of the city justices of the peace, and the mayor a lord mayor. This grant, however, does not appear to have been acted upon, and sir Daniel Bellingham, of Castle-street, is generally recognized as the first lord mayor of Dublin, although he was not elected till 1665, in which year Charles II. granted the city £500 per annum to support the dignity, in lieu of the command of a foot company in the standing army, to which the chief magistrate was entitled, by a regal grant made in 1661, when the king also presented to the city a golden ornament known as the "collar of SS," which was lost during the wars of the Revolution. The collar at present used by the lord mayor of Dublin, was procured for the city in 1697, by Bartholomew Van Homrigh, father of Swift's "Vanessa." In connexion with sir Daniel Bellingham, we find the following description of a city pageant in 1665 :—

"The title of lord mayor had been lately conferred upon the chief magistrate of Dublin, and sir Daniel Bellingham was the first that bore that title. He had been just before chosen into that office, and when the duke of Ormonde was on October 17 to make his entry into the city, he took particular care that nothing should be wanting, which could contribute to the advantage of the solemnity. When his grace was advanced within six miles of the place, he was met by a gallant troop of young gentlemen, well mounted, and alike richly attired; their habits a kind of ash colour, trimmed with scarlet and silver, all in white scarfs, and commanded by one Mr. Corker, a deserving gentleman, employed in his majesty's revenue, with other officers to complete the troop; which marched in excellent order to the bounds of the city liberty; where they left his grace to be received by the sheriffs of the city, who were attended by the several corporations in their stations. After the sheriffs had entertained his grace with a short speech, the citizens marched next; and after, the maiden troop, next to that his grace's gentlemen; and then his kettle-drums and trumpets; after them the sheriffs of the city bare-

headed ; then the serjeants at arms, and their pursuivants ; and in the next place followed his grace, accompanied by the nobility and privy counsellors of the kingdom ; after them, the life-guard of horse. Within St. James's gate his grace was entertained by the lord mayor, aldermen, and principal members of the city on the right hand, and on the left stood six gladiators stript and drawn ; next them his grace's guard of battle-axes ; before them his majesty's company of the royal regiment, the rest of the companies making a guard to the castle. The king's company marched next ; after the citizens ; then the battle-axes ; and thus through a wonderful throng of people, till they came to a conduit in the corn market, whence wine ran in abundance. At the new hall was erected a scaffold, on which were placed half a-dozen anticks ; by the Tollsels was erected another scaffold, whereupon was represented Ceres under a canopy, attended by four virgins. At the end of the Castle street a third scaffold was erected, on which stood Vulcan by his anvil, with four Cyclops asleep by it. And the last scaffold was raised at the entrance into the castle gate, whereupon stood Bacchus, with four or five good fellows. In fine, the whole ceremony was performed, both upon the point of order and affection, to his grace's exceeding satisfaction, who was at last welcomed in the castle with great and small shot ; and so soon as the streets could be cleared of coaches (which was a good while first, for they were very many) the streets and the air were filled with fireworks, which were very well managed to complete the entertainment."

Bellingham was re-elected lord mayor for 1666, but declined the office, and obtained a letter from the duke of Ormond to the corporation, stating that " it would be a great hindrance to his majesty's service if he should be continued lord mayor for another year," as he was deputy receiver in exchequer to Arthur, earl of Anglesey, vice treasurer. His house in Castle-street was occupied in the middle of the last century by Thomas Bond, a tobacconist.*

* And subsequently by another person, named Molony, engaged in the same business : " I was directed," says an English traveller in 1791, " by the facetious Doctor O'Leary, to a Mr. Molony, a tobacconist in Castle-street, for a remarkable kind of rapee, of which I am very fond. Mr. Molony happened to be in the shop. I had some conversation with him, and found him exceedingly well informed. Opposite to his door, I observed an old wooden house, which, he assured me, had been constructed in Holland, more than a century ago. It is constructed in such a manner as to be taken down and put up at pleasure." This house, which stood at the corner of Werburgh-street, was the last of the old cage-work houses of Dublin; it was taken down in 1813, and an engraving of it will be found in the Dublin Penny Journal.

The present " Castle steps" stand nearly on the site of " Cole alley" which, however, only extended to the junction with " Hoey's court."

Sir Daniel Bellingham bequeathed certain lands near Finglas, value about £50 per annum, for the relief of poor debtors confined in the city and four courts marshalseas. Two of the trustees, Tisdal, clerk of the crown, and Richard Geering, one of the six clerks in chancery, obtained possession of these lands and evaded the purposes of the testator. About the middle of the last century the fraud was discovered by dean Bruce of Charleville, Co. Cork, who made an attempt to recover the property, then enormously increased in value. An offer was made by Geering's representative to allocate to the original purpose an annual sum of fifty pounds, on condition that legal proceedings should be suspended and a general release given for the profits and issues of the lands to that period. This proposal was rejected, and we possess no specific information relative to the final adjustment of the affair.

Thomas Dogget, one of the most celebrated actors of his day, and author of a comedy, published in 1696, styled "the country wake," was a native of Castle-street. His first appearance was made on the Dublin stage, and he subsequently, in conjunction with his townsman Robert Wilks, and Colley Cib-

Ralph Elrington, the actor, resided there in 1736; and in 1742, we find notice of "handsome brick houses, with pleasant terrace walks, in Cole alley," where also, Daniel Thompson, bookseller, resided in the reign of queen Anne, and later in the century we find there Robert Marchbank, an eminent printer. About the same period the "Royal chop house" in this alley was a place much resorted to for playing billiards, &c., and in the great room of that tavern (1768) the Philharmonic catch club used to dine on their anniversaries, when one of their principal performances after dinner was the "Ode for St. Cecilia's day," arranged by Samuel Murphy, one of their members. After the passing of the act to insulate the castle of Dublin, the houses on each side of Cole alley were removed, and the passage extended to Ship street. Some glaring errors were committed in a recent antiquarian publication by the editor having founded "Cole alley" off Castle street, with a locality of the same name in the earl of Meath's liberty. In a patent roll of 1613 we find notice of "A house and backside in Castle street, called Coningham's-inn, now or late in the occupation of Nicholas Netterville, esq." Tokens were issued in the seventeenth century by the following residents of Castle street: Anthony Derrey, 1657; Henry Rugge, apothecary; Jespar Roads, Barbadas, 1657; John Bush, 1656; Richard Martin, 1657; Robert Batrip, 1657; and Robert Freeman, merchant. Robert Rigmaiden, watchmaker, lived in Castle street, in the reign of William, and Mary and here at the same period was the bank of Elnathan Lum, M.P., who died in 1708. The law or plea office of the exchequer was also held in Castle street till the year 1770.

ber, became joint manager of Drury lane theatre; his share in which, although estimated at £1000, per annum, was surrendered by him in 1712, owing to a disagreement with his partners. Some of Congreve's plays were said to owe much of their success, to the admirable manner in which Dogget performed the parts which were expressly written for him. The intimacy which existed between the actor and the poet, probably originated while the latter was a student in the university of Dublin, and engaged in writing "the old bachelor," that wonderful "first play" which excited the admiration of the veteran Dryden. The following notice of Dogget has been left us by one of his friends and fellow actors, who made his performance of certain parts the subject of long study, and considered himself to have attained perfection in his profession, when he was able, successfully, to imitate his model:—

"To speak of him, as an actor: He was the most original, and the strictest observer of nature, of all his contemporaries. He borrowed from none of them: His manner was his own: He was a pattern to others, whose greatest merit was, that that they had sometimes tolerably imitated him. In dressing a character to the greatest exactness, he was remarkably skilful; the least article of whatever habit he wore, seemed in some degree to speak and mark the different humour he presented; a necessary care in a comedian, in which many have been too remiss, or ignorant. He could be extremely ridiculous, without stepping into the least impropriety, to make him so. His greatest success was in characters of lower life, which he improved, from the delight he took, in his observations of kind, in the real world. In songs and particular dances too, of humour, he had no competitor. Congreve was a great admirer of him, and found his account in the characters he expressly wrote for him. In those of 'Fondlewife,' in his 'Old Bachelor;' and 'Ben' in 'Love for Love,' no author, and actor could be more obliged to their mutual masterly performances. He was very acceptable to several persons of high rank and taste: Tho' he seldom cared to be the comedian, but among his more intimate acquaintance."

Dogget, who died in 1721, was a staunch Whig, and to commemorate the Hanoverian accession, he bequeathed a sum of money to purchase a coat and silver badge, to be rowed for on the Thames, on the first of August, annually, by six young watermen, whose apprenticeship expired in the previous year. The Garrick club of London possesses an original portrait of Dogget which, we believe, has never been engraved. The coat and badge are still regularly contended for on the Thames;

but, like another Irishman, sir Hans Sloane, founder of the British Museum, Doggett, while munificent to strangers, left nothing to perpetuate his memory in his native country. The following lines on his bequest are said to have been written extempore, on a glass window at Lambeth, on the first of August, 1736 :—

“Tom Dogget, the greatest sly drole in his parts
In acting, was certain a master of arts,
A monument left—no herald is fuller,
His praise is sung yearly, by many a sculler ;
Ten thousand years hence, if the world lasts so long,
Tom Dogget will still be the theme of their song.
When old Nol, with great Lewis and Bourbon are forgot,
And when numberless kings in oblivion shall rot.”

In Castle-street, at the close of the seventeenth century, stood the bank of Benjamin Burton, and Francis Harrison. The former, a zealous Whig, and grandson of the first of the family of Burton which settled in the county of Clare, early in the reign of James I., was attainted by the Jacobites in 1689, appointed lord mayor of Dublin in 1706, and was four times elected to represent the city in parliament. In 1712-13, a newspaper entitled “The Anti-Tory monitor” was published under his auspices, to support himself and his fellow parliamentary candidate—the recorder of Dublin—in their opposition to the election of the proposed Tory members, sir William Fownes, and Mr Tucker. Party, at that time, ran high in the city; the Tories were distinguished on election days by white roses; while the evergreens which the Whigs wore procured for them the title of the “laurel party.” The ladies took a prominent part in these contentions, employing every artifice, even to tears, to induce all whom they could influence, to support their favourite candidate; hence, a poet of the day describes a fashionable lady as

“In party, furious to her power ;
A bitter Whig, a Tory sour.”

Burton’s extensive monetary transactions, and the various estates which he purchased, procured him the reputation of unbounded wealth, and the expression “as safe as Ben Burton” was universally used in the city as synonymous with solvency. On the death of his partner, Harrison, in 1725, the liabilities

of the bank, beyond its assets, were found to be upwards of £65,000—a large sum in those days. After Harrison's death, the survivor took into partnership his own son, Samuel Burton, and Daniel Falkiner, securing the latter against the liabilities referred to. Alderman Burton died in 1728, and the bank continued its business to June, 1733, when it stopped payment, heavily indebted to the public: the legislature interfered, and passed an act in the same year, vesting all the real and personal estates of the bankers in trustees. Of the four acts of parliament passed relative to Burton's bank, the last dates in 1757,—twenty-four years after the stoppage—the creditors had then received fifteen shillings in the pound, and the payment of the entire principal was anticipated. One of alderman Burton's daughters became viscountess Netterville, in 1731; and by inter-marriage of another branch of the family of Burton with that of Conyngham, the title and estates of the latter devolved to the Burtons, from whom the present marquis of Conyngham is thus descended.

At the house of his brother, a bookseller, in Castle-street*, George Farquhar, the celebrated Irish dramatist,

* In Castle-street, in the reign of Charles II. stood the Feather tavern to which we find the following allusion in that exceedingly rare play, "Hic et ubique, or the humours of Dublin," privately printed A.D., 1663:—

"*Phantastick*. Enough, enough, sir, let's go to the tavern. The knowledge that this gentleman has of the city, will inform us where's the best wine. Come, old sir John, you'll favour us with your company.

Thrivewell. What tavern d'ye pitch on? the London tavern?

Bankrupt. No, no, we have had too much to do with London taverns already.

Thrivewell. Why then, the Feathers."

Of the other taverns and coffee houses formerly situated in Castle-street, the following may be mentioned: the "Garter tavern" (1696), the vestiges of which are still preserved in "Garter court," on the south of the street: the "Duke's head," kept here, in the reign of William and Mary, by the widow Lisle; "Tom's Coffee house, at the Castle gate, on the right hand side turning into the Castle," demolished in 1710, by the commissioners appointed for enlarging and widening the streets leading from Cork hill to the castle; the "Thatched house tavern" (1728); the "Drapier's head;" the "Plume of feathers tavern" (1753), in which the marquis of Kildare and his constituents used to hold their dinners; the "Harry of Monmouth" (1735), where the Hanover club dined on their anniversaries; "Catlin's," (1754) frequented by gentlemen from the north of Ireland; "Carteret's head" (1750), which remained within our own memory, on the north side of the street, and was entered by a long narrow passage close to the present Hibernian bank;

resided during his visit to Dublin in 1704. It was on this occasion that he failed signally in the performance of the character of sir Harry Wildair, in his own comedy of the "constant couple," which had a run of fifty-three nights on its first production in the year 1700. Farquhar's dramatic works were republished in 1840, under the superintendence of Leigh Hunt, who, according to Macaulay, "has paid particular attention to the history of the English drama, from the age of Elizabeth down to our own time; and has every right to be heard with respect on that subject." In this opinion we cannot coincide, as portions of Mr. Hunt's "biographical and critical notices," prefixed to the volume in question, exhibit incontestable evidence of his ignorance of some leading facts in the lives of those "comic dramatists," and their compeers.

On a portion of the city wall, on the south side of Castle-street, stands the bank of messieurs La Touche, a family which was originally settled near Blois, where it was distinguished by

this tavern, much frequented in the last century, now forms a portion of the premises of Mr. Andrews. The "Rose tavern," one of the most noted in Dublin, stood on the north side of Castle-street, nearly opposite to the present "Castle steps." This establishment, kept by Robinson, continued in fashion from the first part of the eighteenth century to about thirty years before the Union. In it the "Hanover," "Boyne," "Cumberland," and other political clubs (1740-50) held their anniversary dinners. "The ancient and most benevolent order of the friendly brothers of St Patrick," which still exists, used to meet here on the 17th of July, annually, to elect their president; a general grand knot of the order assembled on the 17th of March, the "prefects" met at nine, and the "regulars" at 10, a.m., to transact business, according to their constitution; after which they attended his "benevolence," the president, to Patrick's church whence, after having heard a sermon preached for the occasion, they returned and dined at the "Rose" at 4.p.m. The members of the order wore gold medals, suspended from a green ribband, bearing on one side a group of hearts with a celestial crown encompassed with a knotted cord, and two dolphins with a label from their mouths, with the motto, "Quis separabit?" on the obverse was a cross with a heart fixed in the centre, surmounted by a crown, with the words "fidelis et constans." This society frequently discharged the debts of poor prisoners, and in 1762 we find its branch in Tipperary offering a reward of £100, for discovery of any of the agrarian conspiracies in Munster, and £50 for the apprehension of persons enlisting troops for foreign service. At their expence a brass statue was erected to General Blakeney, governor of Minorca, in 1756. This statue was cast, expressly for the order, by J. Van Nost of Dublin, and first exposed to public view on the Mall, in Sackville-street, on St. Patrick's day, 1759. The grand master's lodge of Freemasons met regularly (1763) to dine at the "Rose tavern" on the first Wednesday of each month, and the house continued to be frequented by guilds and other public bodies until its final closure.

ennoblement and peculiar privileges. Their present name is derived from La Touche, one of their ancient estates in the mother country. David Digges La Touche, the first of the family who came to Ireland, was an officer in Calimotte's* regiment of French refugees in the service of William III., during the Irish wars of the Revolution, after the conclusion of which he entered into trade,—became a banker in Dublin, and died suddenly in 1745, while on his knees, attending divine service in the castle chapel. "Ce David," says a French writer, "était venu de France, lors de la révocation de l'édit de Nantes et par une continuelle industrie de plus de quarante ans avait acquis une fortune très considérable : quoique banquier,† c'était un homme humain et charitable : on rapporte, que sur ses vieux jours, il ne sortait jamais sans avoir ses poches pleines de shillings, qu'il donnait aux pauvres ; comme on lui représentait, que s'il donnait à tous ceux qui lui demanderaient, il ferait la charité à bien des mauvais sujets : 'oui,' répondit il, 'mais si mon shilling tombe à propos une fois dans dix, c'est assez.' L'église (Belvue, Co. Wicklow) dans laquelle on voit son monument avoit été bâtie par lui : on lit sur

* Colonel Calimotte, the younger son of a noble family in France, remarkable for its attachment to the Reformed religion, left his country on the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and was appointed by William III. to command one of the Huguenot regiments levied for the wars of the Revolution. The colonel served through the disastrous campaign of 1689, under the marshal duke de Schonberg at Dundalk ; a letter written by him, signed "Calimotte, R." and dated "Au camp de Dundalk, ce 23e 7bre '89", is still extant. He was mortally wounded at the battle of the Boyne in 1690 where he commanded the three Huguenot regiments which crossed the river about the centre at Old-bridge. His regiment, notwithstanding the overwhelming superiority in numbers and equipments of the forces of the prince of Orange, was completely ridden through by king James's Irish horse guards, who, on the same occasion, despatched another famous soldier,—the duke de Schonberg. Colonel Calimotte was brother of the marquis de Ruvigny, whose bravery at the head of the French horse mainly gained the unequal battle of Aughrim, and who was afterwards created earl of Galway, and finally appointed commander in chief of the Allied forces in Spain.

† The original firm was La Touche and Kane : the present edifice in Castle-street was built by David La Touche, junior, and the bank was removed to it in 1735, from another locality in the same street. Alderman Nathaniel Kane was elected lord mayor of Dublin in 1734. A portrait of him is extant painted by Slaughter and engraved by Brooks. He was denounced by Lucas for speculation of the city revenues, and the documents published relative to his conduct do not set his character in a very favourable light. Next door to the castle gate, a door below La Touche's bank, on another portion of the city wall, was, towards the middle of the last century, the manufactory of George Lamprey, the celebrated cutler, which now forms the eastern wing of the bank.

le portail cette inscription touchante, 'Of thy own, oh! my God, do I give unto thee.'"

During the dispute relative to the power of the English cabinet to impose Wood's spurious copper coin on the people of Ireland, one of the La Touche family, in conjunction with another French refugee, rendered himself peculiarly obnoxious to the popular party, by dissenting from the verdict of the grand jury of Dublin, when it ignored the bills presented by government against the printer of the "Drapier's letters." This transaction was made the subject of a street ballad, in which the following verses occur :—

"Poor monsieur his conscience preserved for a year.
Yet in one hour he lost it; 'tis known far and near;
To whom did he lose it?—A judge or a peer.
Which nobody can deny.
This very same conscience was sold in a closet,
Nor for a baked loaf, or a loaf in a losset,
But a sweet sugar-plum, which you put in a posset.
Which nobody can deny.
But Philpot, and Corker, and Burrus, and Hayze,
And Rayner, and Nicholson, challenge our praise,
With six other worthies as glorious as these.
Which nobody can deny.
There's Donevan, Hart, and Archer, and Blood,
And Gibson, and Gerard, all true men and good,
All lovers of Ireland, and haters of Wood.
Which nobody can deny.
But the slaves that would sell us shall hear on't in time,
Their names shall be branded in prose and in rhyme,
We'll paint 'em in colours as black as their crime.
Which nobody can deny.
But Perrier and copper La Touche we'll excuse—
The commands of your betters you dare not refuse,
Obey was the word when you wore wooden shoes.
Which nobody can deny."

When Charles Lucas commenced his crusade against the board of aldermen, he found an active colleague in James Digges La Touche*, who aided him both by his writings and

* He published a collection of documents relative to these transactions with the following title "Papers concerning the late disputes between the commons and aldermen of Dublin, 8vo., Printed by James Esdall, at the corner of Copper alley, on Cork hill, 1746;" the most valuable portion of this publication, which consists of extracts from the municipal records, was claimed by Lucas, who also charged his opponent with having

personal exertions. They, however, became opposed to each other in consequence of a vacancy in the representation of Dublin in 1745, which both of them desired to fill. After the parliamentary condemnation of Lucas, La Touche was elected member for the city in opposition to the court candidate; the government, incensed at the success of the popular member, interfered, and illegally deprived him of his seat; on the sole ground of his connection with Lucas. The citizens were much exasperated at this conduct, as La Touche had deserved well of them by his conduct while master of the corporation of weavers, during which period his exertions had enabled them to erect their hall on the Coombe, and to bring the affairs of the guild into order. His father had also rendered himself popular by his efforts to promote the manufactures of Ireland. In 1757, we find that David La Touche was treasurer to the society for the relief of foreign Protestants; and during the pa-

endeavoured, for personal emolument, to injure certain branches of the trade of Ireland. James Digges La Touche also published "Collections of cases, memorials, addresses, and proceedings in parliament, relating to insolvent debtors, customs and excises, admiralty courts, and the valuable liberties of citizens. To which are added observations on the embargo in Ireland." 8vo. London: 1757.

Before the Union, the La Touches were noted for the magnificent fêtes which they gave at their beautiful residences—Harristown and Marlay; the following is the programme of a private juvenile performance at the latter place, the seat of the Right Hon. David La Touche:—

"Mignonette-Theatre, Fairy Land.

By command of their majesties Oberon and Titania.

This present Monday, the 30th of September, 1776, will be presented the masque of Comus. Comus, Mr. Whyte. Elder brother, Miss Emilia La Touche. Younger brother, Miss Harrietta La Touche. First spirit, Miss Mariann La Touche. Second spirit, Miss Ann La Touche. Bacchanals and bacchantes, Master La Touche, Master George La Touche, Master John La Touche, Master Dunn, Miss Whyte and Miss Maria La Touche. Euphrosyne, Miss Dunn. Pastoral nymph, Miss Maria Monro. Sabrina, Miss Gertrude La Touche. The lady, Miss La Touche. Sweet Echo, Mrs. La Touche, echoed by Mrs. Dunn. In Act 1, a glee by Mr. Dillon, Mrs. La Touche, and Mrs. Dunn. End of Act 1, a lesson on the harpsichord, by Mrs. J. La Touche. End of Act 2, a hornpipe, by Miss H. and Miss Em. La Touche. In Act 3, a double minuet, by Miss H. La Touche, Miss Emilia, Miss Mariann, and Miss Ann La Touche; with a reel by the same. To conclude with a country dance by the characters. An occasional overture, by Miss Quin. Prologue, by Mr. Whyte. And the epilogue, by Henry Grattan, esq.; spoken by Miss La Touche.

Lilliput: Printed by Robin Goodfellow, master of the revels, and serjeant-printer to Oberon, king of the fairies."

Miss Elizabeth La Touche, the speaker of the above epilogue, was the famous beauty who became countess of Lanesborough in 1781; her portrait was painted by Horace Hone, of Dublin, and engraved by Bartolozzi.

nic occasioned by the stoppage of the Dublin bankers in 1760, the committee appointed by the house of commons, on the petition of the several merchants and traders of Dublin relative to the low state of public and private credit, came to the following resolutions:—

“Resolved, That it is the opinion of this committee, that the banks of Gleadowe and company, David La Touche and sons, and Finlay and company, have, respectively, funds much more than sufficient to any demands which the publick may have against them respectively. Resolved, That it is the opinion of this committee, that it will be expedient, at this critical and distrustful season, and contribute much to re-establish credit, and quiet the minds of the people, if this House shall engage to make up to the creditors of the said three banks any deficiency in their effects, to answer such demands as may be made upon them respectively, on or before the 1st day of May, 1762, to the amount of any sums, not exceeding 50,000*l.*, for each of the said banks.”

In 1767 John La Touche contested the representation of Dublin with the marquis of Kildare; the partizans of the latter did not hesitate to stigmatize La Touche as a foreign intruder, and at their political banquets in the “weaver’s arms,” Francis-street, the principal toasts were—“may the city of Dublin never be represented by a banker;” and “may the influence of stamp paper never be able to return a representative for this city.” La Touche’s friends, at their meetings in the “Phoenix” in Werburgh-street, drank with equal fervor, “a speedy return and success in the election” to their candidate; “may the city of Dublin never become a borough, obedient to the will of one man, however distinguished by birth and station,” and “may the citizens of Dublin, regardless of title and station, have discernment and virtue enough to chose a proper representative from among themselves.”

In the year 1778 the marquis of Buckingham, lord lieutenant of Ireland, found that the Irish treasury was completely exhausted, and that the selfish policy of the English ministers had reduced the country to a state of utter prostration; in this dilemma he applied to messieurs La Touche, who immediately advanced him a sum of twenty thousand pounds.

“The bank of messieurs La Touche not only upheld the shattered credit of government, but prevented the dissolution of the state! Who could have believed, if the letters of the viceroy had not proved it, that the king of Great Britain, like a poor debtor, or an

idle spendthrift, would have been obliged to apply at a private gentleman's house, and ask for a loan of money, in order that he might be enabled to carry on the semblance of government, and keep up the insolent mockery of these 'desperate political gamblers,' as Mr. Flood called them, who first squandered the revenues of the state, and then left her defenceless; and this, as afterwards appeared, not with a view to remedy abuses, but to confirm them; not to extend the trade of Ireland, but to uphold the principle of the embargo; not to procure markets for her manufacture, but to discourage the consumption of all native manufactures, and get her people not to wear Irish clothing at the very time when Irish artisans were starving by thousands! Will after-ages credit these astounding facts? and would not the assertion be denied, if the irrefragable evidence of these letters did not bring home the proof of 'high crimes and misdemeanors,' and justify Ireland in recording, as she must, the solemn verdict of guilty? It is in vain that kings or ministers strive to conceal their offences or their crimes, and think they can efface every mark of mischief and every vestige of iniquity; though buried for ages, like the blood of the murdered man, they will yet arise, and call to Heaven for justice, if not for vengeance. In the letter of the 16th of May, the lord lieutenant discloses the progress of the bankruptcy, and its necessary consequences, namely, that he was obliged to stop payment; accordingly, he suspended all salaries, all pensions, all civil—all military—all parliamentary grants; all clothing arrears, and all ordinary payments; and, in addition, those in the barrack and in the ordnance department, which were held by contract, and used to be punctually paid. He states that he was obliged to resort to these 'extraordinary measures,' to enable him to encamp the army. He sends Mr. Clements, (who was at the head of the treasury,) express to lord North, to London, to procure assistance, and is again obliged to go to messrs. La Touche to beg another 20,000*l*. The bankers, not without surprise that his majesty, George the third, should be so ill provided, learning that he had no money left in Ireland, and could not afford to send any from England, very prudently, and like sensible men of business, 'returned for answer, that it was not in their power, though very much in their inclination;' that they could not lend a second 20,000*l*.; and thus the king, the viceroy, and the country, were left to extricate themselves out of this dilemma as well as they could. The immediate consequence was, that the march of the troops was stopped, and the encampment did not take place. The people, however, did not remain passive spectators of national ruin and disgrace; they had recourse to the advice of their parliamentary supporters, and, under their guidance, they took up a position, on the side of their country, from which they could neither be seduced, or driven, or terrified."

The bill for the relief of the Roman Catholics of Ireland presented to the House of Commons in 1792, was rejected without entering on its merits, on the motion of the Right Hon. David La Touche, although, as well known, policy

obliged the legislature to sanction it after the conclusion of a few months.

On the foundation of the bank of Ireland in 1783, David La Touche, junior, was chosen its first governor; of the five of this family who sat in the Irish parliament at the period of the Union, but one was found to vote in favor of that measure. The present establishment of messieurs La Touche, in Castle-street, still maintains its pristine position, and can boast of being the oldest bank in Ireland.

The bank of James Swift and company was held in Castle-street, in two houses opposite the castle gate, from 1741 to 1746, in which year that firm appears to have been succeeded by Thomas Gleadowe and company, whose successor, William Gleadowe of Killester, having married Charlotte, daughter and heiress of Charles Newcomen,* of Carrickglass, in the county of Longford, was created a baronet in 1781, and assumed the arms and surname of Newcomen. Sir William Gleadowe Newcomen's bank was held at 19 Mary's abbey, from 1777 to 1781, in the latter year it was removed back to Castle-street, to the new edifice constructed by Thomas Ivory, an eminent native architect. "The plan," says a critic of the last century, "considering the great restraint and irregularity of the ground is well contrived, and if the excess of ornament had been spared, the fronts would have been more perfect." This banker acquired an unenviable notoriety by his conduct in the Irish parliament with reference to the measure of the legislative Union, of which a contemporary has given the following particulars:—

"Sir William Gladowe Newcomen, bart., member for the county of Longford, in the course of the debate, declared he supported the Union, as he was not instructed to the contrary by his constituents. This avowal surprised many, as it was known that the county was nearly unanimous against the measure, and that he was well ac-

* The family of Newcomen appears to have been settled in Ireland since the reign of Elizabeth. In 1689-90 lady Sarah Newcomen vainly attempted to defend the strongly-fortified family residence at Mostown, co. Longford, against the king's troops commanded by the Hon. William Nugent, brigadier, colonel of foot, and lord lieutenant of the county. In Mostown house was preserved a series of historical pictures on a large scale, painted on panel, representing the battles of the Boyne and Aughrim; these valuable remains however disappeared in the present century, in consequence of the ill treatment which the building received after it had been deserted by its old proprietors.

quainted with the fact. However, he voted for lord Castlereagh, and he asserted that conviction alone was his guide: his veracity was doubted, and in a few months some of his bribes were published. His wife was also created a peeress. One of his bribes has been discovered, registered in the rolls office—a document which it was never supposed would be exposed, but which would have been ground for impeachment against every member of government who thus contributed his aid to plunder the public and corrupt parliament.

The following is a copy from the rolls office of Ireland:—

‘By the lord lieutenant and general governor of Ireland.

CORNWALLIS.

Whereas sir William Gladowe Newcomen, bart, hath, by his memorial laid before us, represented that, on the 25th day of June, 1785, John, late earl of Mayo, then lord viscount Naas, receiver-general of stamp duties, together with sir Thomas Newcomen, bart. and sir Barry Denny, bart, both since deceased, as sureties for the said John, earl of Mayo, executed a bond to his Majesty, conditioning to pay into the treasury the stamp duties received by him; that the said earl of Mayo continued in the said office of receiver-general until the 30th day of July, 1786, when he resigned the same, at which time it is stated that he was indebted to his majesty in the sum of about five thousand pounds, and died on the seventh of April, 1792; that the said sureties are dead, and the said sir Thomas Newcomen, bart., did by his last will appoint the memorialist executor of his estate; that the memorialist proposed to pay into his majesty's exchequer the sum of two-thousand pounds, as a composition for any money that might be recovered thereon, upon the estate being released from any further charge on account of the said debt due to his majesty. And the before-mentioned memorial having been referred to his majesty's attorney-engeral, for his opinion what would be proper to be done in this matter, and the said attorney-general having by his report unto us, dated the 20th day of August, 1800, advised that, under all the circumstances of the case, the sum of two thousand pounds should be accepted of the memorialist on the part of government, etc., etc., J. TOLER.’

By this abstract it now appears, even by the memorial of sir William Gladowe, that he was indebted at least five thousand pounds; from the year 1786, to the public treasury and revenue of Ireland; that, with the interest thereon, it amounted in 1800 to ten thousand pounds; that sir William had assets in his hands, as executor, to pay that debt; and that, on the Union, when all such arrears must have been paid into the treasury, the attorney-general, under a reference of lords Cornwallis and Castlereagh, was induced to sanction the transaction as reported; viz., ‘under all its circumstances’ to forego the debt, except two thousand pounds. Every effort was made to find if any such sum as two thousand pounds was credited to the public, and none such was discovered. The fact is, that lord Naas owed ten thousand pounds, consequently sir William owed twenty thousand; that he never bonâ fide paid to the public one shilling, which, with a peerage, the patronage of his county, and the pecuniary

pickings also received by himself, altogether formed a tolerably strong bribe, even for a more qualmish conscience than that of sir William."

On the 30th of July, 1800, lady Newcomen was raised to the Irish peerage by the title of baroness Newcomen of Moss-town, and, in 1803, she was advanced to the dignity of viscountess Newcomen. She was succeeded by her son, sir Thomas Newcomen, bart., viscount Newcomen, on whose death in 1825, the title became extinct. Newcomen's house in Castle-street is at present occupied by the Hibernian joint stock banking company.

On a portion of the acclivity now known as "Cork hill" formerly stood Dame's-gate, "anciently called the eastern gate, and St. Mary's-gate, and so mentioned by Maurice Regan, which did not take its name from the mill-dam near it, as some have conjectured, but from the church of St. Mary les dames, contiguous to it on the inside of the walls; and till the reformation the image of the Virgin Mary stood in a niche of stone work over the gate; the pedestal and other footsteps whereof remained there till the gate* itself was demolished within our

* The site of this gate was one of the places where proclamation was made when war was declared; on these occasions the following was the routine observed in the last century. The procession, preceded by a troop of horse, moved from the parliament house, then followed the state kettle drums and trumpets, the state pursuivants, serjeants at arms with their maces, Athlone pursuivant, Ulster king at arms in his tabard, the whole, closed by a squadron of horse, proceeded to Cork hill, where Dame's gate stood, and being there met by the lord mayor, aldermen, sheriffs, recorder, and all the city officers on horseback, in their formalities, the king at arms demanded of the lord mayor entrance into the city to proclaim war, and, having produced his authority, he was immediately admitted. The lord mayor and city officers then fell into their ranks behind the king at arms, and, having arrived at the castle, the sword was presented to the lord lieutenant, who drew it, repeating the words "God help!" The declaration was then read at the castle gate, the tholsel, the corn-market, the old bridge, Ormond and Essex bridges, by the king at arms, and proclaimed aloud by the Athlone pursuivant. Proclamation was subsequently made in the county of Dublin, and in the liberties of the archbishop and the earl of Meath.

Opposite to the castle gate was Preston's inn, "which," says a writer of the last century, "was a large space of ground bounded by the castle ditch, the city walls, extending from Dame's gate to Izod's tower, (on the site whereof Essex gate was afterwards erected) Scarlet alley, called also Izod's lane, or the upper Blind quay, Smock alley, or Smoke alley, and so up to Castle-street. On this void piece of ground a party, sent by Thomas Fitz Gerald in 1534, to besiege the castle, planted their batteries, and which since that time has become the property of divers per-

own (1766) memory. From this gate, the street called Dame's-street derives its name, extending in a line from east to west to Hoggin green. This gate was built with towers castle-wise, and was armed with a portcullis. It was one of the narrowest entrances into the city, and standing upon an ascent was, when business increased, and the town grew more populous, much thronged and encumbered with carriages; for remedy whereof, the earl of Strafford attempted to have the passage enlarged by throwing down a part of the city wall, and some houses adjoining thereto; but the neighbouring proprietors could not be prevailed on to yield their consents upon the terms proposed, and the project came to nothing." The French romance ascribed to the twelfth century mentions the assault made in 1170 by Asculph Mac Torcall and the Scandinavians on "la porte sainte Marie," the full details of which were given in our notice of St. Werburgh's-street. Henri de Loundres, archbishop of Dublin in the early part of the thirteenth century,

sons. Cork house, now (1766) Lucas's Coffee house, the old exchange, and the adjoining houses, were erected on a part of it; a part of it was occupied by Copper alley, another part of it has been taken up by a range of buildings extending from Copper alley to Castle-street, and the remainder, opposite to Cork house, became the property of the lord chief baron Byssie, and sir Dudley Loftus, and was what in latter times remained under the denomination of Preston's inn, until it changed its name to the lord chief baron's yard, on which the said chief baron Byssie erected a fair house, which was demolished in the year 1762 with other buildings, when Parliament-street was opened, in which it stood."

John Byssie (or de la Bisse), recorder of Dublin during the Protectorate, was appointed chief baron of the exchequer after the restoration; he died in 1679, and was buried in St. Audoen's church. His daughter Catherine was married to sir Richard Bulkley of Old-bawn, father of the eccentric knight of the same name, who wrote an "Account of the Giant's causeway, 1693;" "A letter about improvements to be made in Ireland by sowing of maize;" "An account of the propagation of elm seed;" and "Proposals for sending back the nobility and gentry of Ireland." Another of Byssie's daughters, Judith, the survivor of twenty-one children, was mother of our famous viscount Molesworth. In 1708, a newspaper with the following title was published here: "The Flying post, or the post master—printed by S. Powell and F. Dickson, in the lord chief baron's yard on Cork hill, where fresh and full news will be hereafter printed, without imposing old trash on the publick." Among the printers and booksellers in this locality we find Thomas Hume (1716) "at the sign of the Bible, on the lower end of Cork hill;" Patrick Campbell and Philip Hodgson "on the lower end of Cork hill, near Smock alley" (1719); Patrick Dugan (1723); Edward Exshaw (1744); James Esdall (1749), of whom an account will be given in our notice of the "Blind quay"; John Exshaw (1750); and R. Marchbank (1783), No. 2, Cork hill.

conferred the church of St. Mary upon the treasurer of St. Patrick's cathedral; and the crown used in 1487 at the coronation of the youth, known in history as Lambert Simnel, was taken from a statue of the Virgin in this church. The following is the contemporary account of a scene which took place here on the 30th of July, 1488, between sir Richard Edgecombe, the commissioner of Henry VII., and the earl of Kildare, relative to James Keating, the turbulent prior of Kilmainham and Thomas Plunket, chief justice of the common pleas, supporters of the cause of Simnel, who, says the old chronicler, "was sure an honorable child to looke upon:"—

"Both the erle and the seyd sir Richard, and the lordes spiritual and temporal met at a church callid our lady of the dames in Dublyn; and ther great instaunce was made agen to the seyd sir Richard to accept and take the said justice Plunket, and the said prior of Kilmainham to the kings grace, and that they mought have their pardons in likewise as othir had, forasmooch as the kyng had grantid pardon generally to every man. The said sir Richard answerid unto theme with right sharp words, and said, that he knew better what the kings grace had commaunded him to do, and what his instructions were, than any of theme did; and gave with a manfull spirit unto the seyd justice Plunket, and prior, fearful and terrible words, insoemuch that both the seyd erle and lordes wuld give no answeare therunto, but kept their peace; and after the great ire passed, the erle and lordes laboured with souch fair means, and made such profers, that the seyd sir Richard was agreed to take the seyd justice Plunket to the kyngs grace; and soe he did, and took his homage and fealty upon the sacrament; but in no wise he would except or take the seyd prior of Kilmainham to the kyng's grace, and that ere he departid unto his lodging, he took with hym divers judges and othir noblemen, and went into the castle of Dublyn, and there put in possession Richard Archiboll, the king's servaunt, into the office of the constable of the seyd castle, which the king's grace had given unto him by his lettres patent; from the which office the said prior of Kilmainham had wrongfully kept the said Richard by the space of two yeres and more, and ere then he departid out of the seyd church of dames, the seyd erle of Kildare delivered to the seyd sir Richard both his certificate upon his oath under the seal of his arms, as the obligation of his sureties; and ther the seyd sir Richard in the presense of all the lordes deliverid unto him the king's pardon under his gret seal in the presense of all the lordes spiritual and temporal; and that day after diuner the seyd sir Richard departid out of Dublyn to a place called Dalcay, six miles from Dublyn, where his ships lay; and the archbusshopp of Dublyn, justice Bermingham, and the recorder of Dublyn, with many othir nobles, brought

him thither ; and that night he took his ship, and ther lay at road all night ; because the wind was contrarye to him ; and the ships lay in such a road, that he culd not get them out without perill."

In the reign of Henry VIII. the parish of St. Mary, which "included little more of the city than that portion wherein the castle is built," was united to the parish of St. Werburgh by George Browne, the first Protestant archbishop of Dublin.

After the dissolution of religious houses, Richard Thompson, treasurer of St. Patrick's demised (1589) to sir George Carewe, for sixty-one years, the house, messuages, church and church-yard of St. Mary, by the castle of Dublin, with all buildings, court-yards, back-sides, gardens, orchards or commodities thereto belonging, for the annual rent of six marks, nine shillings, Irish. Shortly after this period it came into the possession of the first earl of Cork, from whom it took the name of "Cork house."

Richard Boyle, born in 1566, the second son of a younger brother, was originally a student in the middle temple, and being unable to defray the expences necessary for the completion of his studies, he became a clerk to sir Richard Manwood, chief baron of the English exchequer. Dissatisfied with the emoluments of his office, he resolved to visit "foreign countries," and he tells us that "it pleased the Almighty, by his divine providence, to take me, I may say, just as it were by the hand, and lead me into Ireland, where I happily arrived at Dublin on Midsummer eve, the 23 June, 1588." His first step to fortune in Ireland was his marriage in 1595 with Mrs. Joan Apsley of Limerick, who brought him a dower of £500 per annum. Of his early adventures in this country he has left the following account :—

"When I first arrived in Dublin, all my wealth was then 27*l.* 3*s.* in money, and two tokens, which my mother had formerly given me, viz. a diamond ring, which I have ever since, and still do wear, and a bracelet of gold worth about 10*l.* a taffety doublet cut with and upon taffety ; a pair of black velvet breeches laced ; a new Milan fustian suit laced and cut upon taffety ; two cloaks ; competent linen and necessaries ; with my rapier and dagger. And, 23 June, 1632, I have served my God, q. Elizabeth, k. James, and k. Charles, full 44 years in Ireland, and so long after as it shall please God to enable me. When God had blessed me with a reasonable fortune and estate, sir Henry Wallop, treasurer at war ; sir Robert Gardiner, chief justice of the king's bench ; sir Robert Dillon, chief justice of the common pleas ; sir Richard Bingham, chief commissioner of Connaught ; being displeased for some purchases which

I had made in the province, they all joined together, and by their letters complained against me to q. Elizabeth, expressing, 'That I came over a young man, without any estate or fortune; and that I had made so many purchases, as it was not possible to do it without some foreign prince's purse to supply me with money; that I had acquired divers castles and abbies upon the sea side, fit to receive and entertain Spaniards; that I kept in my abbies, fraternities and convents of friars in their habits, who said mass continually; and that I was suspected in my religion, with divers other malicious suggestions.' Whereof having some secret notice, I resolved to go into Munster, and so into England, to justify myself; but, before I could take shipping, the general rebellion in Munster broke forth; all my lands were wasted, as I could not say that I had one penny of certain revenue left me, to the unspeakable danger and hazard of my life: yet God so preserved me, as I recovered Dingle, and got shipping there, which transported me to Bristol, from whence I travelled to London, and betook myself to my former chamber in the middle temple, intending to renew my studies in the laws till the rebellion was passed over. Then Robert, earl of Essex, was designed for the government of this kingdom, unto whose service I was recommended by Mr. Anthony Bacon; whereupon his lordship very nobly received me, and used me with favour and grace, in employing me in suing out his patent and commission for the government of Ireland; whereof sir Henry Wallop having notice, utterly to suppress me, renewed his former complaint to the queen's majesty against me; whereupon by her majesty's special directions, I was suddenly attached and conveyed close prisoner to the gatehouse; all my papers seized and searched; and although nothing could appear to my prejudice, yet my close restraint was continued till the earl of Essex was gone to Ireland, and two months afterwards; at which time, with much suit, I obtained of her sacred majesty the favour to be present at my answers; where I so fully answered and cleared all their objections, and delivered such full and evident justifications for my own acquittal, as it pleased the queen to use these words: 'By God's death, all these are but inventions against this young man, and all his sufferings are for being able to do us service, and these complaints urged to forestall him therein: But we find him a man fit to be employed by ourselves, and we will employ him in our service; and Wallop and his adherents shall know, that it shall not be in the power of any of them to wrong him, neither shall Wallop be our treasurer any longer.' And, arising from council, gave order not only for my present enlargement, but also discharging all my charges and fees during my restraint, gave me her royal hand to kiss, which I did heartily; humbly thanking God for that great deliverance. Being commanded by her majesty to attend at court, it was not many days before her highness was pleased to bestow upon me the office of clerk of the council of Munster, and to commend me over to sir George Carew (after earl of Totness) then lord president of Munster; whereupon I bought of sir Walter Rawleigh his ship, called the pilgrim, into which I took a freight of ammunition and victuals, and came in her myself

by long sea ; and arrived at Carrigfoile in Kerry, where the lord president and the army were then at the siege of that castle ; which when we had taken, I was there sworn clerk of the council of Munster, and presently after made a justice of peace and quorum throughout all that province. And this was the second rise that God gave unto my fortune. Then, as clerk of the council, I attended the lord president in all his employments, waited on him (who assisted the l. d. Mountjoy) at the whole siege of Kingsale, and was employed by his lordship to her majesty with the news of that happy victory (obtained over the Irish under the earl of Tyrone, and the Spaniards, 24 December, 1601) ; in which employment I made a speedy expedition to the court ; for, I left my lord president at Shandon castle, near Cork, on Monday morning about two of the clock, and the next day delivered my pacquet, and supped with sir Robert Cecil, being then principal secretary, at his house in the strand ; who, after supper, held me in discourse till two of the clock in the morning, and by seven that morning called upon me to attend him to the court, where he presented me to her majesty in her bedchamber ; who remembered me, calling me my name, and giving me her hand to kiss, telling me, that she was glad that I was the happy man to bring the first news of the glorious victory. And after her majesty had interrogated with me upon sundry questions very punctually, and that therein I had given her full satisfaction upon every particular, she gave me again her hand to kiss, and commanded my dispatch for Ireland, and so dismissed me with grace and favour. At my return into Ireland, I found my lord president ready to march to the siege of Beerhaven-castle, then fortified and possessed by the Spaniards and some Irish rebels, which after battering, we had made assaultable, entered and put all to the sword. His lordship then fell to reducing these western parts of the province to subjection, and obedience to her majesty's laws : and having placed garrisons and wards in all places of importance, made his return to Cork ; and in the way homewards acquainted me with his resolution to employ me presently into England, to obtain licence from her majesty for his repair to her royal presence : at which time he propounded unto me the purchase of all sir Walter Rawleigh's lands in Munster, which, by his assistance, and the mediation of sir Robert Cecil, was perfected, and this was a third addition and rise to my estate. Then I returned into Ireland with my lord president's licence to repair to court, and by his recommendation was married, 25 July, 1603, to my second wife, Mrs. Catherine Fenton, the only daughter of sir Jeffrey Fenton, principal secretary of state, and privy councillor, in Ireland, on which day I was knighted by sir George Carew, l. d. of Ireland, at St. Mary's abbey, near Dublin."

His subsequent promotion was exceedingly rapid : he was successively created privy councillor, earl of Cork, lord justice, and high treasurer. During his tenure of office, previous to the arrival of lord Strafford, we are told by his panegyrist, that " his

lordship, at a very great personal expense, encouraged the settlement of Protestants; the suppression of Popery, the regulation of the army, the increase of the public revenue, and the transplantation of many septs and barbarous clans, from the fruitful province of Leinster into the wilds of Kerry." On the commencement of the wars of 1641, Boyle and his elder sons exerted themselves strenuously to defend their possessions from the incursions of the natives whose total extirpation they earnestly advocated. His death took place in 1643, and he is now chiefly remembered as the father of the philosopher Robert Boyle, of whom Ireland may well be proud. Ingenuous as the "true remembrances" of his life left by the "great earl of Cork" may appear, it cannot be doubted that the greater part of his vast estate deserved the title of a "hastily gotten and suspiciously kept fortune," given to it by a noble writer. "I am very confydent," says sir Christopher Wandesford, "since the suppression of abbeyes no one man in either kingdome hath so violently, so frequently layde prophane hands, hands of power, upon the church and her possessions, (even almost to demolition where he hath come) as this bolde earl of Corke." "Lord Cork," observes Crofton Croker, "is said to have powerfully advanced the English interest in Ireland, and it must be granted, if the severest intolerance has been beneficial to the cause of union: the bigotry of the Protestants against their Roman Catholic brethren in those towns under his influence reached a degree of marked violence unknown in any other part of the kingdom." He is by no means clear of the blood of Atherton, bishop of Waterford, the lands belonging to which see are still held by the earl's successors, and had not Strafford been hurried to the block there can be little doubt that he would have made an effort to restore to the church the property wrested from her by Boyle.

The earl's residence on Cork hill appears to have been early used by the government. During the panic in Dublin consequent on the rising of 1641 "the council was removed out of the castle to Cork house, and the rolls and records of several offices removed to the same place;" shortly after, we find the marquis of Ormond and other members of the privy council meeting in the gallery of Cork house to arrange certain public affairs with a deputation from the house of commons. During the Protectorate the building was occupied by the council of state and their subservient officers. The committee of transplantation sat in this edifice, in 1653,

and here in 1654 it was determined at a council of war that the army should pay Dr. Petty one penny per acre for surveying the forfeited lands. The following extracts relative to Cork house are now published for the first time from the records of the Irish privy council:—

"13th October 1651. It was ordered by the council that commissioners should survey the 4 courts and the gallery at Cork house and report how much it would cost to repair the decays. On 20th January 1652-3 order was given for the supplying of boards, posts, nails, hinges, wood for ballusters door case &c. for fitting up rooms in Corke house for clerks attending the commissioners of parliament for the affairs of Ireland.

By an order of council dated 1st August 1653, it was ordered, that

Roger Lord Broghill
Sir Hardress Waller
Col. Hierome Sankey
Col. Richard Laurence

Scout Master Genl. John Jones
Adj. Genl. Hy. Jones
Adj. Genl. Wm. Allen
Major Anthy. Morgan

* The following is the official report of the proceedings of a council of war at Cork house on the ninth of March 1651, relative to lieutenant colonel Prime Iron Rochfort, ancestor of the now extinct earls of Belvedere:—

Lieutenant General, President.

Mr. Corbett, Col. Jones, Mr. Weaver, Col. Hewson, Muster-Master-General, Col. Lawrence, Adjutant-General Long, Major Meredith, Lieut. Col. Arnap, Major Jones, Captains Pierce, Campbell, Sankey, Mansfield, Hore, Haycock, Manwaring, Sands.

"THE defendant being this day convened before the court held at Cork-house, in the presence of the right hon. the commissioners of parliament, the lieutenant-general being president. 1. It being put to the question whether the blow received by Turner upon his head from lieut. col. Rochfort, was the cause of the said Turner's death? Resolved in the affirmative. 2. Whether upon the evidence presented to the court, it appears that lieut. col. Rochfort gave the mortal wound unto the party slain, out of malice and with intention to kill him? Resolved in the negative. 3. Whether upon the whole evidence it appeareth, that lieut. col. Rochfort wounded the said Turner in his own defence? Resolved in the negative. 4. Whether lieut. col. Rochfort be guilty of the death of the said Turner within the seventh article of duties moral? Resolved in the negative. 5. Whether lieut. col. Prime-iron Rochfort, in killing of major Turner by the wound he gave him in the head, be guilty of manslaughter within the last article of war, under the title of administration of justice? Resolved in the affirmative. 6. Whether, upon the matter of evidence appearing to the court, he be guilty of a breach of the fifth article, under the title of duties in the camp and garrison? Resolved in the affirmative. 7. Whether, upon the whole matter, lieut. col. Rochfort shall suffer death? Resolved in the affirmative."

Rochfort was shot on 14th May, 1652, pursuant to the sentence of the court, and a branch of the family would have become extinct by his death, but for an extraordinary instance of moral courage and contempt of death which he exhibited a few hours before his execution.

Col. Rob. Barron

Lt. Col. Arnop

Qr. Mr. Genl. Vernon

Dr. Philip Carteret and

Major Henry Jones

or any five of them be a standing committee to sitt at Corke house every Monday Wednesday and Friday, to consider all matters referred to them by the commissioners of the common wealth, to offer suggestions from time to time how oppressions may be removed and redressed, and what else they conceive may be for the public service, and particularly how trade may be advanced, and how the great work of transplantation may be managed and carried on with the most advantage to the common wealth.

On August 1653, it was ordered that the long gallery in Corke house be fitted up for the said standing committee.

"On 16th April 1685 by a further order of council it was ordered that Corke house be repaired, especially the roof—and the gallery also; as also that a convenient passage be made through the gallery from Corke house into the castle. Yet so that convenient chambers and rooms be prepared in the said gallery for the meeting of the committees and others.

On 22d June 1655, it was ordered by the council

Whereas the lord deputy and councill are necessitated to remove out of Cork house to sitt in the old councill chamber in the castle for some tyme while Cork house is in repaying, and for as much and whereas there is a necessity for having the conveniency of some rooms in the said castle for clerks and other officers to attend the councill, It is ordered that all such rooms that were formerly belonging to the old councill chamber in the castle be forthwith repayed: And on 28th June 1655, It was by order of councill, dated at Dublin castle, referred to chief justice Pepys, one of the councill, and Mr. attorney genl. Basill, to consider of such evidence and writings as relate to the house called Corke house in Dublin, and to reporte what they hold advisable as to the having a longer lease made of the said house."

The lease, however, does not appear to have been renewed, and Cork-house was relinquished as a government office. After the Restoration the earls of Cork came again into possession, and in 1660, it is described as "abutting on Dame's gate and the city wall on the east; to the street on the north; to the High-street, leading to the castle, on the west; and to the mearing stone, set in the wall of the gallery, distant one hundred feet from the castle wall, on the south." In 1670, "at the charges of the commissioners of the customs an exchange place was made in the garden of Cork-house (formerly the grave-yard of St. Marie la dame), very convenient with buildings erected on pillars to walk under in foul weather, where merchants and others met every day at the ringing of the bell to treat of their business." In 1685,

William Mendey, bookseller kept his shop in the Exchange; and a Williamite writer of the day, tells us that by the rudeness of the Papists, in the times of James II., "the Exchange was entirely ruined; neither buyers nor sellers being able to keep in it, by reason of the insolencies of the new Popish officers who walked in it, affronted or assaulted every body, or extorted their goods from them for nothing, the shopkeepers not daring to refuse to trust them." This statement, however, must be received with caution, as an original proclamation, now before us, issued by the king from Dublin castle on the 24th of November 1689, decrees death against any "souldiers and others of our army" guilty of "any manner of waste, spoyl or destruction whatsoever" in the city or liberties of Dublin.

The Exchange appears to have been removed from Cork-house during the reign of William and Mary; in 1707 we find notice of "Cork change," and a part of it was subsequently occupied by Pressick Rider* and Thomas Harbin, printers; among whose publications in "the Exchange on Cork hill" may be noticed the first edition of Tickell's charming ballad:—

"Of Leinster, famed for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace."

They also published here in 1725 a periodical called the "Dictator," issued on Mondays and Fridays; and some years later (1749) Christopher Plunket, an expert fencing master,

* He was "obliged to abscond on his printing an inflammatory pamphlet against government, a proclamation having been issued, and a reward of one thousand pounds offered for apprehending him. He took on him the name of Darby (his wife's name) and for many years was an itinerant comedian in England." His son, Thomas Rider, subsequently manager of the Dublin theatre, became one of the most celebrated actors of his age. Opposite to Lucas's was the "stationers' hall" which was occasionally let for various purposes. In 1737 we find notice of a sumptuous banquet given in it to the lord lieutenant, and it was also used as an auction room for the sale of plate and valuables. From 1730 to 1768 Cornelius Kelly, noticed in our paper on Fishamble-street, kept his fencing school at the stationers' hall, in which he gave lessons on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. Kelly visited London in 1748 where, in a public match before a large number of nobility and gentry, he signally defeated the best fencing master in England, and was universally admitted to be the most expert swordsman then known. The "Dublin news letter" (1740) published on Tuesdays and Saturdays, was "printed by and for R. Reilly at the stationers' hall on Cork-hill." Among various curiosities exhibited here "in a warm-room with a good fire" from nine in the morning to eight at night in 1731, were "a painting by Raphael, and several fleas tied by gold chains." On Cork-hill were

kept his school "over the old Exchange." Towards the close of the seventeenth century a portion of Cork house was converted into one of the most fashionable places of public resort in Dublin, known as Lucas's coffee house. In a satire published in 1706 we find it described as

"That famed place where slender wights resort,
And gay Pulvilio keeps his scented court ;

located Solyman's coffee-house (1691); St. Laurence's coffee-house (1698); the Union coffee-house, where we find pamphlets printed in 1708; the Globe tavern, on the site of which three houses were built in 1729; the Hoop tavern (1733) where a musical society used to hold their meetings; the Cock and punch bowl (1735) in which a masonic lodge assembled on every second Thursday. Close to the castle was a billiard table kept in 1712 by John Gwin; we find notice of Shaw a bookseller here in 1698, and an English writer of the same period gives the following account of Mat Read, a barber on Cork-hill, who, it may be observed had travelled through a considerable part of Europe. "He is a man willing to please, and the most genteel barber I saw in Dublin, and therefore I became his quarterly customer; but as ready as he is to humor his friends, yet is he brisk and gay, and the worst made for a dissembler of any man in the world; he is generous and frank, and speaks whatever he thinks, which made me have a kindness for him; and it was not lost, for he treated me every quarterly payment, and was obliging to the last; he has wit enough, a great deal of good humour, and (though a barber) owner of as much generosity as any man in Ireland. And if ever I visit Dublin again, Mat Read, or in case of his death, his heir and successor, is the only barber for me. And as for his spouse though her face is full of pock holes she is a pretty little good-humoured creature, and smiles at every word." The "cock pit royal" was located on Cork-hill early in the last century. The amusements during the season began here at 12 A.M., and matches were fought between the various counties and provinces generally for about forty guineas a battle and five hundred guineas for the main or odd battle. Noblemen and persons of the highest rank as well as the lowest classes frequented the cock pit, where wagers to the amount of several thousand guineas were frequently risked on the result of the conflicts. Here also was the Eagle tavern (1733), kept by Lee, where a masonic lodge assembled on every second Wednesday; and in which the Hanover club, John Plunkenett, secretary, met on every Wednesday evening. On their public anniversaries the members went in procession from the castle and marched round Stephen's-green, whence they returned to a banquet at the "Eagle;" one of the gold medals of this society, bearing on it the arms of the house of Hanover, is preserved in the museum of the Royal Irish Academy. In this tavern also were held the dinners of the Aughrim and the Sportsman's clubs. In 1755 the duke of Hamilton and his duchess (Elizabeth Gunning) visited Dublin and dined at the Eagle tavern, the approaches to which were rendered for the time impassable by the vast crowds who thronged to see the beautiful Irishwoman whose attractions had created such a wonderful sensation in England. Isaac D'Olier, goldsmith, resided at the "bear and hammer" on Cork-hill in the early part of the last century, and removed thence during the improvements of 1762 to a house in Dame-street formerly occupied by Grogan, a noted mercer.

Where exiled wit ne'er shews its hated face,
 But happier nonsense fills the thoughtless place ;
 Where sucking beaux, our future hopes, are bred,
 The sharpening gamester, and the bully red,
 O'er stock'd with fame, but indigent of bread."

At noon Lucas's was usually crowded by the city beaux ; dressed in all that was fine and gay, with prim queues or martial Eugene wigs, bugled waistcoats, Steinkirk breast ruffles, and gold clocks in their silk stockings, they strutted about the coffee-house, read the newspapers, sipped coffee, rolled to the park or playhouse in a chair or coach and six, and passed a part of their evenings either in the galleries of the houses of parliament or in the theatres, where the stage was thronged with them on benefit nights ; and the sober citizens complained that even at divine service they were distracted by those extravagant petit maitres. In a poetical description of a "pretty fellow" of the time of queen Anne, we are told that

"At Lucas's he spends the day,
 And for a month won't miss a play ;
 Pays all his visits here and there,
 And cannot walk without a chair,
 Unless it be in Stephen's green,
 To shew his shapes and to be seen ;
 The coach or chair must stand and wait,
 While our doughty hero walks in state."

Of the various extraordinary characters who frequented Lucas's one of the most eccentric was an ancestor of the authoress of "Castle Rackrent," who was appropriately styled the "prince of puppies."

"It is reported of this colonel Ambrose Edgeworth, that he once made a visit to one of his brothers, who lived at a distance of about one day's journey from his house, and that he travelled to see him with his led horse, portmantuas, &c. As soon as he arrived at his brother's, the portmantuas were unpacked, and three suits of fine cloaths, one finer than another, hung upon chairs in his bedchamber, together with his night-gown, and shaving plate, disposed in their proper places. The next morning, upon his coming down to breakfast, with his boots on, his brother asked him where he proposed riding before dinner : I am going directly home says the colonel. Lord ! said his brother, I thought you intended to stay some time with us. No, replied the colonel, I can't stay with you at present ;

I only just came to see you and my sister, and must return home this morning. And accordingly his cloaths, &c. were packed up, and off he went. But what mint soever the colonel might have had to boast of, his son Talbot Edgeworth excelled him by at least fifty bars length. Talbot never thought of anything but fine cloaths, splendid furniture for his horse, and exciting, as he flattered himself, universal admiration. In these pursuits he expended his whole income, which, at best, was very inconsiderable: in other respects, he cared not how he lived. To do him justice, he was an exceeding handsome fellow, well shaped, and of good heighth, rather tall than of the middle size. He began very early in his life, even before he was of age, to shine forth in the world, and continued to blaze during the whole reign of George the first. He bethought himself very happily of one extravagance, well suited to his disposition: he insisted upon an exclusive right to one board at Lucas's coffee house, where he might walk backwards and forwards, and exhibit his person to the gaze of all beholders; in which particular he was indulged almost universally; but now and then some arch fellow would usurp on his privilege, take possession of the board, meet him, and dispute his right; and when this happened to be the case, he would chafe, bluster, ask the gentleman his name, and immediately set him down in his table-book, as a man he would fight when he came to age. With regard to the female world, his common phrase was, 'They may look and die.' In short, he was the jest of the men, and the contempt of the women. This unhappy man, being neglected by his relations in his lunacy, was taken into custody during his madness and confined in Bridewell, Dublin, where he died."

The generality of the frequenters of Lucas's* were, however,

* The other fashionable places at this time, including the Bason, the Strand, Ringsend and Templeoge, shall be hereafter noticed in detail. Loughlinstown in the county of Dublin was the resort of the sporting gentlemen who repaired thither to hunt with the earl of Meath's hounds. "In 1744, the inn at Loughlinstown was kept by Owen Bray, and was at that period one of the best houses of accommodation in the kingdom, in consequence of the singular attention of the host, who was a man of some education, of much plain, solid, good sense, and so remarkably obliging, that the neighbouring gentlemen frequently made parties to dine at Loughlinstown. Here particularly, from a similar motive—to promote his interests—were held the cock-fights, which, though now happily forgotten, were then a favorite amusement of this country." The following song commemorates the attractions of Loughlinstown, the cost of a conveyance to which from Dublin at the period above mentioned was two shillings and two pence:—

"Are ye landed from England, and sick of the seas,
Where ye roll'd, and ye tumbl'd all manner of ways:
To Loughlins-town then, without any delays,
For you'll never be right, till you see Owen Bray's,
With his Ballen a mona, oro.
A glass of his claret for me.

far more dangerous members of society than the luckless Edgeworth. The insane rage for duelling which pervaded Europe at the period extended to Ireland, and the hot politics of the time

Were ye full of complaints from the crown to the toe,
A visit to Owen's will cure ye of woe;
A buck of such spirits ye never did know,
For let what will happen they're always in flow,
When he touches up Ballen a mona, oro.
The joy of that fellow for me.

Fling leg over garron, ye lovers of sport,
True joy is at Bray's, tho' there's little at court;
'Tis thither the lads of brisk mettle resort,
For there they are sure that they'll never fall short,
Of claret, and Ballen a mona, oro.
The eighty-fourth bumper for me.

Mean-spirited reptiles deservedly sink,
But Owen shall sing, and shall hunt, and shall drink,
The boy that from bumpers yet never did shrink;
Nor till threescore and ten, shall he venture to think
Of leaving off Ballen a mona, oro.
Long life to gay fellows for me."

In addition to his fully recognised merits as a worthy landlord and liberal purveyor of venison and claret, Owen Bray was also distinguished as a sportsman, in which character he figures in the "Kilruddery fox hunt," the authorship of which celebrated song has been ascribed to him:—

"In seventeen hundred, and forty and four,
The fifth of December—I think 'twas no more,
At five in the morning, by most of the clocks,
We rode from Kilruddery, in search of a fox;
The Loughlinstown landlord, the bold Owen Bray,
With squire Adair, sure, was with us that day;
Jo Debill, Hall Preston, that huntsman so stout,
Dick Holmes, a few others, and so we went out."

* * * * *

"A pack of such hounds, and a set of such men,
'Tis a shrewd chance if ever you meet with again,
Had Nimrod, the mightiest of hunters, been there,
'Fore gad, he had shook like an aspen for fear."

After Owen Bray's death in 1763, Loughlinstown house was kept by Christopher Clark. "Squire Adair" was John Adair of Kiltiernan, co. Dublin, collector and customer of the port of Limerick, noted for "his bumpers, his beef and good cheer," and who, says an old song, was

—"possess'd of a pretty estate,—
And would to the Lord it was ten times as great."

A song of the middle of the last century relates how old Time took a frolic

"By the help of good claret, to dissipate cares,
The spot was Kiltiernan,—the house was Adair's.

Not us'd to the sight of the soberer race,
With the door in her hand, the maid laugh'd in his face;
For she thought by his figure he must be, at least,
Some plodding mechanic, or prig of a priest.

But soon as he said, that he came for a glass,
Without any reserve, she reply'd he might pass;
Yet smook'd his bald pate as he totter'd along
And despis'd him as moderns despise an old song.

rendered single combats as frequent in Dublin as at Paris or London. The yard behind Lucas's coffee-house was the place to which the fiery disputants usually retired to settle

Jack Adair was at table with six of his friends,
Who, for making him drunk, he was making amends ;
Time hoped, at his presence none there was affronted—
'Sit down, boy,' says Jack, 'and prepare to be hunted.'

They drank hand to fist, for six hours and more ;
'Till down tumbled Time, and began for to snore ;
Five gallons of claret they pour'd on his head,
And were going to take the old flincher to bed."

Adair, who died in 1760, is also commemorated in some verses detailing the revels at Kiltiernan in July, 1745 :—

"Jack Adair said so fleet were his horses and dogs,
That nothing could match his old bay, sir,
For leaping o'er ditches and scam'ring thro' bogs,
And hanging by heath upon Bray, sir.
St. Leger by laughing, and drinking pell-mell,
Soon put the whole man in a blaze, sir ;
Tho' unus'd to be conquer'd, he now broke the spell,
And the bottle did stand in a maze, sir.

Ye Fland'rikins stout may boast of your war,
May kill all the French, sir, and spare none,
But shew me the man wou'dn't rather by far,
Be drinking with Jack at Kiltiernan.
Ye Trinity drones with your logick so stale,
May plod over Burgers to learn on,
But who wou'd prefer college mutton and ale
To the claret and beef of Kiltiernan ?

Were I possess'd of all the chink
That was conquer'd by Cortes, Hernan,
I'd part with it all for one good drink
With Johnny Adair of Kiltiernan.
The soldiers may drink to their Cumberland brave,
The sailors may drink to their Vernon,
Whilst all merry mortals true happiness have
With Johnny Adair of Kiltiernan."

A French writer, in a notice of Hollybrook, county Wicklow, relates the following anecdote of another jovial squire Adair; the invader in this case was as unsuccessful as the two English adventurers noticed at page 334. "C'est dans cette maison que vivait, ce Robert Adair, si fameux dans nombre de chansons en Ecosse et en Irlande. J'ai vu son portrait, il est l'aïeul de lord Molesworth, et de sir Robert Hodson à qui Olly Brook appartient. On m'a conté son histoire de cette manière. Un Ecossais, un maître ivrogne apparemment, ayant entendu parler des promesses Bachiques de Robert Adair, vint d'Ecosse exprès pour le défier à la bouteille : à peine débarqué à Dublin, il demanda à de tout le monde dans son jargon, 'Ken ye, one Robin Adair,' tant qu'à la fin on lui indiqua son homme. Il se rendit chez lui, demanda à lui parler et lui fit part de son projet : Robert Adair était alors à table; il lui offrit de vider le différent sur le champ, mais l'Ecossais ne voulut rien accepter chez lui, et lui dit que tout était prêt à l'auberge de Bray. Nos deux champions, se rendirent sur le champ de bataille, mais après dix bouteilles l'Ecossais se laissa tomber sous la table : Robert

their differences in a hostile manner. The company flocked to the windows to see that the laws of honor were fully observed, and to bet upon the probable survivor of the infatuated men who were crossing their swords beneath in deadly combat; and when death terminated the encounter, the thoughtless spectators retired to discuss the relative qualities of their Margaux, Graves or Haut-brian claret, the then favorite wines. The portrait of Jack Gallaspy will give an idea of the class of men who held high positions among the "bloods" of their day:—

"Gallaspy was the tallest and strongest man I have ever seen, well made, and very handsome. He had wit and abilities, sung well, and talked with great sweetness and fluency, but was so extremely wicked, that it were better for him, if he had been a natural fool. By his vast strength and activity, his riches and eloquence, few things could withstand him. He was the most prophane swearer I have known:—fought everything, debauched everything, and drank seven in a hand; that is, seven glasses so placed between the fingers of his right hand, that in drinking, the liquor fell into the next glasses, and thereby he drank out of the first glass seven glasses at once. This was a common thing, I find from a book in my possession, in the reign of Charles the second, in the madness that followed the restoration of that profligate and worthless prince. But this gentleman was the only man I ever saw who could or would attempt to do it; and he made but one gulp of whatever he drank; he did not swallow a fluid like other people, but if it was a quart, poured it in as from pitcher to pitcher. When he smoaked tobacco, he always blew two pipes at once, one at each corner of his mouth, and threw the smোক of both out of his nostrils. He had killed two men in duels before I left Ireland, and would have been hanged, but that it was his good fortune to be tried before a judge, who never let any man suffer for killing another in this manner. (This was the late (1742) sir John St. Leger). He debauched all the women he could, and many whom he could not corrupt, he ravished. I went with him once in the stage-coach to Kilkenny, and seeing two pretty ladies pass by in their own chariot, he swore in his horrible way, having drank very hard after dinner, that he would immediately stop them and seize them: nor was it without great difficulty that I hindered him from attempting the thing; by assuring him I would be their protector, and he

Adair la dessus, tira la sonnette, en demanda une onzième et en présence des garçons se mettant à cheval sur le pauvre Ecossais, il l'avalla entièrement sans prendre haleine et se mit à hurler huzza à gorgée déployée. Quand le bon-homme d'Ecosse, eut cuvé son vin, il s'en retourna en ville: son histoire avait fait du bruit, et l'on venait lui demander en ricannant, 'Ken ye, one Robin Adair,' et il répondait, 'I ken the Dil.' "

must pass through my heart before he could proceed to offer them the least rudeness. In sum, I never saw his equal in impiety, especially when inflamed with liquor, as he was every day of his life, though it was not in the power of wine to make him drunk, weak, or senseless. He set no bounds or restrictions to mirth and revels. He only slept every third night, and that often in his cloaths in a chair, where he would sweat so prodigiously as to be wet quite through; as wet as if come from a pond, or a pail of water had been thrown on him. While all the world was at rest, he was either drinking or dancing, scouring the public-houses, or riding as hard as he could drive his horse on some iniquitous project. And yet, he never was sick, nor did he ever receive any hurt or mischief. In health, joy, and plenty, he passed life away, and died about a year ago at his house in the county of Galway, without a pang or any kind of pain. This was Jack Gallaspy. There are, however, some things to be said in his favour, and as he had more regard for me than any of his acquaintance, I should be ungrateful if I did not do him all the justice in my power. He was in the first place far from being quarrelsome, and if he fought a gentleman at the small sword, or boxed with a porter or coachman, it was because he had in some degree been ill used, or fancied that the laws of honour required him to call an equal to an account, for a transaction. His temper was naturally sweet. In the next place, he was the most generous of mankind. His purse of gold was ever at his friend's service: he was kind and good to his tenants: to the poor a very great benefactor. He would give more money away to the sick and distressed in one year, than I believe many rich pious people do in seven. He had the blessings of thousands, for his charities, and, perhaps, this procured him the protection of heaven."

The characters of the men of this period were composed of so strange and inconsistent a mixture of good and evil qualities, that it appears difficult to decide whether their outrages of all human and divine laws, were counterbalanced by their numerous acts of charity and philanthropy. Duelling was an inevitable consequence of the state of European society in the early part of the last century, when deep drinking was esteemed good fellowship, and when profligacy was regarded as one of the attributes of a "fine gentleman,"—whose chief ambition was to be able to imbibe an enormous quantity of wine, and to use the small sword with sufficient dexterity to despatch, in single combat, any man who presumed to question his statements however false or absurd. An illustration of the extraordinary extent to which the duelling mania was carried at the period is furnished by the following anecdote of two Englishmen who travelled to Ireland purposely to kill or be killed by the hospitable Mr. Mathew of Thomastown, of whom they knew

nothing save that he was reputed one of the best swordsmen of his day :—

“ It was towards the latter end of queen Anne’s reign, when Mr. Mathew returned to Dublin, after his long residence abroad. At that time party ran very high, but raged no where with such violence as in that city, inasmuch, that duels were every day fought there on that score. There happened to be, at that time, two gentlemen in London who valued themselves highly on their skill in fencing ; the name of one of them was Pack, the other Creed ; the former a major, the latter a captain in the army. Hearing of these daily exploits in Dublin, they resolved, like two knight-errants, to go over in quest of adventures. Upon enquiry, they learned that Mr. Mathew, lately arrived from France, had the character of being one of the first swordsmen in Europe. Pack, rejoiced to find an antagonist worthy of him, resolved the first opportunity to pick a quarrel with him ; and meeting him as he was carried along the street in his chair, jostled the fore chairman. Of this Mathew took no notice, as supposing it to be accidental. But Pack afterwards boasted of it in the public coffee-house, saying, that he had purposely offered this insult to that gentleman, who had not the spirit to resent it. There happened to be present a particular friend of Mr. Mathew’s of the name of Macnamara,* a man of tried courage, and reputed the best fencer in

* The Macnamaras of Thomond sprang from Oliol-Olum, king of Munster in the middle of the third century, by his son Cormac-Cas, founder of the dynasty of north Munster, or Thomond. The principal representative of this race on the Continent in the last century was an officer in the French navy, John Macnamara, vice-admiral, grand cross chevalier of the royal and military order of St. Louis, and governor of Rochefort. The French biographer of Louis XV., after observing how Louisburgh in north America fell into the hands of the English, through the fault of the naval officer, M. de la Maisonfort, captain of the *Vigilant*, sent with supplies for the place, then remarks—“ As for the rest, the victory of M. de Macnamara, a simple captain of a ship, appointed to the command of a squadron of 5 vessels and 2 frigates, designed for the American islands—where he met with several of the enemy’s men-of-war, whom he fought, and obliged to sheer off—supported the honour of the French flag.” In 1755, on the renewal of hostilities between France and England, Macnamara commanded the following, of the two squadrons, fitted out in Brest and Rochefort, against the English : his own vessel—*La Fleur de Lys*, 80 guns—*L’Heros*, 74—*Le Palmier*, 74—*L’Eveill  *, 64—*L’Inflexible*, 64—*L’Aigle*, 50—*L’Am  tiste*, 30—*La Fleur de Lys*, 30—*L’Heroine*, 24. He was remarkable for the diligence and skill with which he preserved from the enemy the fleets of merchant vessels entrusted to his convoyance. Lord Cloncurry tells us of John Macnamara a high tory politician, upon intimate terms with Pitt, who was severely injured at the Westminster election where he took an active part against Fox ; the unfortunate miss Ray, mother of the late Basil Montague, was leaning on his arm when she was shot by the Rev. Mr. Hackman. The same writer notices another Macnamara

Ireland. He immediately took up the quarrel, and said, he was sure Mr. Mathew did not suppose the affront intended, otherwise he would have chastised him on the spot: but if the major would let him know where he was to be found, he should be waited on immediately on his friend's return, who was to dine that day a little way out of town. The major said that he should be at the tavern over the way, where he and his companions would wait their commands. Immediately on his arrival, Mathew being made acquainted with what had passed, went from the coffee-house to the tavern, accompanied by Macnamara. Being shewn into the room where the two gentlemen were, after having secured the door, without any expostulation, Mathew and Pack drew their swords; but Macnamara stopped them, saying, he had something to propose before they proceeded to action. He said, in cases of this nature, he never could bear to be a cool spectator, so, sir (addressing himself to Creed) if you please, I shall have the honor of entertaining you in the same manner. Creed, who desired no better sport, made no other reply than that of instantly drawing his sword; and to work the four champions fell, with the same composure as if it were only a fencing match with foils. The conflict was of some duration, and maintained with great obstinacy by the two officers, notwithstanding the great effusion of blood from the many wounds which they had received. At length, quite exhausted, they both fell, and yielded the victory to the superior skill of their antagonists. Upon this occasion, Mathew gave a remarkable proof of the perfect composure of his mind during the action. Creed had fallen the first; upon which Pack exclaimed, 'Ah, poor Creed, are you gone?' 'yes,' said Mathew, very composedly, 'and you shall instantly *Pack* after him;' at the same time making a home thrust quite through his body, which threw him to the ground. This was the more remarkable, as he was never in his life, either before or after, known to have aimed at a pun. The number of wounds received by the vanquished parties was very great; and what seems almost miraculous, their opponents were untouched. The surgeons, seeing the desperate state of their patients, would not suffer them to be removed out of the room where they fought, but had beds immediately conveyed into it, on which they lay many hours in a state of insensibility. When they came to themselves, and saw where they were, Pack, in a feeble voice, said to his companion, 'Creed, I think

who acted in London as agent for political affairs to several of the public men of Ireland. "His table was open to his Irish employers and their connexions; and there was to be met the *elite* of the London society of the day. At his villa at Streatham, near Croydon, where his hospitality shone out with the greatest brilliancy, his larder was a sort of public curiosity, and was usually shown to his visitors as such. It was always provisioned as for a siege, which, in fact, it sustained every Sunday, when a large and very often a most agreeable, dinner-party assembled. On these occasions it was no unusual event for the prince of Wales to attend uninvited, as did also men of the highest rank and note in both houses of parliament."

we are the conquerors, for we have kept the field of battle.' For a long time their lives were despaired of, but to the astonishment of every one, they both recovered. When they were able to see company, Mathew and his friend attended them daily, and a close intimacy afterwards ensued, as they found them men of probity, and of the best dispositions, except in this Quixotish idea of duelling, whereof they were now perfectly cured."

It must however be recollected that at this period, according to a learned writer, "the ignorance and immorality of the great mass of society in England were gross and disgusting. By the generality of fashionable persons of both sexes, literary and scientific attainments were despised as pedantic and vulgar. 'That general knowledge which now circulates in common talk, was then rarely to be found. Men not professing learning were not ashamed of ignorance; and in the female world, any acquaintance with books was distinguished only to be censured.' Politics formed almost the sole topic of conversation among the gentlemen, and scandal among the ladies; swearing and indecency were fashionable vices; gaming and drunkenness abounded; and the practice of duelling was carried to a most irrational excess. In the theatre, as well as in society, the corruption of Charles II.'s reign continued to prevail; and men of the highest rank were the habitual encouragers of the coarse amusements of bull-baiting, bear-baiting, and prize fighting." The commencement of the reformation of this degraded state of society has been unanimously and truthfully ascribed to a native of Dublin—sir Richard Steele—who, by originating periodical literature, "brought philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and in coffee-houses;" we hope to shew in a future paper what a considerable proportion of intellect was contributed by Ireland to the aristocracy of wit and learning in the first half of the eighteenth century.

Lucas's coffee-house continued to be frequented till a short time before the year 1768, when it was removed, together with adjacent buildings, by the commissioners appointed to widen the approach to the castle. The latest notice we find of it is in 1768 when a collection of wild beasts was exhibited "in the large room over the coffee-house;" the total sum paid to government for Cork-house amounted to £8329 3s. 4d. After the completion of the plans for the present Parliament street it was found that the

latter could not be carried in a direct line with an entrance into the castle-yard without destroying a considerable number of important buildings, and it was proposed that a chapel for government with a high cupola should be made the termination of the new street. The merchants of Dublin however presented a petition to parliament "setting forth their want of a proper lot of ground to erect an exchange on; that the difficulties they laboured under for want of such ground was a detriment to trade, and that if a lot of ground was granted to them in Dame-street, opposite Parliament-street, it would be a great advantage to the commerce and trade of the city of Dublin." Their petition was granted, and a plot of ground of one hundred feet square was reserved for the proposed erection which appears to have originated from the following circumstances:—"Mr. Thomas Allen having, in 1763, been appointed by patent to the sinecure place of taster of wines, and endeavouring to enforce a fee of two shillings per ton on all wines and other liquors imported into this kingdom, the body of merchants of this city, alarmed at what they considered as a new mode of arbitrary taxation, formed an association, entered into a subscription, and appointed a committee of twenty-one of their members to conduct a legal opposition to the measure: the struggle did not last long, or cost much; and turning their thoughts to the best mode of applying the redundant subscription, they unanimously adopted the idea of building a commodious building for the meeting of merchants and traders: such seems to have been the origin of the idea of building this Exchange, and a situation having been fixed upon, the purchase-money, £13,500 was obtained from parliament by the zeal and activity of doctor Charles Lucas, then one of the city representatives." To defray the expenses of the building a sum of about forty thousand pounds was raised by lotteries conducted by the merchants with the greatest integrity, and premiums having been offered for the best and most suitable architectural design, the plans of Thomas Cooley were finally accepted, while the second premium was awarded to James Gandon, and the third to T. Sandby. The duke of Northumberland, while lord lieutenant of Ireland, had taken a lively interest in the furtherance of the erection of the Exchange, and had obtained a charter incorporating the trustees, for which it was intended to erect his statue in white marble in a niche in the front of the new building. His recall from Ireland,

however, prevented him laying the first stone of the edifice which was executed on the second of August, 1769, by lord Townshend, accompanied the lord chancellor, the archbishop of Dublin and the trustees; all the bells in the town rang out the ships in the harbour displayed their colors, and after the ceremony the lord lieutenant was entertained in a magnificent manner at the Tholsel by the trustees. The foundation was laid upon a rock formerly well known as "Standfast Dick," which extends along Parliament-street, under Essex-bridge to Liffey-street on the north side of the river. The preliminary arrangements had scarcely been completed, when an attempt was made by the corporation of the city to obtain control over the intended edifice; this was successfully resisted by the merchants in whom parliament finally vested the property. "The trust being thus arranged, not only did the merchants provide the necessary funds for erecting the Exchange without any assistance from parliament, but a fund for upholding the building was provided by a tax on their entries at the custom house, the surplus of that fund being subsequently appropriated towards erecting the commercial buildings, and corn exchange, for the further accommodation and use of the trade of Dublin. The merchants at the same time appropriating £1000 towards re-building the blue-coat hospital, and several other large sums exceeding £15,000 to the marine school, Hibernian school, and to the hospitals of the city."* The Exchange was first opened in 1779, having been ten years in erection, and the following is a contemporary description of the interior of the edifice at that time :—

"The inside of this edifice, possess beauties that cannot be clearly expressed by words, being a great curiosity to those who have a taste for architecture. The dome is spacious, lofty, and noble, and is supported by twelve composite fluted columns, which rising from the floor, form a circular walk, in the centre of the ambulatory; the entablature over the columns, is enriched in the most splendid manner, and above that, are twelve elegant circular windows. The

* See the able "statement relating to the royal Exchange of Dublin," *Svo.*, the production of a gentleman no less distinguished for his high position in the mercantile world, than for his knowledge of the literature and history of Ireland; and whose late munificent conduct in attempting to preserve for this country one of the most valuable relics of her ancient art (described in the *IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW*, Vol. i. p. 613) will not soon be forgotten.

cieling of the dome is decorated with stucco ornaments, in the Mosaic taste, divided into small hexagonal compartments, and in the centre is a large window that illumines most of the building. Between two of the columns, opposite the entrance of the north front, on a white marble pedestal, is a statue in brass, of his present majesty, George the third, in a Roman military habit, crowned with laurel, and holding a truncheon in his hand ; it was executed by Mr. Van Nost, and cost seven hundred guineas. On each side of the fluted columns that support the dome, are semi-pilasters of the Ionic order, that extend to upwards of half the height of the columns ; over the pilasters is an entablature, and above that, in the space between the columns, are elegant festoons of drapery, and other ornamental decorations ; with a clock over the statue of his majesty, and directly opposite the entrance at the north front. Behind four of the columns, answering to the angles of the building, are recesses, with desks, and other accommodations for writing, these are not only very convenient, but serve to square the walks that surround the principal one in the centre ; those side walks are supported by Ionic pilasters, that are continued round the building, with blank arcades, in which seats are placed ; the floor through the whole ambulatory is handsomely inlaid, particularly in the central part. The columns, pilasters, arcade, floor, stair-cases, &c., are all of Portland stone, which creates a very grand effect. At each extremity of the north side of the exchange, are oval geometrical stair-cases, which lead to the coffee-room, and other apartments on the same floor : The stair-cases, are enlightened by flat oval lanterns in the cieling, which is embellished by handsome stucco ornaments : In some of the compartments, are represented figures found in the ruins of Herculaneum, with the grounds colored. In a niche on the west stair-case, is a beautiful pedestrian statue of the late Dr. Charles Lucas, sculptured in white marble by Mr. Edward Smyth* of this city, the

* The artist was only in his twenty-third year when he produced the model of this statue. "In the history of sculpture," says a late critic, "perhaps, there is not another instance of such maturity having been produced at such an age. This statue has long been the object of great admiration ; it has also been occasionally the subject of most stringent criticism. Many of its admirers, however, are not at all unwilling to admit, that more sobriety of air, and less energy of action, would have brought it more within the pale of conventional excellence ; but, whilst they yield this concession, they contend for the breathing eloquence which it portrays ; the vigorous, the manly appeal which it urges ; and the masterly and artist-like powers with which it is executed. The figure stands with a commanding firmness, leaning a little forward ; the head finely expressive of an untiring zeal ; one hand is stretched forward, grasping the scroll containing an enumeration of the rights for which he is contending ; the other seizes the mantle, whose ample folds so grandly surround the figure. There is a nervous energy characterising the whole man. He appears to be just the sort of person who could rivet the attention of a public assembly ; the very man, who, Hannibal-like, would, by means untried by other men, cut his way through those cold

expense of which, was defrayed by a number of gentlemen, admirers of the deceased patriot; on the body of the pedestal in bas-relief, is a representation of liberty seated, with her rod and cap. The coffee-room, extends from one stair-case to the other, almost the whole length of the north front, and its breadth is from the front to the dome: In point of magnificence, it is perhaps equal to any coffee-room in Great Britain: It receives its lights by the windows in the north front, and by oval lanterns in the flat of the cieling, which is highly ornamented, and from which is suspended a grand lustre. The other embellishments of this room are in good taste, and entirely convenient: In one side of the room is a clock, surrounded with stucco ornaments. At the west front, is a spacious and handsome room, wherein the merchants deposit in ranges of drawers, samples of their different commodities; at the fourth end is a Venetian window, which helps to light it: This room leads to the apartments of the housekeeper, &c. At the east front, is an elegant room for the committee of merchants to meet in, finished in a good stile, with a Venetian window at the south end which assists in lighting it, similar to that in the room at the west front; adjoining to this apartment is a convenient anti-chamber."

The Exchange does not appear ever to have been extensively used for its intended commercial purposes, and it early became a place for holding public and political meetings. "Under the Exchange" says a writer in 1794, "did the memorable volunteers of Ireland most commonly muster for reviews or campaigns, whose noble exertions will be remembered to their honor, while the country experiences the advantages rising from a free-trade, and abrogation of such acts as were otherwise inimical

obstructions which not only oppose his progress, but threaten, by their impending weight, to crush him on his passage. There is a bold daring about the figure, which neither verges on the bully nor the bravo, but, whilst it seeks redress for the wrongs of others, spares not itself in the struggle. It is a noble impersonation of the patriot man." The members of the Irish bar intended, in 1782, to erect a statue to Grattan, but he declined the honor, and the plan was abandoned. Edmund Burke, in a letter to lord Charlemont, recommended for the purpose Hickey, a young Irish sculptor, who, he writes, "I really think, as far as my judgment goes, is fully equal to our best statuaries, both in taste and execution." Mr. Grattan's son tells us, that, after his father's death, "a statue in marble (executed by Chantry in a manner most creditable to his genius and taste) was erected by private subscription, and is placed in the royal Exchange, Dublin; to the messrs. La Touche, James Corry, Anthony Blake, and a number of other ardent and generous minded friends, this honour is due, and by Mr. Grattan's family was thankfully appreciated." Of late years the groupe in the Exchange has been augmented by the addition of Hogan's statues of Thomas Drummond and Daniel O'Connell.

to the rights of a free people; from the clang of arms the vibrating dome caught the generous flame, and re-echoed the enlivening sound of liberty." In 1783 the Exchange was selected as the place of meeting for the delegates of the national convention for parliamentary reform; being, however, found inadequate to the accommodation of a very large deliberative assembly, it was resolved to transfer the sittings of the convention to the Rotunda, and we have the following account of the proceedings on the tenth of November, 1783, by one who himself took a prominent part in them :—

"The citizens of Dublin excelled in their hospitality; they appeared in crowds every where, forcing their invitations on the country volunteers; every soldier had numerous billets pressed into his hand; every householder, who could afford it, vied in entertaining his guest with zeal and cordiality. Every thing was secure and tranquil; but when it was considered that 300 members had virtually proclaimed a concurrent parliament, under the title of a national convention, and were about to lead a splendid procession through the body of the city, to hold its sittings within view of the houses of legislature, the affairs of Ireland seemed drawing fast to some decisive catastrophe. But it was also considered, that the convention was an assembly of men of rank, of fortune, and of talent. The convention, therefore, possessed an importance and a consistence that seemed to render some momentous consequence absolutely inevitable: the crisis did arrive, but it was unfortunate; Ireland tottered, retrograded, and has fallen. The firing of twenty-one cannon announced the first movements of the delegates from the royal Exchange to the Rotunda; a troop of the Rathdown cavalry, commanded by colonel Edwards, of Old-court, county of Wicklow, commenced the procession; the Liberty brigade of artillery, commanded by Napper Tandy, with a band, succeeded. A company of the barristers' grenadiers, headed by colonel Pedder, with a national standard for Ireland, borne by a captain of grenadiers, and surrounded by a company of the finest men of the regiment came after, their muskets slung, and bright battle-axes borne on their shoulders. A battalion of infantry, with a band, followed, and then the delegates, two and two, with side arms, carrying banners with motto and in their respective uniforms—broad green ribands were worn across their shoulders. Another band followed playing the special national air* alluded to. The chaplains of the different regiments, in their cassocks, marched each with his respective corps, giving solemnity to the procession, and as if invoking the blessing of heaven on their efforts, which had a wonderful effect on the surrounding multitude. Several standards and colors were borne by the different corps of horse and foot; and

* This was the following "simple noted" march, composed by some of the musicians of Dublin in 1780 for the general adoption of the volun-

another brigade of artillery, commanded by counsellor Calbeck, with labels on the cannons' mouths,* was escorted by the barristers' corps in scarlet and gold (the full dress uniform of the king's guards); the motto on their buttons being 'Vox populi suprema lex est.' The procession in itself was interesting, but the surrounding scene was still more affecting. Their line of march, from the Exchange to the Rotunda, was through the most spacious streets and quays of the city, open on both sides to the river, and capable of containing a vastly larger assemblage of people than any part of the metropolis of England. An immense body of spectators, crowding every window and house-top, would be but an ordinary occurrence, and might be seen or described without novelty or interest; but, on this occasion, every countenance spoke zeal, every eye expressed solicitude, and every action proclaimed triumph: green ribands and handkerchiefs were waved from every window by the enthusiasm of its fair occupants; crowds seemed to move on the house-tops; ribands were flung upon the delegates as they passed; yet it was not a loud or a boisterous, but a firm enthusiasm. It was not the effervescence of a heated crowd—it was not the fiery ebullition of a glowing people—it was not sedition—it was liberty that inspired them: the heart bounded, though the tongue was motionless—those who did not see, or who do not recollect that splendid day, must have the mortification of reflecting, that (under all its circumstances) no man did before, and no man ever will 'behold its like again.'"

teer corps throughout the kingdom, that all might be accustomed to march to the same air at their reviews:—

IRISH VOLUNTEERS' MARCH.



"As a composition, it appears," says the above writer, "to claim no merit whatever, being neither grand nor martial; but it was universally adopted by the volunteers, and was played at all public places, theatres, and in the streets, etc., by every sort of performer, and on all instruments; at public dinners and meetings it invariably accompanied St. Patrick's day in the morning."

* Their motto was:—"oh Lord, open thou our lips, and our mouths shall sound forth thy praise!"

During the troubles of 1798, the Exchange was converted into a kind of military depôt in which courts martial were held and punishments inflicted on all suspected persons. Finerty tells us that torture was made use of here, "under the direction of the immediate agents and confidential friends of government, in the immediate vicinity of the castle, in such a situation that the screams of the sufferers might have been audible in the very offices where the ministers of the government met to perform their functions." Speaking of the arbitrary conduct of town major Sirr during this period, Dr. Madden observes, "there was no redress for these acts: the man who might be fool enough to seek it, would become a marked man; subject to be taken up on suspicion, sworn against as in Hevey's case, and perhaps hanged. A gentleman of the name of Adrien, was seen looking up at the windows of the Exchange, where some prisoners were confined; he was tapped on the shoulder by the major, and told, at his peril, to turn his eyes on that side of the street again."

On the 9th of March, 1811, Walter Cox, editor of the Irish magazine, pursuant to the sentence passed on him by lord Norbury, for having published a "vision" called the "Painter cut," in reference to the disruption of the connection between England and Ireland, was conducted from Newgate to the royal Exchange, where he stood for an hour in the pillory prepared for his punishment, without receiving the slightest indignity from a crowd of about twenty thousand persons who collected to witness the exhibition. In 1814 nine persons were killed and many severely wounded by the fall of the balustrade in front of the Exchange, which gave way to the pressure of a crowd assembled to view the public whipping of a culprit. "After the assimilation of currency, and alteration in the banking system respecting bills on England, the Exchange became unnecessary for its original purpose. The chamber of commerce therefore applied to government to be enabled to sell the building, and apply the produce to purposes beneficial to the trade of the port (government having previously intimated a wish to be the purchaser for £35,000). But proceedings were suspended, chiefly in consequence of legal difficulties—various acts of parliament requiring that all meetings of bankrupts' commissioners, &c., should be held at the Exchange, and these acts could not be repealed until the new bankrupt courts, &c., were completed." It is unnecessary

for us here to recapitulate the various public assemblies which have been held in the Exchange previous to its present adaptation for the purposes of the corporation of the city; and had not centralization been partially arrested in its desolating progress, we should most probably have seen realized the forebodings of the anti-Union poet :—

“ Thro’ Capel-street soon as you’ll rurally range,
You’ll scarce recognize it the same street ;
Choice turnips shall grow in your royal Exchange,
Fine cabbages down along Dame-street.”

At “sir Isaac Newton’s head,” on Cork hill, facing Lucas’s coffee house, in the first half of the last century resided John Brooks, an Irish engraver of very high merit. In his early years it is said that “he made a copy from the print of Hogarth’s Richard III., in pen and ink, which was esteemed a miracle, for when it was shewed to Hogarth, who was desired to view it with attention, he was so far deceived as to reply he saw nothing in it remarkable, but that it was a very fine impression, and was not convinced until the original was produced to shew that this was a variation in some trifling circumstances.” Brooks was the teacher of Spooner, Houston, and James Mac Ardell, the latter is considered to have been the best mezzotinto portrait engraver of his day. Houston and Spooner were also distinguished artists; the portrait of Mrs. Brooks, wife of his master, engraved by Richard Houston, from a painting by Worlidge, is one of the most pleasing specimens of the art extant. In the last century, before centralization and absenteeism had deprived Dublin of the wealthy classes to whom the cultivators of the fine arts might naturally look for support and patronage, many painters and engravers found employment in the Irish metropolis. We have now before us a copy of proposals issued in 1742 by Brooks for engraving by subscription one hundred portraits to be decided on by lots drawn by the subscribers. This scheme was partially carried out, the subscription was 2s. 6d. to each plate and the lots were drawn in the committee room of the parliament house, and in 1743 he also issued proposals for engraving by subscription a number of country seats within thirty miles of Dublin; how far these plans were

realized will appear from the catalogue* of his works. The erratic character of Brooks combining with a discovery which he had made induced him to quit Ireland. In 1746 he settled in the Strand, in London, where he was for a time patronized by the prince of Wales, and some of the nobility of Ireland and England.

"On his arrival in London he produced a specimen of an art which since has been applied and extended to a very considerable manufacture at Liverpool and other places in England, which was printing in enamel colors to burn on china, which having been shown to that general patriot and worthy character sir Theodore Jansen, who conceived it might prove a national advantage, readily embarked in it, took York house at Battersea, and fitted it up at a considerable expense, MrGynn, a native of Ireland, a very ingenious designer and engraver, was employed with Mr. John Hall, who that time was very young. The subjects were chiefly stories from Ovid and Homer, and were much admired for their beauty of design, and engraving, as well as novelty of execution, and were much sought after by the curious for pendants in cabinets, or covers to toilet boxes, &c., &c. This manufacture might have been very advantageous to all the parties, but through the bad management and dissipated conduct of Brooks it was in great measure the cause of the ruin of Jansen, who was lord mayor of London at that time; but the commission of bankruptcy was withheld until his office was expired, because he did not wish to receive the usual annual stipend

* There is not yet extant a catalogue of the works of any of the Dublin engravers, a deficiency which we purpose to supply in our subsequent papers on the various localities in which they resided. The following alphabetical list of the prints engraved by Brooks, together with the catalogue of Ford's works at page 346, is now for the first time given to the public:—Aldrich, alderman William. Annesley, hon. James. Belisario, after Vandyke. Blessington, prospect of. Boulter, primate. Bowes, chief baron. Boyle, Henry. Boyne, battle of, after Wyke. Boyne, Obelisk at. Callaghan, Cornelius. Carter, Thomas, M.P. Chesterfield, earl of. Cook, Sir Samuel. Coram, captain Thomas. Curragh of Kildare, prospect of the races at. Derry, siege of. Devonshire, duke of. Gardiner, Luke, M.P. George II. Grenadiers' exercise, 21 plates. Grey, Samuel, commissioner of the revenue in Ireland. How, Thomas, alderman. Howard, Robert, bishop of Elphin. Kane, Nathaniel, alderman. Lanesborough, Humphrey, earl of. Ligonier, general. Leixlip and the waterfall, view of. Leland, John, D.D. Lingen, William. Mac Kercher, Daniel, juriconsult. Madden, rev. Samuel. Malcolm, Sarah. Molesworth, Richard, Viscount. Nevil, general Clement. Newport, Robert, lord. Plunket, Margaret. Powerscourt waterfall, after Vanderhagen. Rawdon, lady. Rowley, hon. William, admiral of the white. Singleton, Henry, chief justice. St. George, general Richard. Taylor, Dr. preaching. Wainright, baron. Winstanley, John.

for his support, which is customary under such circumstances, which they rewarded him for afterwards, by chusing him into the office of chamberlain, which he held until his death. At the breaking up of this manufactory he went and lodged at a public house in Westminster, kept by one Rose, and never stirred out of his apartments for several years. On Rose's quitting this house, he followed him to the white hart, Bloomsbury, where he remained in the same manner for years, and was at last compelled to leave the house, it being sold at the death of his landlord. His old friend Hall, who now (1793) is very eminent, took him home, from whose house he never moved until turned out by the undertakers. He designed and engraved for booksellers, and prostituted his abilities to a celebrated work (published at this period). As the composition for printing these plates, was a secret only known to Brooks, he made it his occasional philosopher's stone, and raised money by subscriptions on popular subjects, the last were heads of the king of Prussia and general Blakeney, but his character became so notorious no one that knew him would have any dealings with him. He left London with a lady and went to Chester, where he had the address to live free of expence for a considerable time at an inn, under pretence of being possessed of considerable property, where he was taken ill; before his death, he made a will and left the inn-keeper a considerable legacy, with other pretended friends in London. The inn-keeper buried him expensively, and made a journey to London and found himself deceived, and that Brooks had completed his character, by dying as he lived."

After the departure of Brooks from Dublin, his house on Cork hill was occupied by another engraver named Ford, who changed the former sign of "sir Isaac Newton's head" to that of "Vandyke's head." Michael Ford, son of the Rev. Roger Ford, archdeacon of Derry (1685-1727), and brother of one of the prebendaries of St. Patrick's cathedral, studied the fine arts under a Dublin painter named Mitchel. While resident here, Ford engraved several plates, and died in another part of the city in the year 1764: his house on Cork hill was subsequently converted into an auction room. The prints published in Dublin by Brooks and Ford,* many of which we have now before us, are mostly of large size, and will bear honorable comparison with the best works of any engravers of the time:

* Engravings published in Dublin by Michael Ford:—Anson, admiral. Baldwin, Dr. Richard. Belisarius. Boulter, primate. Boyle, Henry. Boyne, battle of. Boyne, lord. Cobbe, Chas. D.D., archbishop of Dublin. Cromwell and Lambert. Cumberland, duke of. Garrick as Richard III. Kildare, earl of. Marlay, chief justice. Singleton, chief justice. St. George, general Richard. William III. and Schonberg.

neral, they excel in softness, depth, and beauty the productions of Faber, John Smith, or Valentine Green, and can only be considered inferior even to the productions of Macaulay. Many Irishmen attained to great eminence in the art of engraving in mezzotinto, which, we may observe, was first introduced in England by Henry Luttrell, a native of Dublin. "I here affirm," says an English writer, "that if our sister-Island had produced such great men, in the other branches of the fine arts, as she has in mezzotinto engraving; she might say to Italy, I too have been the mother of immortal artists." This, however, it should be added, was written before Ireland could boast of Macilise, Mulready, and Danby. Notwithstanding the impetus which the fine arts have of late received by the establishment amongst us of the government schools of design, and although numbers of presumptuous artists are to be found in our cities, the grossest ignorance still prevails relative to the history of art in Ireland. Of course, perhaps, no stronger evidence can be given than the state publicly put forward in print, that the first portrait of a viceroy or lieutenant-governor of Ireland was that of our late vice-roy, Earl of Clarendon: while another writer, apparently acquainted with the history of the fine arts on the Continent, mindful of Algarotti's axiom, that "*ogni scrittore dee lodar suo paese*," assures us, in an equally dogmatic manner: "it was owing to the establishment of the Art of Engraving that a copper-plate printing press was for the first time set up in Dublin." By similar displays of ignorance of our country's history have the so-called literary classes of Ireland earned for themselves abroad the degrading character given—according to Camden's paraphrase of Cicero—"strangers in their own soil and foreigners in their own cities."

ART. IV.—MODERN FRENCH NOVELS.

1. *La Chasse Au Roman*—par Jules Sandeau. Paris, 1848.
2. *Le Centilhomme Campagnard*—par Charles de Bernard, 5 tomes. Paris, 1846.
3. *Le Dernier Irlandais*—par Elie Berthet. Paris, 1852.
4. *La Belle Drapière*—par le même, Paris.—Translation by Frank Thorpe Porter. Duffy: Dublin, 1852.
5. *Clovis Gosselin*—par Alphonse Karr. Paris, 1852.
6. *François le Champi*—par George Sand. 1848.

SYDNEY SMITH, in his queer, half grave, half laughing humour, tells us, "There used to be in Paris, under the ancient régime, a few women of brilliant talents, who violated all the common duties of life, and gave very pleasant little suppers;" and having shown how all the scandals of the regency have come down to our age, in the pages of gossiping writers such as Grimm, the French Boswell, and of Madame D'Epinay, he laments that we should peruse such books, but adds, "if all the decencies and delicacies of life were in one scale, and five francs in the other, what French bookseller would feel a single moment of doubt, in making his election?" There was, and indeed there is, much justice in these observations of the witty canon, but it happens unfortunately that the men and women, who rave in a pious and virtuously indignant horror, at the mention of French novels, fancy that all the French women "violate all the common duties of life," and that, therefore, a picture of French life, must be a picture of sin and dissoluteness. No one can doubt that amongst a certain class of persons in this country, French novels are read, and openly read, of so bad a tendency, that no virtuous woman in Paris, would either place them upon the table of her boudoir, or read one single line of their contents. But this proves nothing for those maudlin purists, who brand all the light literature of our neighbours with the stigma of immorality. English and Irish, men and women, buy an objectionable class of foreign novels, for the same reasons that they buy French gloves, French waistcoats, French boots, or chocolate bon bons, simply, because they are more agreeable, and more piquant than can be procured in London or Dublin. Our argument is, not that all French novels are harmless, but that very many

French novels are particularly good. We assure the reader, that whoever can read *Telemague* without a dictionary, and chooses to take a little trouble, will find abundance of books of fiction, in the language of that work, distinguished by the qualities that mark excellence, in every variety of that department of literature, if the undersigned are allowed to be such.

An interesting story. The final purpose never lost sight of, and proposed at an early stage of the narrative, plot simple but agreeably diversified by dialogues and descriptions, and imbued with the local colour of the time, the place, and the state of society of the period.

Descriptions of scenery and characters, dialogues and other adjuncts, helpful and proportioned to the story, and not over-arguing it, like a profusion of unskillfully applied lace, hiding the colour, and quality, and cut of the garment.

A healthy tone of unforced morality, so that the author need be at no loss either for moral observations throughout, or to point his particular moral at the end.

Wit, or at least genial humour, when appropriate to the actions that present themselves; triumph of the good, or the evil principle, so that when even poetical justice, like ordinary justice of real life remains blind, and the virtuous characters are unsuccessful, and the vicious prosperous. In the denouement, there must be still a lively impression of mental misery, ever waiting on vice, and the consolation of the truly good and religious under the most uncheering prospects.

An absence from the picture, of horrible, disgusting, and disgusting images. Generally, a prevalence of light over shade, in consequence, more attention and time given to the cheerful, pleasing, and humorous characters, incidents, and descriptions, than to their opposites; one chief light and shade, instead of a succession of sharply defined masses of both, without any interposing breadth of harmonious middle-tint, or foreground, or aerial perspective, as we observe in old engraving.

A limited number of personæ not too numerous, and (omitting other special qualities) if the denouement is to be tragic, the number killed so moderate, that the survivors may be able to support them *without* too much inconvenience to themselves. The variety of works of fiction, some of the above proportions are necessarily absent or modified, as the painter who

delights in presenting the storm tossed billows of the angry firth, with the barks hanging on the edge of the yawning chasm under the gloomy sky ; or in portraying the solemn interior of an old cathedral, with only a few portions brought out into strong relief, by the sun beams streaming in through the painted glass, while the greater part remains in clear middle grey tones, relieved by dark warmly tinted shadows ; or again, as he who seated in the inner recess of a long retiring sea cavern, fills his canvas with rugged rock and dark deep cavities, save where the ripples of the waves at the mouth, flash glittering along the greenish azure of the sea ; as each of these artists uses the same colours, but in very different proportions and combinations, as Fielding or Jutsum, when they bring before our delighted eyes the lovely bits of old grassy banks, and gaps through broken hedges, and winding lanes, with the clear and transparent shade thrown across them by the high hedges of softly tinted trees, while all the open green spots, bask in the warm sunshine ; so the true artist in fiction, is allowed the choice of many modes or styles, but all the parts of his composition should be then developed in unison therewith. The object he aims at should be visible, and he must make his readers sympathise with his favoured characters and with himself, in desire for its attainment ; as a traveller whose evening resting place is to be a lodge on a distant hill, never lets his eye wander from it for any length, or suffers it to dwell with too much interest on the intervening valleys, little eminences, copses, or low lying meadows, except to trace the course of his path through these different temporary resting places. These are the characteristics of all good French novels, and begging the virtuous reader to take some comfort from our assurance, that the mass of young ladies in France, are no more likely to have their minds poisoned by the profusion of bad works in their native tongue, than the daughters of our Irish and English nobility, to be corrupted by the perusal of " Reynolds's Mysteries of the Court ;" we will proceed to the consideration of the works we happen to know, and, knowing to approve. We begin with the *Chasse au Roman* of Jules Sandeau. We will not inflict on the lazy English reader, an analysis of his peculiar style and genius ; let him form his own judgment from the extracts here presented :—

"About the year 1788 there lived in Paris a young man named

entine. He was twenty years old, reasonably witty, and had for imony an uncle by whom he was idolized.

He was indeed the jewel of an uncle, this good Mr. Flechambault—a real comedy uncle.—It is a pity that the species is so common on the stage and so scarce in real life.

With his nephew's weal solely in view, he had declared at the bed of his sister, that he would never marry; and he kept his word in spite of a strong inclination to that state.

Thanks to his allowance, and the celibacy of this worthy man, Valentine might sleep, as they say, on both ears. Though not living in great style, he still saw good company among whom he passed for a accomplished cavalier, particularly in the eyes of mothers duly informed of the amount of his expectations. While discussing the choice of a profession, his uncle had said to him 'do *whatever please*;' and on due reflection Valentine had decided on doing nothing. Rich and generous, he had many friends; without talent, or superiority of any kind, he had not a single enemy. To these advantages were annexed others, despised indeed by poetry, but appreciated at their full value by prosaic reality. He enjoyed robust health, and a good appetite, and availing himself of the relations with his uncle, a long established fitter-out at Nantes, and the African captains, he never smoked other than Havannah cigars. 'May I not ask was there ever a lot more worthy of envy; and much was wanting to complete our hero's happiness.

Even as a miserable little worm is able to spoil the fairest fruit, a thought of the mind is sufficient to trouble a life the most serene, to destroy felicity the most perfect. We shall see, by and by, how this young man had come to despise the pleasures and comforts that lay, so near, under his very hands."

Mr. Flechambault had long since resigned commerce, and retired in his little farm of Cormiers at some distance from Nantes, on the banks of the Sevres. It was here that Valentine grew up, the object of so much love and solicitude, that he never thought of asking himself whether he were an orphan or

At eighteen years he was a handsome and good young man, knowing very little Greek or Latin, but a fearless rider, managing horses like the Lapithae, and being the joy of his uncle, who saw no obstacle to his dearest wish, which was, that Valentine should become the husband of the daughter of his dearest old friend, his bon.

Mr. Varembois and Mr. Flechambault were friends of the old type. Their attachment is still as proverbial at Nantes, as that of Achilles and Pylades, Euryalus and Nisus, or Damon and Pythias. There is no other example of it, but that one is worth a thousand. They discovered, unknown to each other, that both were in love with the same lady, they embarked secretly in different vessels, each

believing that he was thus leaving the field free to his rival. The two ships arrived the same day at New York, and the two friends encountered each other in setting foot to land. On their return to Nantes, Flechambault cast himself on his knees to the lady, and implored her to espouse Varembon; but Varembon, an hour before this, with clasped hands, had implored her to wed Flechambault; and both were ignorant that the young widow, in their absence, had wedded her cousin, to whom she had been long attached.

"Varembon some years after took a wife, and was blessed with a little daughter who received the name of Louisa, and was espoused, one hour after her birth, to Valentine, who was then at the ripe age of three years. I will say but one word about Mme. Varembon: when a woman is introduced, under whatever title, to the intimacy of two men hitherto attached to each other, and when her presence far from troubling their union, serves but to render it still more strict, be sure that this woman is endowed with rare qualities. Such was Madame Varembon, and so she died at the age of twenty."

Mr. Varembon meets with reverses of fortune, and departs for New Orleans. The two affianced children renew their vows at parting; Mr. Flechambault having retired from business, presses Mr. Varembon to return; but he is determined not to do so, till he can come back in easy circumstances; Valentine and Louisa are no way opposed to their future union, when ill luck introduces Valentine to the chevalier St. Amaranth. This chevalier had been a regular heartless roué at court, and so little improved were his morals at sixty years of age, that those of his peasants who had young wives or daughters, were in the habit of carrying their cream and eggs to the castle with their own hands.

Being now desolate in his pigeon-hole of a castle, and nailed down to his sofa with the gout, he passed his time in reading romances, of which he preferred those of the present day, as affording him an opportunity of contrasting his own with the modern epoch, greatly to the disadvantage of the latter. His love of this exercise became a mania, so that when the hero for the time being, did not conduct himself to the old gentleman's satisfaction, he would twist himself on his sofa, pitch the volume through the window, and exclaim that no St. Amaranth would ever have acted so.

Valentine having one day in the ardour of the chase, trespassed on the old gentleman's grounds, felt himself bound to call on him and make an apology. The rooms are open, all but one, on entering which he finds himself face to face with

evalier, who was in one of his fits of rage, caused by the duct of the hero of the last novel.

was walking like a madman backwards and forwards ; the ion of the unlooked for visitor irritated, rather than appeased, y.

es, I will maintain it against the whole world,' he cried, on ing Valentine, who stood aghast in the doorway ; ' it is a an infamy ; it was not so that the gentlemen of my time del themselves.'

r,' replied he mildly, ' permit me to say that I rank not as an ; I am simply the nephew of Mr. Flechambault.'

hat is nothing to the purpose.'

ardon me, sir, without being a gentleman, I think I can form et judgment where honor and loyalty is concerned ; I conour expressions too strong : I can see in the matter neither or infamy : perhaps on reflection you will consider it only ce of blameable heedlessness.'

eedlessness, ah, do you call it heedlessness : do you know ey would call it in my time, young man ?'

ay sir be calm ; it is not the first time that the ardour of se ———'

ardour of the chase can excuse an act of felony, before even Nimrod himself, would have recoiled.'

assure you, sir, that the damage is not so serious as you sup-

ie damages ! ventre bleu, you have selected a nice word : s ! on my word I like the expression.'

utless, sir, it is a loss, but not an irreparable one, I

eparable, monsieur, irreparable ! this time you have hit on ect word. Still young, still in the full bloom of grace and the Marchioness Miraflore dies, ay dies, crushed——'

, it is a vile calumny," cried Valentine, interrupting the r ; " I have injured the field, but crushed no one : if the ness Miraflore has perished I have had no hand in it : as to ages I have done name the satisfaction yourself.'

at do you say of satisfaction," replied the chevalier, astonished rn : " I tell you that the marchioness is dead, crushed by ht of her sufferings. She would not survive the cowardly 1 of her lover, the Viscount Clochebourde, for whom she ificed the very best of husbands. She died of despair, while nous viscount who knew well enough that she was on her d, was amusing himself at a stag hunt in the forest of Chan- do you call this the heedlessness of a young man ?'

us try to understand each other : I was speaking of your l you answer me by talking of Viscount Clochebourde.'

ay, zounds, sir," replied the chevalier ; " I do not pass mys a severe moralist : I see no great evil in casting off a but still there is a way of doing it : for my own part, I have

abandoned several of them : I will not say that the thing was at all pleasant ; but this I affirm on my honor, that not a single one of them died of grief.'

" ' I believe you, sir ; I am very far from approving the conduct of the viscount ; and feel a sincere pity for the sad death of the poor marchioness ; but allow me, sir, to explain the cause of my visit.' "

The chevalier getting gradually out of the mist woven by his fancy, is so taken by the frankness and goodly presence of Valentine that he will not hear of recompence, adding :

" ' As to Clochebourde I am still of the same opinion he is a wretch.' "

" Valentine considering that these personages were acquaintances of the chevalier, thought it only right to shorten his visit.

" ' Madame de Miraflore being one of your intimate friends, I respect your grief too much to intrude my presence further.' "

" ' Not at all, not at all, you shall not get off so easily : you are my prisoner for this day : sit down and let us have some conversation.' "

Valentine now learns to his great astonishment, that neither the viscount nor marchioness had ever enjoyed existence, save in the chevalier's novel ; and has time to observe the dress and appearance of the little old withered mummy before him, encircled with a growing pile of romances in one part of the vast room, which is cut off from the rest by a screen of gilt Flemish leather.

The tapestry is worm eaten, the flooring injured ; and the old pictures look down with sorrow on the last miserable remnant of the family, while the rats and mice are in full career behind the wainscot.

* * * " ' Sir,' continued Valentine, ' you seem to think that these volumes give a true idea of society. I am inexperienced in the matter ; but I have often heard my uncle say, that they are extravagant pictures, and have scarcely anything in common with the reality of life.' "

" ' My young friend,' answered the chevalier, ' I really feel for your uncle : he evidently has merely existed hitherto : he has never enjoyed life. These romances are the expression of the human heart, of human life : there is not one which is not a fragment of the history of humanity ; extravagant pictures indeed !! how then does it happen that society recognises its features in them as in a glass ; that youth draws from them its richest instruction ; and age (as in my instance) revives the memory of its early years ? I will go farther : real life is more romantic, more rich in incidents than the wildest pictures of fiction : imagination is only fed with the parings of reality.' "

ow,' cried Valentine in surprise, 'is it possible to meet in old Marchionesses of Miraflore and Viscounts of Cloche.'

'The world, my friend, is full of Miraflores and Clochebourdes; every all, is but a romance of real life, and like a Dutch painting when, the most commonplace thing conceivable. Commend those delicious books where the unexpected gushes forth at a trase: where the incidents crowd on each other—where the passions come into play, and which are more rich in catastrophes than the Iliad in funerals. These are the works necessary in order to gain a knowledge of the world: here alone can we effectively on the curious combinations, strange complications and bizarre fantasies of life.' "

the chevalier, to prove his theory, relates some of the stirring and not very moral, incidents of his own career; keeps him to dinner, and sends him home by moonlight with a book in his pocket. Owing to the perusal, up to an early hour in the morning of the confounded chevalier's romances, the lectures received from that unsafe, though aged, mentor, Valentine is convinced of the dislike that must now be shown him by Louisa, and that which he ought to feel for himself. Thus spoke the chevalier:—

'the houses of Flechambault and Varembon had the luck of hereditary enemies; if the perfidious Flechambault were to silently the ruin of Varembon; if the morose Varembon secretly contriving the death of Flechambault; if Louisa and you had been brought up like young wolves destined to devour each other; then though you had been separated from each other by the Caucasus piled on the Andes; had they interposed between you all the mountains, all the rivers and all the oceans on the globe you would still have found means to see and love each other, to share your love and wed each other, in spite of Varembon and Flechambault's beards; but Flechambault and Varembon are old friends. Louisa and you have played together in the same cradle: what the result? Suppress the hate of the Montague and the Capulet, you will extinguish, by the same stroke, the love of Romeo and Juliet. Then adieu to the sweet interviews by the light of the moon and starry heavens; adieu the balcony where the young couple mingle their life in a last kiss; adieu their charming fright when the horizon begins to lighten, when the foliage quivers, and when the lark mounts singing into the azure sky. Juliet and Romeo would be no more than mere man and wife, destined to wed each other, and to hate each other cordially, in obedience to the physical laws of the passions.'

'But where is the remedy? You cannot alter the conditions of life. The heart is in the left side, you cannot change it to

the right. When did ever two sworn friends brag about the marriage of their children? Did the son of Orestes wed the daughter of Pylades; or the nephew of Damon the niece of Pythias? and no more will the nephew of Flechambault wed the niece of Varembon.' "

Under the tutelage of his worthy guide, Valentine's character undergoes a terrible change; life is now to him a large atelier filled with the strangest fortunes and reverses: he curses the inaction in which he lives; descending into the depths of his sensations he finds that he already hates Louisa; he suspects volcanoes under the most peaceful surfaces, and he even judges that his commonplace uncle must be a prey to the harrowing memories of the past: so one evening when sitting together——

" 'Uncle,' said Valentine, 'you have not always lived surrounded by these fields; your youth has passed in the crowd of men; you have seen extraordinary things; you have been concerned in mysterious events.'

" 'Yes,' answered M. Flechambault, 'I have been involved in catastrophes which I promise you I was far from desiring. Among these I need only allude to the failure of the house of Grapp and Co., a failure by which I lost more than 100,000 francs. It was like a thunder clap in the Great Square of Nantes. I will never forget how I received the news: I was leisurely shaving myself, when Varembon entered in a hurry, and throwing himself into a chair, cried out 'Grapp has failed.' I am proud to say that I shewed on this trying occasion a force of soul worthy of the best days of the Roman Republic.'

" 'What did you do, uncle?'

" 'I never opened my mouth, but shaved on.'

" 'Uncle,' replied Valentine, whom catastrophes of this kind did not interest much; 'you must have assisted at more moving dramas than this: you must have surmounted awful storms.'

" 'I assure you, nephew, that I have seen acted many moving dramas, but never one that affected me so much as the loss of my 100,000 francs. With respect to the storms which I have encountered, I remember particularly a hurricane in which I was caught on the bank of ——'

" 'Ah you misunderstand me; I speak of the storms of the heart; of the dramas of the passions.'

" 'I protest I never witnessed a drama except at the theatre; and as to the storms of the heart I cannot speak, not having felt them. I have labored, built up my fortune, and am enjoying my present state of ease with thankfulness. Let me only secure your happiness; let me grow old between Varembon and your young bride and yourself; and enjoy the sports of your little ones round our

nd hearth ; and I shall resign to God a soul satisfied with its earth.'

these words Valentine, much affected, threw himself into his arms, feeling by intuition, how much this existence, simple, honest and laborious, excelled in dignity and true poetry, all lies and pranks of the Chevalier St. Amaranthe."

consequent resolution to be content with the happy lot
ed for him is soon upset by subsequent interviews with
bsolute old genius ; and he finally takes up his residence
is, where he is sure that wonderful adventures and
rophes will spring up in his way, as abundant as black-
; but no, even the shadow of a spicy intrigue or adven-
not to be obtained at any price.

t as he is about being swallowed alive by ennui, he is
by the apparition of a being, half angel, half sylph, and
naining small fraction etherialized flesh and blood. He
e happiness of her hand at one of the ordinary festivals
Banlieu ; and instead of presenting himself in the com-
ay, and mentioning his connexions, he thus arranges
ly his debut :

odie is to be swept into the recesses of the forest by the ar-
f her steed ; she is on the point of being dashed against a tree
Valentine appears ; he seizes the bridle of the furious animal,
seives in his arms the falling heroine whom he straightway con-
o her frightened parents.

ter an hour's walk, Valentine turns pale and totters, his limbs
ir force, and he falls on the grass : Elodie shrieks, she has dis-
l that the courageous stranger to whom she owes her life is grie-
wounded in saving her. She is about converting her embroid-
ce handkerchief into a bandage, seeing Valentine's waistcoat
with blood, but he assures her it is only a scratch, in fact,
in nothing. On arriving at the chateau of Mons. de Long-
r father, Valentine faints. All surround him with the most
ble care, and a special messenger is despatched to Paris for
franc or Dr. Blandin."

v, during his convalescence, there is nothing to prevent
urse of love from running smooth enough, Valentine
ly to express his intentions to the parents of his god-
mentioning his connexions, &c. No, no, all this would
commonplace. He will win the lady's affections clan-
ely in the role of an outcast, disinherited, living at haz-
mysterious supplies whose source he knows not. The
ill fly with him to the worlds' end as her noble parents
ver sanction the union. Now for embroilments, moving

scenes, &c. The lovers fly. Oscar, her brother, pursues with a tremendous sword, and, after the ordinary number of escapes, this same sword is about to descend on Valentine's head, when he suspends its sweep by announcing his rank, possessions, &c. Oscar checks his arm—the wrath of the Longpres is assuaged—and the tender Elodie, who thought she was following the steps of a banished outcast, falls, wild with joy, into the arms of her lover, who much regrets his not being a prince, to render the denouement more superb.

He hires a lodging, pending the arrival of this ordinary train of events, near the chateau of her parents, but not a sympathising steed can be discovered to commence the drama.

At last one good-omened morning, he discovers his seraph and her mother sitting at the edge of a pond, and does not his heart beat with the hope of seeing her fall into the dark and friendly lake? Vain hope! he watches for hours, and even the sole of her matchless slipper has not received a drop.

Suddenly the air is rent with the shrieks of the ladies, their unlucky English lap dog has made a dive after a group of gambolling frogs, and impeded and blinded by his long hair and ears, is now about to be engulfed in the slime. Mme. Longpre's arms were too short, or he was too far off to be saved by her, when Valentine, though ashamed of the ridiculous realization of his waking dream, comes to the rescue: he cheers the ladies, fears not to stain his varnished boots, will even plunge into the mud up to his middle, if need be, when his good luck points out a friendly stone.

"He takes advantages of this convenient stay, and stretches forth an arm which seems to lengthen beyond measure by the power of his will and assume fantastic proportions. At last by a herculean effort he seizes the ear of the cur, he elevates it from its slimy bed, flourishes it in the air, and casts it as a trophy on the bank, smeared with mud and slime, but still alive and kicking.

"Had Valentine saved the life of Elodie, Mme. Longpre could not have shewn more burning gratitude. She related the entire history of Zamora's life; she related instances of the intelligence of the little animal truly surprising, and worthy to figure in the annals of the most celebrated dogs: in fact, he wanted for nothing but speech; this faculty, thank goodness, his mistress wanted not: her mouth was a fountain, the jet of which was unfailing, and out came the words gushing, abounding, and pressing on each other."

Of course, Valentine is now received on terms of intimacy;

ness for the nameless unconnected victim of circumstance loved for himself alone. The rest of the family remain at first with a certain distrust ; but this soon gives place to a more genial demeanour. The chateau, however, is a plain house, with green blinds. The father, brother, and other are very uninteresting indeed, but the daughter, Elodie, is the daughter !

Never before did creature so ideal place foot on earth : was she mother of man ? Was she not rather an angel descended on earth, to exhibit to its admiring gaze, a specimen of the inhabitants of the celestial regions ? Her heart was all sentiment ; her affection ; her large blue eyes constantly turned towards the heavens ever in quest of her native regions. Often as Valentine sat with the family, he never remembered to have seen her take any refreshment, but a drop of cream and a bit of biscuit, whenever by chance a spice of appetite. * * * One day, in presence of his mother, as Mme. de Longpre happened to observe that, in the family nature, mothers were in the habit of dying before their children, Elodie burst into tears, and could not be restored to tranquillity without a deal of trouble.

Valentine partook strongly at the same time of the nature of the lily : a sensitive plant ; her tears were at the service of every one's ; she deeply felt for the fate of those little birds that happened to die from their nests.

One afternoon as she was walking with her mother and Valentine found a wounded partridge ; she took it up, covered it with moss, and brought it home. At dinner a magnificent bird was served up, but by one of these presentiments of which etherealized beings are alone susceptible, she felt that it must be her protegee, and it was. By a refinement of cruelty, M. Longpre offered it to his daughter ; Elodie turned pale, arose, and retired to her room, exchanging with Valentine as she passed out, a look in which their very spirits mingled. Thus the exquisite sensibility of the most amiable being, revealed itself in the most trifling circumstance ; when she spoke of Oscar, to Valentine, it was with such affection that he felt what must be the accents of love in such a mouth, and even fraternal tenderness had such a charm : and if she was as faithful as sister, oh what would she be as the loving wife ? Valentine's love for the woods, the fields, the meadows, the streamlets, the mossy banks, the white and rosy clouds, playing in the skies above the coop of swans and flamingoes, was of the same exalted cast ; the grasshopper threw her into ecstasies, and she fell into a reverie at the sight of a blade of wild oats : her soul, like a vase, flowed over on all creation."

It is declared. Elodie will leave all to share Valentine's good lot. We have not room for the love speeches, particu-

larly as they are all extant in James, and other amatory writers : but Valentine is paying a visit in the twilight intending to demand his charmer's hand next day, and thus reward her sincere and simple love. On approaching, he hears an animated discussion proceeding from the room, near the open window of which he is standing ; he is about retiring, when some very strange words roused his curiosity.

"He remained: I would have done the same in his place: this is what was heard by the nephew of M. Flechambault.

"I am determined," said Elodie, 'the ceremony shall take place in this very identical Saint Cloud. I do not insist on marrying in great pomp ; but I am decided that all the tattlers of the village, and its environs, shall be witness of my success, even if they burst with spite. How often have they said, that I would never make any but a foolish marriage ? An hour after the nuptial benediction, I'll let them see me get into my travelling chariot and depart to my estate. Are you sure, Oscar, that there is no chateau ?'

"The house is good,' said Oscar, 'I know many a chateau inferior to it.'

"It is all the same : how nice it would be to say that one is going to one's own chateau.'

"Pardieu, and who will hinder you to say it ?

"I will say it,' replied the cream-colored, gentle dove.'

"Blood and fire!' thought Valentine to himself, as he felt the cold perspiration stream down his temples, 'I am deceived, betrayed: yesterday she consented to fly with me, and now, when touched by her abounding love, I come to lay my fortune at her feet, I discover that she is forsworn. O you shall die, false love ! but first you shall see my rival perish, pierced with a thousand wounds.'"

He discovers, by the ensuing conversation, that his real status, &c., had been discovered at an early stage of the acquaintance, hence the seeming affection, &c.

Madame de Longpré.—"One thing afflicts me, namely, that he has no ancestors.'" (Madame's own ancestors were so completely enveloped in the fog of time, that not a trace could be discovered of any one of them.)

"We shall enoble him,' said Elodie. 'Do you think that I would ever consent to be called plain Madame Valentine. No, ma'am, your daughter shall be Countess of Cormiers.'

Oscar.—"Behold what Oscar has done for his dear sister, Elodie ; Elodie will not be ungrateful ; what will she do in turn for brother Oscar ?'

"Nothing,' answered Elodie very sharply. 'Nothing, my lamb, that is very little indeed.'

is quite enough,' replied Elodie. 'Master Oscar it is not only that I have been remarking your comings and goings: a glutton and a spendthrift: you have scattered in taverns and saloons, the savings of the family: you have gambled, and smoked away my dowry.'

ling to her determination to quit, an hour after the ceremony—

my child,' said M. de Longpré, in a tone of mild reproof: depart within an hour; you are then wearied of us; you hurry to leave us.'

ay, papa, replied the fair-haired beauty, in a sharp tone Valentine could scarce recognise.—'I am sick of the country. Woods, these meadows, these trees press on me like a night-wish earnestly to depart, if it were only to escape the eyes of the specter which seem eternally fixed on me. If my husband that we are to live in the country like an Arcadian shepherd and shepherdess, he deceives himself dolefully, poor dear man.'

morning Elodie received a note containing these words: Adieu, mondemoiselle.

'I have doomed myself to exile, I depart to return no more. I will follow my steps without hesitation; I know it: you will find your lot to my wretched fate, as the ivy to the oak. But without betraying the direst selfishness, draw you down with your noble self into the abyss of gloom. Beauteous lily, continue to dwell in these serene regions, far from the lightning and tempests as I am, I am preparing to encounter. I have inhaled the perfume of your aromatic leaves, and now resume (with blessing to your head) the desolate path of eternal solitude.

"VALENTINE.

—Preserve, for my sake, this sprig of clematis; I culled it between the hours of nine and ten, under the windows of my sitting room, while giving you, in my heart, an everlasting

lesson was good, but it did not profit Valentine in the least. He continued to run after adventures, the adventures continued to come to him with feet swift as those of Atalanta, so that he could not get on the tail of one: every thing of the sort vanished, before him, or changed its nature under his hand. The wooded avenues, the darkest cross-roads were inundated as soon as he set foot in or on them. Events, which in the past presented themselves in the most romantic light, resulted in the most vulgar possible denouement. An essay in idealism like to make him acquainted with the house of correction. He dined on heroic adventures; he fought and spent three years uncomfortably in prison. Another duel ended in his treatment by his friends, and his opponent's six friends, and his opponent was a dinner which cost only one hundred francs a head. He was all very gay, and kissed each other on the cheek at the

dessert; but Valentine felt that if he fought often, the fortune of M. Flechambault would soon go the way of all dross."

Ennui might, perhaps, have at last induced Valentine to return home, and await the gentle, good, and amiable Louisa, but that he met a worthy successor of his erewhile evil genius; this is Rodolph, who is a regular lady-killer, if his own words are to be trusted: he treats Valentine, after a short acquaintance, to a sight of his museum.

" 'This is the handkerchief of the Countess Orsini,' said he pressing it to his lips: 'for eight years it has preserved the sweet perfume of that divine person.'

" 'But the blood on it, the blood?'

" 'Ah poor Gina: she was writing a note to me, her husband surprised her, and, oh! horror!! before expiring she sent me this handkerchief steeped in her blood and tears.'

" 'It appears,' said Valentine, 'that the count did not understand jokes.'

" 'Ah! he was a Corsican: however he is now quiet enough; his remains lie in the convent of St. Marco, at Florence. I killed him as I would a hare.'

" 'And this phial?'

" 'It is prussic acid: one drop of this liquid would extinguish a hippopotamus: one evening at Rome, I snatched it from the hands of 'the Giuliani,' as it was just at her lips.'

" 'But why there?'

" 'Because she had discovered in my pocket a glove that neither fitted her hand nor mine. Behold that glove! No woman in France could get more than two fingers into it. Poor Rosamund, how beautiful she was, and to die at twenty!'

" 'Of consumption?'

" 'No—of the Giuliani, who killed her in a fit of jealousy.'

" 'Gracious,—what a tigress must the beauteous Giuliana have been.'

" 'She was a Roman: these little accidents are so common at Rome that scarce any one thinks worth while to notice them.'

" 'And this poniard?'

" 'That—ah, that was the dagger which the lovely Marchioness Grijalva bore at her garter.'

" 'And these slippers?'

" 'Ah! they were forgotten by the Baroness Champreny. The same day in walks the baron on his return from the country. While chatting about various things, his eyes fell on the slippers which lay on the carpet with such an appearance of innocence and comfort as made the tears come to my eyes. 'I vow,' said the baron, 'that I have seen these slippers some where or other: I certainly know these slippers. Where in the name of all wonder have I seen the slippers! Thousand devils!' said he, bounding like a jaguar, 'I have

em on the feet of my wife.' We fought, and I need not say revived.'

'He die is cast,' said Valentine: 'in eight days I will be on my Rome. Would it be presuming on my part to ask for some of introduction to those lovely ladies, countesses and marchion-hom you have known abroad?'

declare, dear friend, that your request gives me pain. The part of these angels have met with violent deaths. The is in a convent. The Brambilla, hearing lately that I was in the East, has embarked at Civita Vecchia for Alexandria: precious hour, she is seeking me on the banks of the Nile. for some less delicate favor.'

towards the close of his adventures, Valentine receives the long letter from this estimable youth:—

am about crowning worthily, a life replete with the very poetry nature.

marriage, as you know, has been ever considered by me as one of the most trivial things in existence. Well—by a privilege the most have contrived to give to this most prosaic act, all the interest of a deeply impassioned romance, nay, of a most mysterious drama. A lady whose very name seems not to belong to earth, whose life was stolen from a seraph, has conceived for me an irresistible

she believes me poor, and yet prefers me to the richest of her peers. Vainly has her family whose nobility dates from the first century, opposed our union with all its influence: She has even defied the paternal malediction by consenting to become my spouse. Threats, menaces, all are vain. It only remains to apprise you of me of this angel. Eight days hence I shall be the blessed bride of Mlle. Elodie de Longpré.

"Your friend, RODOLPHE."

wish that our limits would allow our dwelling at full length on the triumph of the good Mons. Flechambault, when he met his friend and the gentle Louisa home from the sea, and his vauntings of Valentine's eagerness to see his bride.

on the lady's complacency, when gazing on the manly and noble features of Valentine, as depicted in his portrait, while he is gone to search his room for the eager youth; on the old uncle's utter prostration when he finds his nephew's sketch; on the lady's unaffected disappointment; on the nephew's sketch of her guileless and loveable character, &c. Our unlucky hero got but a glance at that countenance, full of error of a soul of affection and innocence, of course there must be an end to the story, the sequel of which we exhort

our readers to explore in the work itself. We could give, of course, a dry resumé of the subsequent portion of the story, and in doing so, act as friendly and just a part towards the author, as the patron of an artist, who, in order to give the public an idea of the beauty of a highly finished landscape of his protégée, makes an outline in black chalk of its principal features, and exhibits it to an admiring public.

In *Sacs et Parchemins*," the natural goodness of an ill matched pair overcomes the evil resulting from a marriage of mere money to a title. The same healthy tone pervades "*Un Heritage de Famille*." We do not counsel any of our readers to take up his "*Mariana*," though the moral on the whole is good : there is no comfort or edification in witnessing the struggles between inclination and duty, when we feel the patient going down the sliding scale to infamy. In his "*Doctor Herbeau*," there is no lack of entertainment: all the characters are distinctly drawn, and the ordinary incidents are made interesting by the creative power of the writer ; but almost every one comes off badly in the end ; and if any moral at all can be drawn from the tale, it is, that no matter how good our intentions may be, a certain train of events, or a defect in a people's social economy, will inevitably lead to evil in spite of all our efforts.

The successful drama of the Man of Business is founded on Sandeau's tale of Mlle. de la Seiglière.

In all of his works that have come under our notice, as well as in those of our other authors, there is nearly a thorough freedom from indelicate expressions, images, or innuendoes.

French literature has suffered a severe loss by the death of Charles de Bernard.

Could our own well-beloved Michael Angelo Titmarsh be put in the fire, well hammered and hardened, he would come out something like a second edition of De Bernard. There is in both writers the same genuine unforced humour, the same gift of stripping the cloak of seeming propriety and benevolence, off the unlovely limbs of vice, selfishness, and hard heartedness ; the same delight in producing and witnessing the final triumph of innocence, frankness, and good nature, over craft and malevolence ; but in De Bernard there is a compact vigour and strength which you will seek in vain in the other. Besides, Titmarsh frequently puts out his head at the side of the curtain, to add a sly observation to some of those made by his puppets, or to point out some defect in the armour of the

puppets, where Bulwer would do likewise, merely to the attention of the audience to the very clever thing just from the puppet's mouth, or to his own skilful manage- of the wires. The Frenchman's whole scope and mo- made transparent by the actions and conversations of his sters. Titmarsh generally leaves the conduct of the story care of the characters ; while they, the ungrateful rogues, their trust and make out of the materials a very poor indeed. Bulwer preaches on the text of high art, and will trust to his own assertions, and feel awed by his mottoes, you may expect a story as closely knit, and as undeviating a catastrophe, as those of any of the terri- gends of the Athenian drama. The promise, however, is imes very indifferently kept. In one of his fate-directed, Eleusinian-mystery life-dramas, the catastrophe would arrived indifferently in any of the three volumes, if the would merely lift his eyes off the newspaper, or if some equally unimportant thing would happen. The author ask, however, if the newspaper had been laid down too what would become of the rest of the interesting story ; e would be the opportunity of introducing enlarged moral olitical views of our little Kosmos, and shallow and un- dly glittering views of man's destiny, and motives, and s? And he may ask, is not this an effect of high art to up the reader's attention and desires on the strain ; every ent hoping to see the prince and princess hand in hand ; ttle loves and fairies balancing themselves on one toe ; old greenish moonbeams falling on the outlines of the eful and rounded forms, while the rose and amber hues of e flected lights illumine the rest of the gorgeous tableau : ery moment, we say, looking out for this blaze of triumph, still, by some hitch in the machinery, meeting nothing but solate heath—a bridge flung across a valley—bridge, aps, a mile long—towering black crags overhead, and nd, a group of aerial-tinted and blue shaded hills. Now, a work of this nature, the reader curses every moral ob- ation and political essay he meets, and, at last, after ying with feverish haste to the denouement, he flings the e aside, and never looks at it again, and in vain in after s strives to recal any piece of sound moral or political lom for a guide or stay in the direction of his own conduct, hat of his neighbours, or of his country. The parts of the

frame work of De Bernard's stories aptly fit into each other, and the same may be said, in a greater or less degree, of the best writers of the French school. The actors make the story transparent and easy to follow, and to be taken in with one glance at the end. You never hear the prompter, nor need the author distribute an outline in fly sheets among the audience. Will our readers pardon us the following illustration of the different modes followed by the writers of both countries? Suppose a moral to be inculcated in form and color: the English artist depicts a trellis with the vine-twigs presenting their purple branches at an inconvenient height: a conventional fox is resting his two fore paws on the side of the frame; his tail hangs on the ground; his head is drawn back; his mouth open; and he is evidently looking for something in the clouds, perhaps a frightened pullet. The apophthegm that the artist wishes to inculcate on the minds of his spectators, is thus infused into them by the Frenchman:—Two prim hens with respectable shawls, and altogether a puritanical outfit, are just entering the gates of a church. Their trusty footman in the shape of a stout mastiff, with gold band to his hat, knee breeches, nose in air, mistress's prayer books under one paw, and knotted stick under the other, walks after them, one eye on his mistress, and the other squinting at a corner where a villanous-looking monkey is whispering in the ear of a hungry fox, while he points to the prey with one hand, and stealthily presents a knife with the other. Reynard, you may suppose, is in a sufficiently persuadable mood for mischief, but ah, the cudgel! With hungry eagerness flashing out at the corner of his eye, he turns away his head in seeming disgust, and virtuously resists temptation.

There is no trap laid for jokes, but the humor and gaiety arise naturally from the buoyant spirits of the characters, and from the nature of the incidents; and harmonise with the serious, and sometimes, tragic tissue of the story, as in good landscapes, the sun-lit roads and bright patches of verdure enhance the gloom of caverns or dark woods; and still, by the interposition of intermediary tints all the parts harmonise.

De Bernard, Berthet, and Sandeau, may be contrasted with our fast school with some advantage to themselves.

In the English fast novels of this class we have great straining indeed after everything funny and comical; but now and then, a little bit of tragedy is introduced into the tale, pro-

g the same effect on the general character of the work as
 k unmitigated daub on a view in which the sky,
 ice, middle and foreground are made out of bright,
 aded, and harsh colors; contrast everywhere and harmony
 ere. To use a dramatic comparison, these tragic bits
 such a result as the breaking of the leg or arm of the
 1, in the height of his most ludicrous manœuvres would
 ice on his laughing and friendly audience.

most of our popular stories, there is sure to be a regular
 uncle, with fair round belly, snuff colored coat, wig and
 breeches, whose chief business seems to consist in poking
 scapegrace hero's ribs, and gibing him when caught in a
 pas, but still with green silk purse rescuing him from the
 ts of his foolery.

ow, in De Bernard's works, we have an equivalent, but
 uniform in character or mode. You get on his first
 oduction an impression that he is very selfish, or very cold
 ded, or very indifferent; but, as the tale proceeds, you see
 ties that unite him to the fortunes of the amiable, but
 ightless or romantic hero, becoming visible, and strength-
 ing as the fortune of the scapegoat becomes desperate.
 etimes by stripping the mask or cloak from pretence, or
 ishness, or hatred, he succeeds; sometimes through the
 e of circumstances he too is foiled, and misery is wrought
 hypocrisy, or conventionality, or fear of Mrs. Grundy. Our
 chael Angelo Titmarsh has adapted one of his stories, "The
 et of Clay," with rather indifferent success. The bitter bad
 racters that sometimes move through De Bernard's scenes,
 neither be created nor imagined by the Englishman, who,
 ever he attempts a tragedy, will surely achieve an awful
 d unnatural affair. Michael can neither depict the very
 nest nor the terrible. Is there, in all "Vanity Fair" a
 oughly evil doing personage, except in the article of self-
 ulgence? They are selfish, and sensual, and self-willed;
 t not one of them will go a foot aside to do another an in-
 ry, not even an inch if it is attended with the slightest
 ouble. Becky may perhaps be named, but will the careful
 ader mention one spiteful or intentionally injurious exploit
 perpetrated by her? The author takes pains enough to
 acken her portrait, but with all his efforts she is merely, first
 nd last, a lover of good cheer, fine clothes, and a comfortable
 uite of rooms, and does not remember her catechism. There

is no bile in the man's composition, and both in his written and painted pictures the deep shades are wanted. He thinks he is very satirical, but can only tickle where the French writer gives the skin an unmistakeable scrape. We can scarcely, as Irishmen, forgive him for the profusion of his worthless and disreputable O'Mulligans and Captain Costigans, nor for leaving Stephen's Green with one side in ruins, and not a human being to be seen, but a couple of beggars at pitch and toss on the steps of a door, and the poker holding up one of the windows of the Shelbourne Hotel; but for the circumstance of his quitting Dublin with empty pockets, having spent all his travelling stock in relieving poverty and misery wherever he met them, we could not pardon him.

Having mentioned the fast school in general, we will allude to a variety of it, and have done. Let us suppose an audience, each individual having either paid a shilling, or got a free ticket, sitting before a curtain concealing for a moment a large historical picture. After a suitable pause, up wrinkles the baize; a light flashes on the canvass, and the attention of the crowd is at once centered on the principal group composed of two warriors in full panoply engaged in deadly combat. You see in the compressed, frowning, and hate-breathing features of the one whose face fronts the audience, and in the firm set limbs, and in the action of the sinewy arms threatening inevitable death that no child's play is meant. But what is this? A braying ass's head for the crest of one warrior; a pantaloons' visage, with goat's beard and frizzled toupee on the flashing shield; and, sprawling along the back plate of the knight whose reverse is seen, our old friend the everlasting clown, with white and red face tattooed after the wood cuts of Simson's Euclid, one hand in breeches pocket, the other exalting a fluttering goose, his toes inturned, his mouth from ear to ear, and therefrom issuing the legend, "How are you all? Oh, see what I found." This is the modern English humour; this is the species of absurdity which has won a name for Mr. A'Becket's, Comic History of Rome, and Comic History of England.

We are not inclined to deny that in the Comic England, in several instances, and in the Rome in a few, there are most mirthful passages, chiefly in the pictorial department, where laughter comes from the heart at once, at the shewing up, in a contemptible and ludicrous light, the real motives and actions of

scribes and knaves; and genial humour is seen in the fully jumbled ancient and modern costumes and customs, in exaggerating the designs of early artists, and pushing the aberrations of antiquaries to the proper point of incongruity and whimsicality. But whatever apology the history of England may present, even the good-natured Charles Surface might he was entitled to take some liberties with his own stories, the attack on the poor old Romans somewhat resembles the exhuming of long buried bones, and, by means of these, making them go through disgusting and dismally comic situations.

In a flat and uninteresting play, the actor or author takes occasion at times to utter some clap-trap which is sure of winning applause; and these being afterwards paraded on a future night, induce a reader to judge that the play was as well written and interesting play enough; while from another that really enchained the attention of the audience, and was finally rewarded with unmistakable success and fervent applause, any selection may seem uninteresting, when deprived of its context; as from a beautiful landscape you may cut out a piece of flat colored sky, or road, or grass, and present it to a connoisseur without exciting any very high opinion of the undiluted piece: so in our selections from De Bernard, we probably fail in conveying to the minds of such of our readers, as are unacquainted with his works, the impression produced on ourselves. We select our extracts from his latest work "*Le Gentilhomme Campagnard*" chiefly, as no translation of it has hitherto appeared.

A new Bourg has, in process of time, been separated from the original old town, situated higher up the hill; a feeling, the reverse of cordial, exists between the two little communities: the new town despising the primitive ways and aristocratic prejudices of the old nest, and they, in turn, looking down on both sides, on the conceit and littlenesses of the new town.

Communal interests in France frequently defeat the spirit of unity suggested by the administration, this spirit of which it seems to wish to make a point of honor as well as a case of conscience. Let a town partly built on a hill and on a plain (the position, mostly, of early settled ones) this mere fact at once separates it into two sections, sharply distinct, upper town and lower town.—We need not inhabit Geneva to feel what a badly managed family is implied by these four

words.—Is the town begirt with Faubourgs? these are its natural enemies, and accuse it incessantly for the selfishness of its administration; while the poor town, itself, burthened with its octroi (*taxes paid at the gates*) envies them their immunities. If, by chance, a river traverse the town, you may build bridges till you are tired without succeeding in cordially uniting the portions on each bank.”

* * * * *

Our lower town has the Manor-house on the West, the Parish Church and Court-house on the sides; and fronting it, on the East of the Bourg, stands the Inn with its redoubtable sign.

“On an azure ground, which for brilliancy need not envy ultramarine, so dear to our painters, appeared in strong relief a prancing steed, milk white, with his left ear, the only one visible, nearly hidden by an enormous tri-color cockade.

AU CHEVAL PATRIOTE,—THE PATRIOT HORSE.

“Such was the bizarre union of words that replaced under the triumphant steed, the commonplace inscription, *Au Cheval Blanc*,—The White Horse, which had flourished there till the three days of July, 1830. At this epoch the white color having got to be suspected of disloyalty, the rabid patriotism of some inhabitants of Chateaugiron hinted to the innkeeper the policy of altering the anti-revolutionary color of his sign, if he did not choose to become one of the suspected himself. Fearful of losing some of his best customers at a time when his business was most flourishing, for nothing is so provocative of thirst as political discussions; being a red hot patriot himself besides, he did not hesitate to promise a prompt compliance. With the view of pleasing his patriot masters, who would make him raise the spirit of his sign to the level of the purity of his principles by an alteration of color; with the view also of sparing his purse by keeping the expense at a minimum, he imagined the ingenious device of the cockade applied to the ear of the animal.

“This operation was, however, very far from gaining the approval of the little club of Chateaugiron, which assumed to itself the right of directing public opinion.

“‘With or without cockade,’ said one of the master spirits of the club, ‘it is still but a white horse, and no one shall persuade me that this color does not savor of Carlism.’ ‘And pray,’ said the innkeeper, ‘will you, who know how to harangue so well, inform us what was the color of Lafayette’s horse?’ ‘All the world knows he was white,’ said several of the members, who seemed struck with this argument. ‘Well, what will you say,’ rejoined Toussaint Gilles, (*the Innkeeper*) ‘if henceforth my beast shall be the charger of Lafayette?’

“This time the idea started won universal admiration, and next day the sign bore this inscription:—

AU CHEVAL DU HEROS DES DEUX-MONDES.

The horse of the hero of the two worlds.

“Two years had scarcely elapsed, however, when the hero, among other inconveniences more serious, had completely alienated the

arts of the Chateaugiron patriots, who not seeing arise, at any point on the horizon, the lucky union of monarchical and republican institutions foretold by the illustrious citizen, declared solemnly that he had lost their confidence. Now came a new summons to Gilles to put his ensign in harmony with the spirit of public opinion.

The worthy Boniface valued his customers much more than all the heroes of the five quarters of the globe. He at once sung out, on a higher key than any one else, that himself had retired his confidence from General Lafayette before the rest, and engaged to remove, that very day, the too adulatory inscription. To replace it by one suited to their taste, he meditated to put it under the patronage of some other great man, who might be just then in the full blow of public esteem. The extreme left could not fail to furnish names in plenty, but besides the misfortune of great patriots being, in general, bad horsemen, and the difficulty of establishing an obvious relation between any one of them and a white horse, he thought of the short-livedness of popularity, and the expense and trouble of employing the painter twice a year; more especially as he could not, in decency, call on his fellow patriots to pay the said artist's bill.

"It was then that, enlightened by a sudden inspiration, and acting by his own proper authority, he promoted the horse of his sign-post to the dignity of a reasonable animal, conferring on him a brevet of patriotism, which, in all likelihood, ran no risk of being torn up some day by the inconstancy of public opinion. The event showed the astuteness of his calculation. * * * Not the most rigorous of the club thought fit to accuse the lukewarmness or degeneration of the civism of the white horse, now become the patriot horse; for such is the title he enjoys at this day, and which we hope he will long continue to enjoy."

The old town has no lack of grievances, all laid at the door of the new town. The old chateau has been dismantled, and a new one built on the west side of the lower and favored rival. Several social and legal privileges, which are detailed at full length, and show the intimate knowledge of provincial jurisprudence possessed by the author, are conferred on the younger town to the prejudice of the old one.

* * * "There took place in an obscure corner of Charolais, that sort of general breaking up house which occurred later in time, and on a much wider theatre, when, at the voice of Louis XIV, the courtiers deserted Saint-Germain for Versailles, this unworthy favorite, which was not long till its own hour of desolation arrived."

The new citizens are too fine to go up hill to mass on Sundays. A new church is built in the lower town. The parochial seat is transferred, and so would the relics of Saint Gon-

tran, the pious king of Burgundy, of which the old parish had justly been proud for centuries.

"Hitherto the folks of old Chateaugiron had shown exemplary resignation. Their Lord had departed without any one casting themselves at his feet to detain him. They had looked with tearless eyes on the removal of the paraphernalia of justice. The exodus of the stocks, the ornament and glory of the villages of former days, did not seem to have inflicted sorrows of any depth; but as soon as mention was made of the abstraction of the relics of their patron saint, indignation and fury blazed up in their long patient souls. The lambs, so patient, hitherto, under the very shears of their foes, now became devouring wolves. There was a popular outbreak; the more fiery swore they would tumble the remains of the old chateau down on the heads of their greedy neighbours, if they persisted. The threat appeared easy of execution, on account of the steep descent from the platform of the castle yard; so the new town citizens felt it prudent to temporise, for, though they coveted the saint, they felt no wish to share the fate of the rear guard of Charlemagne at the pass of Roncesvalles."

The old church preserved the relics but lost its parochial dignity, and became, perforce, a chapel of ease.

"Among their other grievances one particularly afflicted the old inhabitants, a simple and devout race as could be found, and having only one eye open to the lights of the age."

During the reign of terror the goddess of reason had driven St. Gontran, the patron of the old Bourg, and St. Pantaleon, (who in his time had been a holy physician) the patron of the new Bourg, from their seats, having closed both places of worship. On the restoration of worship, reasons of economy, and lack of clergymen, allowed but of the opening of one asylum, which, of course, was the new town church,—the citizens, regarding the patron of the old Bourg as something of an aristocrat, allowed his relics and banner the use of a side chapel only. The author remarks that they did not address many more prayers to their own saint, but they esteemed him, at least, as a citizen, which was as much as could be expected from such radicals. The poor old town denizens, seeing the inferior station assigned to their own patron, bent their heads in confusion, and observed that as all things were being turned *top side th' other way* the end of the world was at hand.

"Thus mortified in their interests, in their vanity, and in their

belief, the dwellers in old Chateaugiron seemed retrograding to the condition of serfs in an age of progress and liberty. Years on years had passed without amelioration; but, at last, as Moses was sent to the Hebrews, William Tell to the Swiss, Bolivar to Columbia, and O'Connell to Ireland, so was sent to Chateaugiron the old, the man whom we are going to introduce to the reader."

Here follows a pleasant description of a comfortable house and garden in the upper or old town, the property of the Baron de Vaudry, otherwise Henry de Chateaugiron, uncle of the Marquis Heraclius de Chateaugiron, the reigning lord of the manor, who is to day expected from Paris to pay his first visit since his marriage, to his chateau in the lower town. In the garden, mentioned is now pacing backwards and forwards, with a glance through a telescope, every now and then to the inferior Bourg, this providential personage, the coming man alluded to.

"Tall and stout, about fifty years old, but not seeming so much, of a shape most symmetrical in his youth, but now inclining to em bonpoint. If he had lost something in the way of elegance and agility, by way of amends, the breadth of his shoulders, the massive proportions of his limbs, and the powerful energy visible in his slightest movements, announced an athletic power on which the decline of years had yet made no impression. Though a lively breeze blew at times along the terrace, this personage had his head bare; and his hair cut short, seemed to defy the inclemency of the air. A short curling beard, dashed with grey, covered the lower part of a handsome face, whose severe regularity wore at times an expression of good natured raillery. His clear grey eyes, surmounted by brows apt on occasions to contract, were such as never look but in your face, and before which the eyes of such as have reason to fear an examination, involuntarily quail."

His dress, the description of which follows, is rustic enough.

"But under these homely habits, borne with an ease allied to dignity, you not only recognised the master of the house, but also the man used to good society and of a superior education; in fine, what the English call a *gentleman*."

An enormous mastiff with a spiked collar is walking at the heels of his master, without going an inch out of his track, while a large white cat sits on one of the two culverins, placed at each end of the terrace, enjoying the warmth of the morning sun.

"From her lofty bed of dignity, the cat regarded the mastiff, as often as he passed before her, with a certain degree of disdain. She evidently criticised that servile disposition of his which so closely attached him to the steps of his master. You might have compared her to the Genevan sage looking with contempt rather than pity on the slavish assiduities of a courtier of the *Œil de Bœuf*.

"This quiet scene was interrupted by the arrival of two new personages.

"The first in order of appearances was a fine hound, who, sweeping round an angle of the house, bounded thence on the terrace in a series of gambols.

"The white cat, recognising an enemy, jumped down from the cannon and ran up the trunk of the next lime tree, very nimbly, notwithstanding her embonpoint. The mastiff, on the contrary, gave a lazy half bark, rather from a habit of vigilance than a spirit of hostility, and resigned himself with a sort of serious condescension to the frolics of the new comer. While dog and spaniel were thus fraternising, the second personage appeared from round the corner."

This is the gamekeeper, a fine stout young man, appropriately equipped.

"Holding his casquette in one hand and wiping his moist brows with the other, after the fashion of folks who, fearing to be accused of unpunctuality, wish to disarm reproach by showing that they have been hurrying.

"Seeing him approach the Baron frowned, stopped his walk, and drew out his watch.

"'A quarter past 8, Rabusson' said he, with a severe tone,—'to-day you have loitered again and this is the third time in a fortnight.'

"'Colonel,' answered Rabusson with a contrite air, 'I know I am in the wrong, but it was because,—because,—' 'what cause?' 'Why, sir, in returning from our wood of Tremblaye, I passed through the *town* where I have been delayed longer than I expected.'

"In pronouncing the word *town*, with a tone of ironical emphasis, the guard directed his eyes towards the Bourg.'

"'All this means,' answered M. de Vaudry, 'that to come from Tremblaye to this you have described a parabola instead of a right line; indeed you need not have stated that you came from the *town*,—I was looking at you.' 'With your devil of a telescope,' said Rabusson, glancing through the corner of his eye at the treacherous instrument.

"'Yes, with my devil of a telescope' answered the Baron, unable to prevent a smile, 'I perceive for some time that you go often to *town*, but let it pass for this once; it appears that something uncommon is passing below in *town*.'

"For the third time the Baron had laid the ironical stress on the word which the guard had used: this was a traditional pleasantry at the old town; it was one of those thousand and one inoffensive vengeance which the resentment of the oppressed indulges in at the expense of the oppressor.

"Remarking the smile of the Baron the guard recovered his ordinary composure.

" 'I well believe you, sir, every thing is topsy turvy. You would think it the earthquake of Babylon.' 'You mean to say Lisbon,' said the colonel, smiling again, for there was more severity in his face than in his heart, and he could not help being indulgent to the foibles of his garde de chasse who, having belonged to his own squadron, was a sort of confidant.

" 'It was at Lisbon, sure enough, colonel.'

" 'But why any earthquake at all, Lisbon or Babylon?' 'Oh! just a manner of speaking, colonel. The citizens are preparing a reception for the marquis and marchioness equal to that of Alexander at ———.'

" 'Babylon, now at all events,' said his master. 'Then it appears that the new citizens, our lords and masters, have changed devilishly for the better. In '89 they set about burning the father, they paraded the son round the castle with the fork on his neck, and now they go forth with cross and banner to meet the grandson.' 'Not counting what they did to yourself, colonel.' 'Oh! not being in the direct line, they contented themselves with giving me a bath in the moat for four hours by the clock, the water to my chin, and a rope at my arm-pits.' 'The brigands!' cried out Rabusson, 'and to a child of six.' 'Ah, you flatterer!' I was eight; and after all it was nothing, as Toussaint Gilles, the father, said, while he was managing the cord.' 'The scoundrels! they are not a bit better to-day, and the innkeeper, Gilles, is every bit as big a rascal as his father. Would not they be glad to resume their innocent sports of the old time? I don't think, however, they'd let you down in the moat again.' 'Well, I suppose not, the cord would be apt to break,' said the colonel, looking down with complacency on his colossal person; 'besides, I think, you and I would duck a few before ourselves entered the bath.'"

The guard goes on to relate the exertions of the irascible, but good-natured, magistrate, Bobilier, in preparing a triumphal arch, and a welcome hymn to be sung by the young girls of the town, whose shrill caterwauling is heard by the colonel and his man through the open window of the sacristy. And how the fire brigade, with new casques, are to be paraded; and that while the magistrate of the extreme right is devising, directing, and worrying every one to death, Toussaint Gilles, of the extreme left, is growling, preparatory to the howl he meditates, and the unfortunate chicken-hearted mayor is worried, striving to keep the fox from the goose, and the goose from the sheaf of wheat.

" 'But how the plague have you found out all these details?' said the colonel. 'I was going to tell you, colonel,' said the guard, a little embarrassed. 'As I was passing the manufactory by chance,

Mlle. Virginie, the chamber maid of Madame Grandperrin, was just coming out.' 'Aye, and by the merest chance in life also, I'll engage,' said the Baron, with a good-humoured grin."

Toussaint Gilles, with his red cap on one side, his cravat of red cloth, and tunic cut a la carmagnole, is regarding from before his door the erection of the triumphal arch, surmounted by the Chateaugiron arms, with an eye, the reverse of friendly; and the talk of the surrounding groups is drowned in the shrill strain of melody coming through the open window of the sacristy, where the voices of thirty of the young girls of the Bourg, under the direction of the Curé, are celebrating the attributed good qualities of the newly expected lady of the chateau.

" 'What is this I see,' said an old peasant, Cocquard by name, 'at the end of the Place? Is it the shrine for a procession?' 'You are in for it,' answered Gilles.' 'Yet it is not the day of the Fete-Dieu.' 'Nor of St. Pantaleon,' said another. 'Nor even of St. Gontran,' said a third. 'That does not prevent Father Cocquard from hitting the nail on the head' said Gilles, now removing his pipe, for the itch of haranguing had seized him: 'it is true that it is neither the day of St. Pantaleon nor St. Gontran, but better, it is the day of St. Aristocracy, patron of those stupid slaves that are at work yonder.' 'St. Aristocracy' cried out several of his hearers; 'we never heard the name before.' 'I believe you,' said the Orator contemptuously. 'You peasants after you have wrought like the ox or ass never think of anything but eating, drinking and sleeping. Hence one cannot have a word of rational conversation with you: I might as well address myself to your bullocks.' 'Monsieur Toussaint Gilles,' said Father Cocquard, 'I think that as an innkeeper you should not speak so badly of those who think but of eating and drinking.' 'Neither do I,' cried he, 'on the contrary I respect them, and as a proof, I beg to say, that after the audience is over to-day, the best of every thing will be had here at a reasonable price. But what I mean to say is, that my blood boils when I think on the ignorance that the priests on the one side, and the nobles on the other, and the government over all, keep my fellow-citizens in. This is what causes my indignation, Father Cocquard.' 'Then I am right after all,' said Cocquard; 'it is a shrine.' 'No,' said a young villager humbly, 'it is what they call a triumphal arch.' 'And I,' said Gilles, 'am of the same opinion as Cocquard, and maintain that is a true shrine, but instead of a saint they are burning incense before a Cidevant: but know, that a Bourgeois of Chateaugiron, or one worthy to be such, and perhaps I could mention one at all events, will recognise neither count, nor duke, nor marquis, nor grant these superannuated titles, or rather these ridiculous nicknames to any person whatever.' "

In the middle of his tirade, a person, who in the end turns

to be no better than one of Albert Smith's Gents, popping head out at the window, requires his services. Addressing him by the title of Viscount, with his hand to his red cap at the same time, he pops into the inn, roaring like a mad bull his only assistant.

'Ah ha!' said Cocquard, 'it appears that viscounts are still in our host's Calendar, though dukes and marquises are scratched.'

After some trouble, the arc of triumph is properly crowned the canvass, on which is emblazoned, by no meaner hands than those of the worthy Bobilier, the arms of the ruling family. In the lower part of the shield appears a set of what we may call spokes, alternately red and yellow, diverging from a point at the centre. Above, on a blue field, shines the body of a steeple, white entirely, save a few details. The coronet of a viscount surmounts the shield, supported by two lions, whose terrific manes, flaming red mouths, and terrible claws, had more than once frightened the painter himself.

'Monsieur Toussaint Gilles,' said Father Cocquard, 'you, who are a scholar, be good enough to explain this sign which they have put up over their altar. A body can understand something of your own at least. A white horse, every body knows what that means; but this rebus, yonder, which they tell me of, for I don't see it myself, would puzzle the devil himself to make out the Latin of it.'

'All gathered round the innkeeper to ascertain if his knowledge of Latin exceeded that of the black gentleman in question.

'That daub a sign,' said Gilles; 'why, a sign when well painted has merit, while this is only fit to frighten the sparrows.' 'Well, all, but what does it mean?' 'It is what the nobles call arms, a piece of impudence merely to vex the people.' 'But Monsieur Toussaint Gilles, these devils of beasts that walk on their hind legs, and open their jaws that look like lighted ovens, are they monkeys? I never saw such big ones.' 'Monkeys,' laughed out Gilles, 'they do really look more like monkeys than lions.' 'But are they lions, in earnest?' 'Oh! it is an allegory. Formerly, when nobles did as they pleased, some of them reared up lions in their castles.' 'They must have been expensive to feed,' said Cocquard. 'Oh! it was all the same to the beggars; when butchers' meat ran short what do you suppose they did?' 'Well, what was it?' 'They took the first serf they met and threw him into the lion's den.' 'The first cerf (stag) they met,' cried out an astonished peasant, 'it was no great economy after all.' 'It appears by that,' said another, 'that in those old times the game was much plentier than now.'

'The learned innkeeper smiled with pity.

"I am not speaking now of a cerf with four feet, you blockheads ; I mean a serf with two legs : it is a name that these tyrants of Ci-devants gave to the labourers on their estates in old times ; to those they called their vassals, in short to peasants, such as you.' 'Well, to be sure, see that, now,' cried out the audience, much affected, 'and you say that they threw the poor peasants to the lions.'

"Except such ignoramuses as you, sure all the world knows it. They take you, the poor wretch, by the arms and legs and pitch him, head foremost, into the den. I promise you it is soon all over with him.'

"A shudder of horror passed through the listeners.

"It is all true, what Mr. Toussaint says,' cried out one of the croud, 'for I saw, myself, once at Autun, on a picture in the church there, one of these poor serfs in the middle of a half dozen of lions who were preparing to eat him up.'

"The speaker alluded to a picture of the prophet Daniel, which really was to be seen in the cathedral of Autun, but none of the auditors were prepared, for the moment, to rectify the mistake of the honest villager.

"Well, we must confess' said another, 'that the lot of the poor labourer was worse then than even now,—devoured by the beasts if meat were scarce ;—save and bless us.' 'These beggars,' said Gilles, with the confidence of a man sure of his audience, these curs of aristocrats, had a number of inventions to thin the people when they became troublesome. In the domains of Montjoye, for example, when the lord was returning from the chase, and was fearful of catching a cold, he made one of his vassals be ripped up that he might warm his feet in the smoking blood. What do you say to that?' 'Oh, the wretches! the brigands! the scoundrels!' cried out, with one voice, the auditory, who took for gospel, as their forefathers did in '89, the atrocious calumny reissued by Toussaint Gilles. 'Do you think, Mr. Toussaint,' said one of the bystanders, 'you who know everything, that they had a den for lions in this old Chateaugiron?' 'It is probable, but I will not affirm what I am not thoroughly sure of. It is certain, however, that when they were removing the old tower, to repair the aqueduct, they found the remains of a cell where it is likely many a poor serf found a prison and perhaps a tomb.' 'But many people say,' objected Cocquard, 'that it was merely a cellar, and surely the people of the castle had as good a right to drink as we.' 'I won't deny them cellars,' said Gilles, 'but to show you that this was a dungeon vault, and not a cellar, I must tell you that instruments of torture were discovered in it: yes, instruments of torture. Iron hoops, which, after being reddened, were clapped on the bodies of the poor wretches. The hoops were then riveted to the wall, the door closed, and the poor creature left to expire with hunger.'

"A new shudder of indignation seized on the credulous crowd.

"It would seem,' observed the sceptical Cocquard, 'that the men of old were four times as big as they are now. I have seen those iron hoops you speak of at Mr. Bobilier's; they are the size of wine-puncheon hoops, and are as like them as two flies.' 'Puncheon hoops!' cried out Toussaint Gilles, 'it is Bobilier, and such as he

that spread these ridiculous reports, and I am not sure, Father Cocquard, that you are not becoming one of their converts.'

"The cunning old peasant made no answer, for he read in the faces of his neighbours their total disapprobation of his criticism."

Other parts of the coat of arms, are commented on, and explained, in the same lucid and rational mode, but room is wanted for this, as also for the Baron de Vaudrey's citing the hero of the tale, a young counsellor, before the magistrate for the breaking of a paling; the real cause being the shooting of the Baron's game without permission, which would have been readily got if asked.

Also for the tragi-comical turmoil in which the poor magistrate is kept by the tantalizing Baron reading sheet after sheet of council's opinion, while the arrival of the Marquis is instantly expected. And then no Bobilier to deliver the welcome address, to superintend the manoeuvres of the fire brigade, or the chanting of the inaugural ode.

The cordial offer of friendship by the Baron to the counsellor, when the cause is pleaded.

Their generous rivalry, and the sacrifices made by our Gentilhomme Campagnard to the advocate, who is the son of one of his dearest old friends, &c., these we must omit.

Being of that division of the human family who go to the theatre only when comedies are played, and prefer cheerful to dismal subjects, we have passed by the exciting and tragic portions of our author's works, premising that his powers of representing such scenes are of the first order.

None of our readers need be told that intrigues, and their unhappy results, form the staple of a great part of the French novels.

De Bernard usually takes the part of the husband that is to be victimized, and pillories the would be seducer, but, in a few instances, he quits the good standard, and befriends the rogues. We subjoin the names of such of his tales as are best fitted to the perusal of well minded readers, *Les Ailes d'Icare—Un Homme Sérieux—Le Peau de Lion—La Chasse aux Amants—Le Gendre—L'Anneau d'Argent—La Femme de Quarante Ans—Le Pied d'Argille—L'Arbre de Science—Le Vieillard Amoureux—La Rose Jaune*—(some of these have been translated into English and edited by Mrs Gore,) and the *Gentilhomme* whom we have quoted from. Gerfaut and Le Beau Père, are powerful fictions, but inclining to the School of that Modern Apostle, Eugene Sue.

In Mrs. Trollope's amusing work, "The Robertses on their Travels," the young hopeful of the family, judging of the virtue and tastes of the Parisian ladies from their portraits drawn by the novelists, feels it incumbent on himself, though having no particular inducement, to pay his addresses to the lady with whom his family are on visiting terms. So he sees all the other visitors off one day, when the poor lady is at the moment anxious to go about her ordinary business, and, after wearing out her patience with his embarrassed remarks, &c., he plumps down on his knees to declare his overpowering &c. The lady looks a little disconcerted, and then coolly walks out of the room, leaving him to make his own exit as he might, his future entrances being henceforth prevented. One of Mrs. Gore's walking English gentlemen acts similarly in a French family, where they all suppose him to be about to propose to the unmarried sister who is attached to him. However, the sorrow which he sees his conduct has excited in both ladies brings him round to a right way of thinking and acting, and all ends as it should. We have seen many a one, young and old, at a pantomime, laugh and chuckle at the unscrupulous disregard of honesty exhibited in the clown's proceedings, whom we would not fear to entrust, notwithstanding, with valuable property if we had it—and so, perhaps, those ennuied ladies and gentlemen in Paris, and the remaining small portion of France, who peruse those peppery little books, may not be such bad observers of conjugal fidelity as they are supposed to be.

Having nearly exhausted our space, we cannot dwell on the peculiarities of Alphonse Karr's productions as we would desire. His style is the perfection of artificial simplicity, and his wit of the most biting kind. He enters with great relish into the simple plans and wiles of innocent, well disposed, young or rustic characters of his story. With the hope of expatiating on a future occasion upon one of his charming little stories, we give a few lines from one of the small volumes which succeeded his *Wasps*.

"When about to publish my *Wasps*, I commissioned an honest gentleman to print and sell my little books: this is what they call taking an editor. (The word is synonymous with the English publisher.) This gentleman made me sign a paper by which I secured the printing and sale to him for one year. I'll not trouble you with all the annoyances the above named individual gave me. However, the longest year will end, and I announced to my patron that I would

contrive for the future to do without him. The gentleman now took the liberty of supposing that my permission for the one year implied an engagement for two, and he accordingly sued me at law.

"They say that this Monsieur has not in his house a chair, a pair of slippers, or a box of Lucifers, that has not been the subject of a lawsuit. Well, they appointed arbiters and received our explanations: for my own part I was obliged to speak for two hours. I'll certainly never forgive those who made me do it.

"My gentleman also spoke at length, and then the judges decided by a majority of two to one; First, that a year consists of twelve-months, and that I ought to be thankful for the overruling of the difficulties in that decision. Secondly, that the title of the book having been invented, introduced, and written by me, was no more my property than his, who had neither invented, introduced, nor written it.

"In this they seemed to show less wisdom than Solomon, for they killed the child at the desire of the pretended mother.

This second decision seemed to me less clear than the first, and so I asked, with great humility, if I still owned the privilege of calling myself Alphonse Karr, and they graciously answered that I certainly still possessed that privilege.

"I expressed in the best manner I could my profound gratitude, and withdrew."

Une Folle Histoire—Une Histoire Invraisemblable—La Famille Alain—Clovis Gosselin,—all by this writer, may be safely and pleasantly read.

The chief merit of Elie Berthet consists in the construction of a very interesting story, connected with some historical epoch or personage, or local usage or scenery. One of them, *La Belle Drapiere*, translated by Mr. Porter, and published by our townsman, Mr. James Duffy, may be referred to as a fair specimen of his powers. It is strange that there are no more of his works rendered into English, as the garb and spirit of them are essentially the same as those of the best of our own romantic fictions. We have with much pleasure read all his works, but "*Le Dernier Irlandais*, which for obvious reasons, and being his sincere admirers, we are afraid to open.

Le Chateau des Desertes by George Sand is an impersonation of Dramatic Art, adorned with a Cap and Bells. After the vials of wrath poured on this writer by our critics and moralists, and which so many of her books most richly merit, we claim approval for a few of her latest works, viz. *La Mare au Diable*,—*La Petite Fadette*—and the delightful and edifying *François le Champi*.

We have not so much endeavoured to criticise, as to dissect, these works, the contents and tone of which we have placed before the reader. We know that wise souls who would, in virtuous anger, pelt the backsliding author with the Ten Commandments, may consider the name, George Sand, quite unfit to be mentioned in the hearing of moral and christian people, and, beyond all doubt, if the reader is one of the class, who consider that, because Congreve, and Farquhar, and Aphra Behn were witty immoral dramatists, that therefore the whole world of dramatic authors must be witty and immoral, he should at once resolve to suspend his or her judgment, and should not, without enquiry, hurl moral thunderbolts upon poor, glittering, literary butterflies.

In a future number we shall return to this subject, and give the general reader some further information, upon those French novels most adapted for the perusal of the intelligent, the virtuous, and the good.

ART. V.—MOORE.

ON the twenty-eighth day of May, seventeen hundred and eighty, a young barrister entertained a party of friends at dinner, in his lodgings, number twelve, Aungier Street, in the city of Dublin, the house of John Moore, a respectable Roman Catholic grocer. It was a noisy, and somewhat riotously convivial gathering, and, Jerry Keller being one of the guests, the fun at no time flagged, but, as the small hours stole on, the joyous laughter from the drawing room rang cheerily through the house. In the midst of the wildest burst of merriment, the maid servant entered the room, and informing the host that Mrs. Moore had just given birth to a son, and was very ill, it was hoped the company would enjoy themselves in a manner less noisy. The entertainer proposed they should adjourn to a tavern a few doors off, and there conclude the evening; the proposal was of course acceded to, Keller saying, amidst the laughter of all, "It is right we should adjourn *pro re nata*." The child, whose birth gave occasion for this bon mot, was Thomas Moore.

The early life of our great poet was passed in Dublin, and in the humble house where he was born. John Moore, although long established in his shop, at the corner of Little Longford Street, was not a very opulent citizen. He belonged to the proscribed religion, and his chief anxiety was to grow rich, without exciting the ill-will of any of the men in brief authority, who, in those days, lorded it over the small traders of the city. But although John Moore was of this easy disposition, Mrs. Moore was actuated by other views: she meant that her son should rise above the position of a petty grocer, and at an early age he was sent to the school of Mr. Samuel Whyte, at that time the most respectable academy in Dublin. Whyte had been the preceptor of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and had, after a year's tuition, declared him to be "an incorrigible dunce." However much he might have been mistaken in his estimate of Sheridan's ability, Whyte, from the first, entertained a very high opinion of Moore's talents, and being fond of theatrical performances, he very often indulged himself, and his pupils, by allowing them to perform little pieces adapted to their years and intellect, and on one occasion, that of a ball given in the year 1790, by Lady Borrows, we find the epilogue, written by Whyte, and called "a Squeeze to Saint Paul's," spoken by Master Moore. Moore, however, did not confine his talents to the mere recitation of verses; he tried his poetic powers at a very early age, so early indeed, that he could not recollect the period at which he began to act, sing, and rhyme; but, during the summer vacation of 1789, while staying with other young companions at Clontarf, they got up, and represented, the Poor Soldier, and a Pantomime; Moore played Patrick, and Harlequin, and wrote an epilogue, ending thus:

" Our Pantaloon, who did so aged look,
Must now resume his youth, his task, his book;
Our Harlequin who skipped, laughed, danced, and died,
Must now stand trembling by his master's side."

Amusements, such as these, could not fail to develope all the latent springs of genius in a mind like Moore's, whilst the pride and pleasure which his parents, his mother more particularly, found in witnessing his young triumphs, furnished him, as he tells us, "with that purest stimulus to exertion—

the desire to please those whom we, at once, most love and most respect." Even in the brightest hours of his after life, when he had enjoyed all the honors of literature, and had struck every string of his lyre with unfailing success, his heart turned "with love's true instinct," back to the old days, when in his fifteenth year he had written a masque and (as he tells us in a sweet home picture), "I adapted one of the songs to the air of Haydn's Spirit-song, and the masque was acted under our own humble roof in Aungier-street, by my elder sister, myself, and one or two other young persons. The little drawing room over the shop was our grand place of representation, and young * * * now an eminent professor of music in Dublin—enacted the part of orchestra at the piano-forte." Thus it was that in youth, the love of music and poetry, which was, in later years, to render him the "idol of his own" circle, was fostered and encouraged by his parents in their humble home.

The quick and ready ability with which he had availed himself of all the means of improvement, placed so thoughtfully, and so liberally, around him by his mother, excited in her breast the hope, that her son might one day rise to eminence in some learned profession; but to what profession could he look? "Born of Catholic parents, I had come into the world with the slave's yoke around my neck, and it was all in vain, that the fond ambition of a mother looked forward to the bar as opening a career, that might lead her son to honour and affluence. Against the young Papist all such avenues to distinction were closed; and even the University, the professed source of public education, was to him 'a fountain sealed.'" The iron rule of the penal code, however, was at last relaxed, and in 1793, the gates of Trinity College were flung open to the Irish nation, and amongst the first young Helots who entered, we find the name of Thomas Moore. Then, as now, the emoluments of collegiate distinction were withheld from all, save the members of the Established Church; but, knowing that next to attaining these honors and emoluments, his mother would be most gratified by his showing that he deserved them, Moore entered as a candidate for Scholarship, and had not his religion been a bar, he would have carried off the honor sought, as his answering was in all points sufficient. His college life was, like that of many other men of genius, neither very brilliant nor very useful, solely, because he neglected all studies excepting those which suited his particular tastes, and views of future fame.

Two events, however, which marked his career in Trinity, are of importance, and must not be omitted. The first circumstance which drew attention to his poetic genius, was his having given in, an English poem as his theme, at one of the quarterly examinations. This, as a matter of course, at once, drew attention to him, as it was usual to write these themes, looked upon as mere form, in Latin prose. With a beating heart he watched the examiners whilst they looked through the themes, and his anxiety increased, as he saw the Fellow, in whose judgment the fate of the poem rested, coming towards him; leaning across the table, he asked the anxious boy if the verses were his own composition, and Moore, having answered in the affirmative, he said cheerily—"They do you great credit; and I shall not fail to recommend them to the notice of the Board." "This result," writes Moore, "of a step ventured upon with some little fear and scruple, was of course very gratifying to me; and the premium I received from the Board was a well bound copy of the *Travels of Anacharsis*, together with a certificate, stating, in not very lofty Latin, that this reward had been conferred upon me, "*propter laudabilem in versibus componendis progressum.*"

He had written verses long before this time. In the year 1793 he had sent to that old Dublin monthly, "*The Anthologia Hibernica*," the following lines:

"To the editor of the *Anthologia Hibernica*.

"Aungier-street, Sept. 11, 1793.

"Sir—If the following attempts of a youthful muse seem worthy of a place in your magazine, by inserting them you will much oblige

A Constant Reader,

T—H—M—S—M—R—E.

TO ZELIA,

On her charging the Author with writing too much on Love.

" 'Tis true my muse to love inclines,
And wreaths of Cypria's myrtle twines;
Quits all aspiring, lofty views,
And chaunts what Nature's gifts infuse;
Timid to try the mountain's height,*
Beneath she strays, retir'd from sight,
Careless, culling amorous flowers;
Or quaffing mirth in Bacchus' bowers.

* Parnassus.

When first she rais'd her simplest lays
 In Cupid's never ceasing praise
 The god a faithful promise gave—
 That never should she feel love's stings,
 Never to burning passion be a slave,
 But feel the purer joy thy friendship brings."

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

" Ah, Celia! when wilt thou be kind?
 When pity my tears and complaint?
 To mercy, my fair! be inclin'd,
 For mercy belongs to a saint.

" Oh! dart not disdain from thine eye!
 Propitiously smile on my love!
 No more let me heave the sad sigh,
 But all care from my bosom remove!

" My gardens are crowded with flowers,
 My vines are all loaded with grapes;
 Nature sports in my fountains and bowers,
 And assumes her most beautiful shapes.

" The shepherds admire my lays,
 When I pipe they all flock to the song;
 They deck me with laurel and bays,
 And list to me all the day long.

" But their laurels and praises are vain,
 They've no joy nor delight for me now,
 For Celia despises the strain,
 And that withers the wreath on my brow.

" Then adieu, ye gay shepherds and maids!
 I'll hie to the woods and the groves;
 There complain in the thicket's dark shades,
 And chaunt the sad tale of my loves!"

He next addressed the following lines, printed also in the *Anthologia*, to his schoolmaster, and was referred to by the editor as, "our esteemed correspondent."

" TO SAMUEL WHYTE ESQ.

" Hail! heav'n-taught votary of the laurel'd Nine
 That in the groves of science strike their lyres:
 Thy strains, which breathe an harmony divine
 Sage Reason guides, and wild-eyed Fancy fires.

" If e'er from Genius' torch one little spark
 Glow'd in my soul, thy breath increas'd the flame;

" Thy smiles beam'd sunshine on my wand'ring bark,
That dar'd to try Castalia's dangerous stream.

" Oh, then ! for thee, may many a joy-wing'd year,
With not a stain, but still new charms appear ;
Till, when at length thy mortal course is run,
Thou sett'st, in cloudless glory, like a sinking sun !

" January 1, 1794."

" THOMAS MOORE.

These are the verses, and these the subjects, we might expect from the pen of one, who was afterwards compared to "Cupid sporting on the bosom of Venus;" but he tells us, that "in the year 1794, or about the beginning of the next, I remember having for the first time tried my hand at political satire; accordingly my first attempt in this line was an Ode to his Majesty King Stephen of Dalkey, contrasting the happy state of security in which he lived among his merry lieges, with the metal coach, and other such precautions against mob violence, which were said to have been adopted at that time, by his royal brother of England." The following lines occur in the Ode :—

" In Dalkey Justice holds her state,
Unaided by the prison gate ;
No subjects of King Stephen lie
In loathsome cells, they know not why.
Health, peace, and good humour, in music's soft strains,
Invite and UNITE us in Dalkey's wide plains.
No flimsy sheriff enters here ;
No trading justice dare appear ;
No soldier asks his comrade whether
The sheriff has yet cleaned his feather :
Our soldiers here deserve the name,
Nor wear a feather they don't pluck from fame.
How much unlike those wretched realms
Where wicked statesmen guide the helms :
Here no first-rate merchants breaking ;
Here no first-rate vessels taking ;
Here no property is shaking ;
Here no shameful peace is making ;
Here we snap no apt occasion
On the pretext of invasion ;
Here informers get no pensions
To requite their foul inventions ;
Here no secret dark committee
Spreads corruption through the city :
No placemen or pensioners here are haranguing ;
No soldiers are shooting, no sailors are hanging ;

No mutiny reigns in the army or fleet—
For our soldiers are just, our commander discreet."

These verses, and a metrical translation of the fifth Ode of Anacreon, had all been written and printed before the college theme, but the theme was the first of his poetical efforts which had ever been submitted to a really competent critic; we can all, therefore, readily understand the delight with which he carried home to the "humble roof in Aungier-street," the Travels of Anacharsis, and the certificate in Thomas à Kempish Latin.

On Thursday, the 28th of September, 1797, Arthur O'Connor, and Thomas Addis Emmet, published the first number of their once notorious newspaper, "The Press." Its bold, daring tone, was of the kind most suited to catch the fancy of an earnest boy like Moore, and, accordingly, he felt a great anxiety to become a writer in its pages. With a trembling hand, he placed in the Editor's box the following "fragment," which he had the satisfaction of reading, in the tenth number of "The Press," October 19th, 1797:—

" Extract from a Poem in Imitation of Ossian.

" O! why, my soul, rollest thou on a cloud? O! why am I driven from thy side, Elvira—and ye, beams of love, to wander the night on the lonely heath? But why do I talk? Is not Erin sad, and can I rejoice? She waileth in her secret caves, and can I enjoy repose? The sons of her love are low, the mural hand of power is over them; and can my bed, though my love be there, afford me comfort? Yet not with their fathers do they lie—then, indeed, would I joy—for their souls would exult in their clouds, and their names with freedom be blessed. But hard is the fate of the low—no beams of the Sun cheer their frames—but putrid damps consume! No eddy breezes lighten their souls, but depressing are the airs which surround! Nor can those, yet like me unconfined to the gloom, boast of fortune or choicer regard—for Usurpers prevail, and partial are thy courts, O! Erin; and corruption is the order of the day! That Freedom, O! Brethren of Woe, which once was yours, is driven from your isle, and now cheereth some Nations abroad; but Britannia commands, and Oppression is joined to *your* fate! Armies are bound to oppose your peace, and their ranks are filled from the land of strangers;—even your brethren of the soil are against you: from your *green* hills are you driven, and your hamlets are strewed on the earth! like the dun Roe off the pale, which the grey dog hath chas'd to the heath, and desisteth: its accustomed haunts are afar, and it ent'rith unfriended and alone—for those of its kind are afraid, as they think that the hunter is nigh,

and, therefore, approach not the stranger! Thus wander my brethren despoiled, whose cots are no longer their home, for the flames of the foe have devoured them, and their ashes are given to the winds! Nor dare the beholder assist; the hand of the spoiler is also *his* fear; and at bay must the friendless be kept, tho' his heartstrings are sharing their woe! Nor dare we, unhappy, complain, or resist the recomplished decree—for the dungeon awaits, and the hulk of the tender appears—so bound are our tongues, and our hands must desist from redress! Our voice is unheard in the state, and our groans pass our court in the winds. *There* the voice of the stranger is free, and oppression devolves from his vote—but *thy* voice, O ERIN! is condemned in thy home, and slavery dwells with thy sons. Unimperial is the throne of thy Isle, and smiles fall unequal around. Not so was the Court of Fingal—not so were the Halls of Selma. There council'd the Chiefs of Innisfail—there sang sweet Ossian, sacred Bard of Tara! Your sons, sister isles, were then happy and free; for just was the soul of Fingal, and not less the heroes of Morven;—noble, also, were our fathers:—their fame, like that of yours, dwelt behind them, like the beams of the parting sun, when it looks through surrounding clouds over *Collin* of the mounded summit:—as these beams, their fame also is gone, and no more swelleth the soul to their praise from the songs of the bards of Jura! But now Tyranny strides o'er our land dreadful as the gloom on his brows, and the pangs of despair are beneath him as he treads the subjected soil! 'Tis, therefore, O, Erin, thou art sad, and 'tis, therefore, thou wailest in thy secret caves; 'tis, therefore, I am driven from thy side, O! Elvira, of love; and 'tis, therefore, I wander the midnight snows, and sigh forth my woes to the wind! Thy beams, O, Moon! fall in vain on my frame; they illumine not the breast of the wretched! Thy blasts, O, Wind! of the North, are futile to me; they disperse not the mist from my soul! O! children of Erin! you're robb'd: why not rouse from your slumber of Death? Oh! why not assert her lov'd cause, and strike off her chains and your own, and hail her to freedom and peace? Oh! that OSSIAN now flourished, and here; he would tell us the deeds of our Sires, and swell up our souls to be brave! for his Harp flew'd a torrent around, and incitement enforced as the stream; but silence now reigns o'er its ruins! It met the fate of Jura!"

So far he had succeeded in getting his productions inserted, and he now resolved to attempt a higher flight, and, accordingly, he wrote the following letter, which appeared in "The Press" of December 2nd, 1797. His friend Edward Hudson was the only person informed of the authorship, and when Moore opened the paper, on the evening of publication, he was almost unable to read the leaders aloud for his little home circle, as his own letter was honoured with the most prominent place. He did, however, contrive to get through it, and had the satisfaction of having it much praised; but its

tone being considered "very bold," he was silent as to the writer :—

"To the Students of Trinity College.

"The person who thus takes the liberty of addressing you, has the honor of being a member of your body. He has perceived with satisfaction among you that predominant spirit of liberality which is the natural emanation of minds expanded and purified by erudition. He has seen the young patriot catching fire from the page of Demosthenes, and feeling with the orator, when he exclaimed : 'Let us march against the Tyrant; let us conquer or die.' He observed these emotions with delight, but he saw with equal disgust the exertions of monastic bigotry, to depress the maturation of this spirit; he saw the government of the University assimilate itself to the government of the country; its rulers goading—its measures coercive and arbitrary. A few generous youths opposed themselves to check this unauthorised oppression, but they were made the victims of scholastic tyranny, and the partizans of mutual freedom were exiled as rebels from your walls. You had a society too—the only ornament of your college; where all its men of talent were assembled into one bright galaxy of genius. But they began to think for themselves—to speak for themselves—they promoted that collision of opinion, from which sentiments of truth are elicited—they became consequently obnoxious to the board, and at length were arbitrarily expelled. Another society has succeeded to this—'*fumum es fulgore*,' where the energies of the human mind (Heaven knows!) are manacled enough—where every generous effluence of the heart is frightened back from the lips, without utterance, by the sombrous frowns of some monkish despot, whose malignant presence is intended to canker the germination of genius—such are the mounds, my fellow students, they oppose to the progression of mind; such are their efforts to break that resiliency of spirit, which, I hope, nay I trust, will strengthen with resistance. On *you* the eyes of all, who, even in these days of persecution, still cherish a prospective hope, and look forward to that hour of retribution, when the recreant agent of tyranny shall shudder before the sovereignty of the people. On *you* their eyes are expectingly turned. In *you* they behold the seeds of their statesmen—their heroes—their *Buonapartes*! In *you* they see the talents that will illumine the resurrection of Ireland; that will raise her to that rank in the climax of nations from which she is fallen so many, so many degrees! Do not disappoint their expectations—study to be a scourge to tyrants—study to 'deserve well of your own country'—and oh! my fellow students, look to that country—that sunk, that injured country! and if your hearts are yet free from the infections of a court; if they are not yet hardened by ministerial frost, can you see poor Ireland degraded, tortured, without burning to be revenged on her damned tormentors? All her characteristic traits, by which Nature had distinguished her in creation, sullied and effaced by the bloody hand of Oppression? Her courage emasculated, or made the unnatural instrument of wounding herself and butchering her friends! Her

good-nature abused and debased into imbecility—her frankness after betraying herself, succeeded by the sullenness of mistrust.—Can you behold, without indignation, that horde of foreign depredators, who murder the happiness of our country and gorge on the life-blood of Ireland?—who stretch us on the rack of persecution, and wonder when we struggle and groan amid our torments. Can you behold with patience those mercenary prefects, sent hither as to a province devoted to rapine and desolation? these wretches whose souls are the emblems of the government; rotted by pollution and prolific in damnable machinations! who exult in the wages of prostitution, and, like an animal that feeds on its own ordure, live by the corruptions which themselves have germinated. Has not justice thrown away her scales, and exchanged her sword for the poniard of the assassin? Is not hatred to Catholics the *established religion* of government, and the oath of extermination their only sacrament? Is not perjury encouraged, and murder legalized? Is not the guiltiest outrage of the soldier connived at, while the sigh or the groan of the peasant is treason? What is the trial by jury? A mere show—a farce—where the jury is *acted by drunkards*; a villain personates the accuser—and the doom of the victim is hiccupped out by a Bacchanalian, or pronounced with true stage effect, amidst the tears of a dramatic judge!—even this scenic illusion is renounced as superfluous and dilatory; judiciary power is confided to the soldier and the orangeman, and the fire and the bayonet are found to be more speedy than the gallows.—Alas our afflicted country! how long will her green plains be dyed with the gore of butchery, and obscured with the ashes of conflagrations? When will she profit by the lessons so brilliantly exhibited to her eyes, and which she has been so slow, so very slow, in learning? Oh! when will ‘the Nemean Lion’ rouse from his trance, and shake off the vermin that engender on his crest? That is the period we pant for—that is the goal we press to—and surely—surely it is not far distant; that deity who is the guardian of those imprescriptable rights, which he has imprinted on the heart of MAN, and charactered on his heaven-directed brow, that deity will avenge these encroachments on the prerogative of human nature—He will punish the hand that poisons the chalice of Religion with the amaritude of bloody dissension. *You, my fellow students, have explored the page of history where the insect courtier is forgotten—the despot is blasted in infamy, and the glorious tyrannicide is immortalized—Can you remember one instance of a people naturally brave, and wanting but the will to be illustrious, succumbing to the domination of their own servants—their minions—and passively agonising under the extremities of oppression? No—Ireland is singular in suffering and in cowardice—she could crush her tormentors and yet they embowel her—She COULD be free—yet she is a slave.**

At a period like this then when neutrality should alone be counted

* The passage in italics was extracted and sent up to the House of Commons with other papers, as showing the state of feeling. See Appendix to Report of Secret Committee, 1798.

treason, in the name of our country—our liberty—our God—let us not, my friends, by a silent and criminal apathy, sanction the riveting of chains which perhaps may be indissoluble for ever. In spite of the informers and blood hounds of administration, in spite of the drivelling despots of our monastery, let us cherish and diffuse amongst us that soul of liberty, that etherialized spirit of opinion, which eludes the grasp of the tyrant, and acquires elasticity by compression. Let us speak to the Nation—let us speak thro' the organ of the PRESS, as long as that echo of Freedom can reach the ears of Irishmen, and rally them round the standard of their country! Let us show these ministerial minions—those political calamities who insult us—that Ireland has Sons untutored in the school of corruption, who love her Liberties, and, in the crisis, will die for them.

“A SOPHISTER.”

During the three years succeeding his entrance into College, he pursued his peculiar course of study with very praiseworthy regularity, and had begun to collect materials for notes to a projected metrical translation of the odes of Anacreon. Few men were more anxious and careful, in the study and preparation, of subjects and references, than Moore; and even at this early period of his literary life, these characteristics were very remarkable. He spent many solitary days, in that quaint and quiet nook, in the shadow of St. Patrick's Cathedral—Marsh's Library—engaged in a most unwelcome task—collating passages, and searching through old and curious glosses. From all this labour, there came a vast store of out-of-the-way learning, which enriches every page of his works, and Anacreon, though in an English dress, is truly before us,

“Wreath'd, as in Athens, with the Cnidian Vine.”

In the memorable year 1798, Moore and Robert Emmet were admitted members of the College Historical Society, having been previously members of the Debating Society, which was a species of nursery for the former. Moore, in acknowledging the honour, wrote a very witty burlesque letter of thanks in verse, which is now in the possession of his friend George Smith, Esq., of the firm of Hodges and Smith. During these quiet, boyish years of the poet's life, there was a spirit springing up in the land, which, for good or evil, spread wider each day, and embraced amongst its worshippers many honest and well-meaning men. The “dragon's teeth” had not

sprung up ; but the French Revolution, and its Propagandists, had roused the people of Ireland to a full sense of the multitudinous wrongs, inflicted on the country, and they looked then to France, as they unfortunately look now towards America, and prayed, "May the breezes from France fan our Irish oak into verdure." Living in a state of society such as this, and seeing, that, as one of the proscribed race, he was excluded from most of the prizes of an intellectual man's ambition, it was very natural that Moore should feel strongly upon the subject of Irish independence. He had formed an intimate acquaintance with Robert Emmet, and, as time passed on, Emmet grew more violent and republican in his speeches at the Historical Society, he approved of Moore's letter to Arthur O'Connor's paper, "The Press;" and so the bond of friendship and sympathy became firmer and closer between them. Though not implicated in any of the wild schemes of the United Irishmen, or a member of any seditious club, Moore heard, with feelings of very considerable anxiety, that Lord Clare, the Vice-Chancellor of the University, was to hold a visitation, for the purpose of inquiring into the state of the students' minds, upon the political plots of the time. Dr. Duigenan, and his Lordship opened the inquiry on the appointed day, and the Poet thus describes the scene, and his own conduct and feelings on the occasion :—

"At last, my awful turn came, and I stood in presence of the formidable tribunal. There sat, with severe look, the Vice-Chancellor, and, by his side, the memorable Dr. Duigenan—memorable for his eternal pamphlets against the Catholics. The oath was proffered to me. 'I have an objection, my Lord,' said I, 'to taking this oath.' 'What is your objection?' he asked sternly. 'I have no fears, my Lord, that anything I might say would criminate myself; but it might tend to involve others, and I despise the character of the person who could be led, under any such circumstances, to inform against his associates.' This was aimed at some of the revelations of the preceding day; and, as I learned afterwards, was so understood. 'How old are you, Sir?' he then asked. 'Between seventeen and eighteen, my Lord.' He then turned to his assessor, Duigenan, and exchanged a few words with him, in an under tone of voice. 'We cannot,' he resumed again addressing me, 'suffer any one to remain in our Univer-

sity who refuses to take this oath.' 'I shall, then, my Lord,' I replied, 'take the oath—still reserving to myself the power of refusing to answer any such questions as I have just described.' 'We do not sit here to argue with *you*, Sir,' he rejoined sharply; upon which I took the oath, and seated myself in the witnesses' chair. The following are the questions and answers that then ensued. After adverting to the proved existence of United Irish Societies in the University, he asked, 'Have you ever belonged to any of these societies?' 'No, my Lord.' 'Have you ever known of any of the proceedings that took place in them?' 'No, my Lord.' 'Did you ever hear of a proposal, at any of their meetings, for the purchase of arms or ammunition?' 'Never, my Lord.' 'Did you ever hear of a proposition made, in one of these societies, with respect to the expediency of assassination?' 'Oh, no, my Lord.' He then turned again to Duigenan, and, after a few words with him, said to me—'When such are the answers you are able to give, pray what was the cause of your great repugnance to taking the oath?' 'I have already told your Lordship my chief reason; in addition to which, it was the first oath I ever took, and the hesitation was, I think, natural.' There had been two questions put to all those examined on the first day—'Were you ever asked to join any of these societies?'—and 'By whom were you asked?'—which I should have refused to answer, and must, of course, have abided the consequences. I was now dismissed without any further questioning; and, however trying had been this short operation, was amply repaid for it, by the kind zeal with which my young friends and companions flocked to congratulate me;—not so much, I was inclined to hope, on my acquittal by the court, as on the manner in which I had acquitted *myself*. Of my reception, on returning home, after the fears entertained of so very different a result, I will not attempt any description;—it was all that *such* a home alone could furnish." To that home where, as he wrote to his sister,

"Haply, if a week, a day,
I linger'd from that home away,
How long the little absence seem'd!
How bright the look of welcome beam'd
As mute you heard, with eager smile,
My tales of all that pass'd the while!"*

* To Miss Moore. 1803. From Virginia.

Having escaped these dangers of the time, Moore continued his labours as a translator, and early in 1799, while yet in his nineteenth year, he left Ireland for London, with the two, not very congenial, objects, of keeping his terms at the Middle Temple, and publishing by subscription his work of Anacreon. During the progress of the work, Moore had selected a few of the Odes already finished, and had submitted them to the perusal of the late Bishop of Ossory, Dr. Kearney, then one of the Senior Fellows of the University, with the intimation that he meant to place them before the Board, hoping they would approve the translation. Kearney having read them, stated that he did not think the Board of the University could sanction by a public approval, the convivial and amatory writings of so free a Poet as Anacreon, he however, praised the version, and advised Moore to complete and publish it, saying, "young people will like it."

Moore, as we have already stated, had long contemplated this translation of the Greek poet, and so early as the month of February, 1794, we find in the *Anthologia** a "Paraphrase of Anacreon's Fifth Ode, by Thomas Moore," which we here subjoin—

"Let us, with the clustering vine,
The rose, Love's blushing flower entwine.
Fancy's hand our chaplet's wreathing,
Vernal sweets around us breathing
We'll madly drink, full goblets quaffing,
At frightened care securely laughing.
Rose! thou balmy-scented flower,
Rear'd by Spring's most fostering power,
Thy dewy blossoms, opening bright,
To gods themselves can give delight:
And Cyprea's child, with roses crown'd
Trips with each Grace the mazy round.
My temples bind,—I'll tune the lyre,
Love my rapturous strains shall fire,
Near Bacchus' grape-encircled shrine,
While roses fresh my brows entwine,
Led by the winged train of Pleasures,
I'll dance with nymphs to sportive measures."

By this extract it will be seen that his ability, at this early period,

* Vol. iii. p. 137.

as a translator was of no mean order, and that he was pleased with this specimen, is proved by the fact, that more than fifty years afterwards he reprinted it, with two trifling alterations, in the collected edition of his works. Thus, at little more than eighteen years of age, our Poet left his native land, that land, whose sorrows and whose joys, whose old, past by, glories, and whose old, yet never passing wrongs, he was in after years to sing, in that deep diapason, which has swelled through every civilized nation of the universe. Thus the son of the Aungier-street grocer, left the city which now esteems it a proud distinction, that within its boundary, Thomas Moore was born.

From the period at which he left this country, March, 1799, to the day of his death, there was no failure, and little change in his sunny fortunes. He had no recollections, with great Samuel Johnson, or genial Oliver Goldsmith, of weary days of hunger, and want, and the contumely of the booksellers. To him, the truth of that sad wail of De Quincey, "Oxford-street, stony-hearted step-mother ! thou that listenest to the sighs of orphans, and drinkest the tears of children," was a thing unknown and unexperienced. High in hope, strong in all the bravery of his bright genius, he went forth, as Tennyson sings,

" Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years
would yield,
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's
field.
And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer
drawn,
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary
dawn ;
And his spirit leaped within him to be gone before him then,
Underneath the light he looked at, in among the throngs
of men."

Once settled in London, Moore soon found means to publish the translation ; it appeared in the year 1800, and through the kind interposition of the Earl of Moira, he was permitted to dedicate the work to George the Fourth, then the "warm and young" Prince of Wales. The Odes taken as literal trans-

lations are not what might be looked for, but, taken as the clear and beautiful transmutations of the bright ore of Anacreon's genius, they are more perfect than any metrical translation of the sort in our language—although, during the seventy years preceding, five different translations had been published, by men of great ability.*

An absurd outcry was raised against these Odes, and against Moore, at the time of publication, and whilst Anacreon in Greek was considered a fitting gift to be presented by Dr. Troy from the Pope to the Library of Trinity College, a version in English was reprobated. The Odes, it was said, should have been suffered to lie buried in a dead language, or be known in English only through the older translations. These were, and are, very plausible objections in support of virtue, but sounded rather anomalously in an age in which, only five years earlier, Creeche's Lucretius had been published with glosses sufficiently curious in their indecency to have satisfied the attic fancy of Joe Scaliger. The success of the work was very considerable, and its author was readily received into society. His London was not the grim city where, five and twenty years before, John Philpot Curran had lived in the next room to a man dead two days, and who lay there "without the smallest attention paid him, except a dirge each night on the Jew's harp" from Curran,† and he could not live this life. The glitter and hurry of a fashionable, convivial, and gay existence, was that, for the enjoyment of which, Moore, with his flashing Irish temperament, was formed.

The latest years of the last century, and the earliest of the present, were not very remarkable for morality, and, as a necessary consequence, their literature was not pure; it bore, as the literature of all nations and all times must, the moral impress of the period and of its people. Living at this particular time, amongst a brilliant and literary circle, and flushed by the success of Anacreon, it was very right that Moore should again apply himself to poetic composition, and, it was

* In 1713, there appeared a translation by various hands, including some odes by Cowley. In 1735, John Addison published his version. In 1760, the very clever version by Fawkes and Broome appeared. In 1768, an anonymous translation into verse was published. In 1787, a metrical translation by Urquhart appeared.

† Curran's *Life of Curran*, Vol. i. p. 37.

equally natural, that he should produce just such a book as that which appeared in the year 1803, bearing on its title page the *nom de plume*, Thomas Little. Most poets at some period of life sing of love, and so general is the custom, that Langhorne, in referring to the fact, that Collins never wrote amatory verses, says, "He is one of the very few poets who have sailed to Delphi without touching at Cythera," and certainly Moore appears to have, not only "touched at Cythera," but to have remained so long on shore, that evil communication corrupted his morals very seriously. The book, however, had a very large sale. Within a few months after the publication of Little's Poems, Moore was appointed, through the interest of Lord Moira, to the office of Registrar to the Court of Admiralty, at Bermuda. James Thomson had been named to the post of Surveyor of the Leeward Islands, but he had held the office by deputy, and Moore, after a few months residence in Bermuda, followed the example of the Bard of Indolence, and leaving the duties of the office to the care of an assistant, he sailed for America, and having made a short tour through the northern states and the Canadas, he returned to England after an absence of fourteen months, and in the year 1806 there appeared a volume of "Epistles, Odes, and Poems, by Thomas Moore Esq.," dedicated to Lord Moira. Amongst these poems are those wondrous and vivid descriptions of external nature in that fair tropic land where,

"Droops the heavy-blossom'd bower—droops the heavy-blossomed tree—
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea."

Of these descriptions Captain Hall writes :

"The most pleasing and most exact description which I know of Bermuda is to be found in Moore's 'Odes and Epistles,' a work published many years ago. The reason why his account exceeds in beauty as well as in precision that of other men probably is, that the scenes described lie so much beyond the scope of ordinary observation in colder climates, and the feelings which they excite in the beholder are so much higher than those produced by the scenery we have been accustomed to look at, that unless the imagination be deeply drawn upon, and the diction sustained at a correspondent pitch, the words alone strike the ear, while the listener's fancy remains where it was. In Moore's account there is not only no exaggeration, but, on the contrary, a wonderful degree of temperance in

the midst of a feast which, to his rich fancy, must have been peculiarly tempting. He has contrived, by a magic peculiarly his own, yet without departing from the truth, to sketch what was before him, with a fervour, which those who have never been on the spot might well be excused for setting down as the sport of the poet's invention.

"It is not by describing, however graphically, as it is called, one or two, or even one hundred striking points in the landscape, that the bewitching effect of Moore's description is produced, but by selecting, as it were by chance, those features which the instinct of his genius and exquisite taste tells him are characteristic; and afterwards, by combining these, at his own choice, in such a way as to give them, in the fullest sense of the word, the character of generalization, without depriving them of any part of their individuality. His descriptions, accordingly, are the true 'beau ideal' of the art, which, though very different from mere copies of nature, are something greatly better."*

In the volume containing these poems, Moore reprinted those published in the year 1803, and generally known as "Little's Poems." He stated in the preface, writing of the imaginary author who had died young, "The 'aurea legge s'ei piace ei lice,' he too much pursued, and too much inculcates. Few can regret this more sincerely than myself; and if my friend had lived, the judgment of riper years could have chastened his mind, and tempered the luxuriance of his fancy." He did live, lived to regret these poems, and made the only reparation in his power, by omitting, in the collected edition of his works, the most objectionable of the number. Upon the appearance of the book, it was attacked most savagely and unfairly by Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review*.† He attempted to fix on Moore the frightful stigma of wilfully attempting to corrupt the age, and to introduce to English readers, the foul obscenity of Rochester, or the shameful Poesies Erotiques of France. The young poet had not at this time learned the terrible weapon he possessed in his satiric genius; the *Edinburgh Review*, had not been taught by the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," that genius, because young, cannot be crushed with impunity, and Jeffrey, the censor of thirty-two years old, having

"A mind well skilled to find or forge a fault,"

was, in that duelling age, challenged by Moore. The particulars

* Hall's Fragments of Voyages and Travels, Vol. ii. p. 121, First Series.

† No. 16, July, 1806, p. 456.

of this duel are known to all the reading world : Byron's sneer against Jeffrey—" When Little's leadless pistol met his eye," will be remembered for ever, not as having drawn the laughter of the world on the combatants, but as having been the cause whence sprang his Lordship's intimacy with our Poet. Of the duel, Jeffrey gives the following account, in a letter to Francis Horner :

" I am happy to inform you that the business is at length amicably settled. Moore agreed to withdraw his defiance; and then I had no hesitation in assuring him (as I was ready to have done at the beginning, if he had applied amicably) that in writing the review I considered myself merely as the censor of the morality of his book, and that I intended to assert nothing as to the personal motives or personal character of the author, of whom I had no knowledge at the time. Those, I think, are the words of my explanation. We have since breakfasted together very lovingly. He has professed his penitence for what he has written, and declared that he will never again apply any little talent he may possess to such purposes; and I have said, that I shall be happy to praise him whenever I find that he has abjured those objectionable topics. You are too severe upon the little man. He has behaved with great spirit throughout this business. He really is not profligate, and is universally regarded even by those who resent the style of his poetry, as an innocent, good-hearted, idle fellow. If he comes to Scotland, as he talks of doing in November, I hope you will not refuse to sit down with him at my table. We were very near going to Hamburgh after we had been bound over here; but it is much better as it is. I am glad to have gone through this scene, both because it satisfies me that my nerves are good enough to enable me to act in conformity to my notions of propriety without any suffering, and because it also assures me that I am really as little in love with life as I have been for some time in the habit of professing."^{*}

So the affair ended, and Moore being now in some measure free from the, as poor Maturin called them, "cold or bitter blasts of the north," which had chilled and blighted the aspirations of many a light young hopeful heart, he and Jeffrey continued to the last most firm friends, and in later life, Moore learned to call him "the great master of the art of criticism, in our day—one of the most cordial and highly valued of all my friends."

The next events of importance in Moore's life were, the publications in the year 1808, without the author's name, of the Satires, Corruption, and Intolerance, and in the following

^{*} Cockburn's Life of Jeffrey, vol. i.

year, *The Sceptic*: these are in the style of Juvenal, and, if judged by that test of success, the honor of a second edition, were failures.

In the year 1809 appeared Byron's famous Satire, "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," and although the laughter with which the statement, about the bulletless pistols, had died away long before, and though the fact had been denied, in the public journals of the time by Moore, Byron once more revived the half forgotten slander in the lines on Jeffrey,

"Can none remember that eventful day,
That ever glorious, almost fatal fray,
When Little's leadless pistol met his eye,
And Bow-street myrmidons stood laughing by?"

Upon the appearance of this, which Byron made still more offensive by an explanatory note, Moore, then in Dublin, wrote upon the 1st of January, 1810, to the noble satirist, requesting him to state, whether his lordship might be considered as the author of the Poem in question, and whether he was aware, that the imputation had been denied. Byron had left England before the letter reached his publisher, and he never received it; but, upon his return to England, in 1811, Moore again addressed him upon the subject. Byron answered, by a letter dated, Cambridge, October 27th, 1811, stating that the former letter had not been received, that he had never seen Moore's contradiction, as to the statement concerning the pistols, that *he* was not the person against whom the satire of the lines was directed, that he, Byron, was of course prepared to give him any satisfaction in any manner he pleased, because "it rests with the injured and the angry to obtain reparation in their own way," that he would be in London in the beginning of the week, at No. 8, St. James's-street, and that Mr. Rogers or any other gentleman delegated, would find him "ready to adopt any conciliatory proposition which should not compromise his own honor,—or, failing in that, to make the atonement he, Moore, deemed it necessary to require."

During the year and a half which had elapsed, between the writing of Moore's first letter and his last, he had been married to Miss Bessy Dyke, and this appears to have rendered him less anxious to pursue the quarrel, for we find him writing a very peaceful, and quakerly-minded reply, to Byron's Cam-

bridge letter, to which the latter responded with some little hauteur, and this tone, assumed by the lordly satirist, piqued our Poet, who tried to bring the matter to an abrupt conclusion, by stating that he was satisfied. Byron then wrote a very frank, and friendly letter, on the receipt of which, Moore, for the first time, mentioned the whole affair to Samuel Rogers, then staying at Holland House. Rogers at once proposed that Moore, Byron, and himself should dine at his (Rogers) house; Moore wrote, in Rogers' name to Byron, conveying the invitation, which Byron accepted. It was originally intended that the party should consist of the two Poets and their Poet-entertainer, but, upon the morning of the appointed day, Thomas Campbell having called upon Rogers, was requested to join the party, and consented. "Such a meeting," writes Moore, "could not be otherwise than interesting to us all. It was the first time that Lord Byron was ever seen by any of his three companions: while he, on his side, for the first time, found himself in the society of persons whose names had been associated with his first literary dreams." Thus the quarrel was happily arranged and an intimacy commenced with Byron, which was afterwards to form so important a feature in the life of each.*

On the 9th of September, 1811, Moore brought out, at the Lyceum Theatre, the operatic farce, entitled *M. P.; or, the Blue Stocking*, but it proved a complete failure, and a source of some loss to poor Arnold, the lessee. Poets are seldom good playwrights; the poetry and songs of their pieces may become popular, but the plays in which they are introduced, in general fall quickly into oblivion. John Gay produced, in the year 1716, his mock-heroic tragedy, named "*What d'ye Call It*," and although the first representation was attended by the Prince and Princess of Wales, it proved unsuccessful; as Gay tells us, "Theobald called me a blockhead for writing it, and Mr. Pope a knave for praising it"—it is now only remembered as containing the fine ballad, "'Twas when the seas were roaring." Our Poet's *Blue Stocking* is now only known as the piece in which that beautiful song, "*Young Love lived in an humble shed*" was introduced. Leigh Hunt, then trying to push "*The Examiner*,"

* For the whole of the above affair, and the letters in full, see, *Moore's Life of Byron*, p. 142, ed. 1851.

noticed the farce in a very fair, but unflattering manner, yet this unfriendly notice was the source whence, as we shall find hereafter, sprang his acquaintance with the author. Upon the failure of the piece, Byron wrote the following, as he called them, "Versicles upon Moore's last Operatic Farce, or Farcical Opera."

"Good plays are scarce,
So Moore writes farce ;
The Poet's fame grows brittle—
We knew before
That *Little's* Moore,
But now 'tis *Moore* that's *little*."

During this period Moore lived in London, in the house now numbered 27, in Bury-street, Saint James's, but humble as was this abode, the company of its master was anxiously sought, and in all the brilliant assemblies of Holland House, at every re-union of the Marquis of Lansdowne's, at all the pleasant breakfasts given by Samuel Rogers, in his hospitable residence in Saint James's-place, Moore was the most welcome and most honoured of the guests. All felt towards him, and could say, as Sir Walter did twenty years later, "he 's a charming fellow, a perfect gentleman in society; to use a sporting phrase, there's no kick in his gallop."—In the year 1811, the Prince of Wales was appointed Regent, and Moore had the honour of being one, amongst fifteen hundred guests who were invited to the fête given upon the occasion. The wretched taste exhibited by the Prince, in the adornment of the rooms, and his absurd habit of crowding the most incongruous objects together, were afterwards unmercifully satirized in the eighth letter of "The Twopenny Post Bag," in the lines beginning,

"You'd swear Egyptians, Moors, and Turks,
Bearing Good-Taste some deadly malice,
Had clubb'd to raise a Pic-Nic Palace ;
And each to make the olio pleasant
Had sent a State-Room as a present.
The same *fauteuils* and girandoles—
The same gold Asses, pretty souls !
That in this rich and classic dome,
Appear so perfectly at home."

In the year 1812, Moore's old friend, Lord Moira, (Marquis of Hastings) was appointed Governor-General of India, and before leaving England, he offered to procure some post for the Poet, which, although in the Presidency, could be exchanged for one more suitable to his taste at home. Moore, with that sense of honor which all through his long, and not always prosperous life, distinguished him, refused, fearing, that if he were to accept office from the Ministry in power, it might be construed as a desertion from the principles of his older friends. This is the act for which Leigh Hunt, then a ranting, rampant, patriot, gave him so much, and such well merited praise. But although he thus refused to hide himself in place, he accepted an other offer from Lord Moira, who proposed, that he should use the valuable and extensive collection of books possessed by his Lordship, as if they were his own. Moore accordingly gave up his London residence, and moved to Mayfield Cottage, close to Ashbourne, in Derbyshire, and near Lord Moira's seat, Donington Park. Mayfield Cottage was, as he wrote, "a poor place, little better than a barn; but we at once took it, and set about making it habitable and comfortable."

He had grown weary of London, and felt possibly, that he was formed for some other, and better life, than that of a *flâneur* in Pall Mall, or a worthless drawing-room dawdler, with a reputation for *bouts rimes*, and *vers de société*, little surpassing that of William Spencer. All the joyous spirit with which he had entered into the project of the Private Theatricals in Kilkenny, in the years 1808, and 1809, when he had played, Robin Roughhead, and Mungo, and Sadi, and Peeping Tom, and Spado, in poor O'Keefe's little drama, and was the life of the party, writing Prologues and Epilogues, and when, as he said,

"In short like Orpheus his persuasive tricks
Made *boars* amusing, and put life in *sticks*:"

all this spirit had become in some degree changed, he wished to withdraw, for a time, from his gay-world friends, and resolved to execute a project formed long before, though more encouraged in it by the suggestions of friends, than impelled by any confident promptings of his own ambition. The proposed project was the composition of a Poem upon some

Oriental subject, and of those quarto dimensions, which Scott's late triumphs in that form, had then rendered the regular poetical standard. A negotiation was opened with Longman in the same year, but, until a year or two afterwards, no further steps were taken in the matter, Moore not being willing to apply to any other house upon the subject. Whilst residing at Mayfield Cottage, and shortly after the first steps had been taken in the affair of the Oriental story, a circumstance arose, to which we must refer, as it proves Moore to have been neither ashamed nor afraid, of his country or of his principles.

When Lord Byron, in the year 1814, was about to publish *The Corsair*, he resolved to inscribe it to Moore, and he accordingly sent a copy of the intended dedication to Murray, in which the following passage referring to the report that Moore was engaged in writing an Eastern story, appeared :

"The wrongs of your own country, the magnificent and fiery spirit of her sons, the beauty and feeling of her daughters, may there be found ; and Collins, when he denominated his Oriental, his Irish, *Eclogues*, was not aware how true, at least, was a part of his parallel. Your imagination will create a warmer sun, and less clouded sky ; but wildness, tenderness, and originality, are part of your national claim of Oriental descent, to which you have already thus far proved your title more clearly than the most zealous of your country's antiquarians." To this passage Murray objected, and Byron wrote a second dedication as follows :—

" January 7th, 1814.

" MY DEAR MOORE—I had written to you a long letter of dedication, which I suppress, because though it contained something relating to you, which every one had been glad to hear ; yet there was too much about politics, and poesy and all things whatsoever, ending with that topic on which most men are fluent, and none very amusing,—one's self. It might had been re-written : but to what purpose ? My praise could add nothing to your well-earned and firmly established fame ; and with my most hearty admiration of your talents, and delight in your conversation, you are already acquainted. In availing myself of your friendly permission to inscribe this poem to you, I can only wish the offering were as worthy your acceptance, as your regard is dear to

" Yours most affectionately and faithfully,

" BYRON."

Having written the two dedications, Byron enclosed both to Moore, with the following note :—

“ January 8th, 1814.

“ As it would not be fair to press you into a dedication, without previous notice, I send you *two*, and I will tell you *why two*. The first, Mr. Murray, who sometimes takes upon him the critic (and I bear it from astonishment) says, may do you *harm*—God forbid!—this alone makes me listen to him. The fact is, he is a damned Tory, and has, I dare swear, something of *self*, which I cannot divine, at the bottom of his objection, as it is the allusion to Ireland to which he objects.”

Moore, being an Irishman, and a Roman Catholic, and having written in favour of his country and of his faith, was certainly a rather remarkable personage; and when Murray, a safe, easy-going man, not unlike Baillie Nichol Jarvie, in his love of peace and order, found these antecedents of the Poet so prominently brought before the world, it was quite in keeping with his ways that he should feel some anxiety about the probable effect of the dedication upon the sale of the Poem. Moore, however, on receiving Byron's note, with that genuine pluck that always marked his conduct, at once accepted the first, and, in Murray's opinion, to him, Moore, injurious one, and, accordingly, Byron wrote thus to Murray :—

“ January 15th, 1814.

“ Mr. Moore has seen, and decidedly preferred, the part your Tory bile sickens at. If every syllable were a rattle-snake, or every letter a pestilence, they should not be expunged. Let those who cannot swallow, chew the expressions on Ireland.”

We give this incident in Moore's life, because, as we have written, it proves him to have been a man neither ashamed of his country, nor afraid of his Catholicity. Let the reader bear in mind, that, at the period to which we refer, the name, Irishman, was a stigma of meaner inferiority than even now, and, to be merely a Roman Catholic then, gave no claims to a constituency, and no right to Castle blandishments, as at present.

Although the design of the Oriental story had been, for a time, laid aside, it was not forgotten either by the Poet or by his friends. Accordingly, about the middle of the year 1814,

Perry, of the *Morning Chronicle*, induced him to call on the Longmans, and promising to attend upon the occasion, as the friend of both Poet and publisher, and between Perry's zeal, and Longman's liberality, Trade and Poetry shone out very advantageously. Perry contended, that a Poet, of Moore's fame, should receive the very highest sum that had been given, at that period, for a Poem, and, as three thousand guineas had been paid for Childe Harold, he demanded a like price for the copyright of Moore's projected work. Longman very naturally objected, that he had not seen a line of the Poem, and that, in fact, he believed not a line of it was written. Perry insisted, that this was of no consequence whatever; that Moore was able to produce a Poem worth the sum demanded; that Murray had *his* noble Poet, and paid him well; that Moore was the only other Poet of the day; and that, as William Farran said afterwards to Alfred Bunn, "If there's only one cock salmon in the market, you must pay for it, if you want it." The Poet, however, was a little startled at the large sum demanded by his friend, but, to the eternal honour and glory of romance, it was agreed, before the parties separated, that Moore should receive, as Longman has informed us, three thousand pounds upon the day of publication.

The work thus before him, a golden harvest just within his reach, possessing a fame quite sufficient to urge him onward in the acquisition of one still greater, Moore set himself resolutely to his glorious labour. Years before he had been a welcome guest at Donington Park, and had met there the late Duke de Montpensier, and had spent the long days of Summer in the Library with the Duke of Orleans (Louis Philip); the Poet's dreaming fancy, building mind castles, changing as the waves, of which

"One no sooner touch'd the shore, and died,
Than a new follower rose!"

the future king, the wisest France has seen, gathering all the great philosophic truth that glorifies the page of Clarendon. Now, the Poet had returned, and lived over, once again,

"All the sunny morns and moonlight nights,
On Donington's green lawns and breezy heights."

Once more he commenced the study of old favourite authors

in the now deserted library. He took the whole range of all such Oriental reading as was accessible to him. D'Herbelot was his handbook, but all the quaint tales of Tavernier, and Flemming, and a hundred other writers on the East, were studied, till his life seemed but a day-dream of the far off wondrous world, and, gazing upon the books around, he might have fancied himself, as Letitia Landon, when looking out by moonlight on the wonders of her Cape Coast home, "living in *The Arabian Nights*."

Moore was ever a slow and pains-taking author, and his chief object in this careful course of reading was, that he might form a store-house, as it were, of illustration purely Oriental; and the undoubted, and often acknowledged accuracy of his descriptions of scenery, and of Eastern life, proves the great value, even in poetry, of that prosaic quality, industry; it shows too how, by the slow and laborious collection of small facts, the first foundations of a fanciful Romance were laid.

Moore spent many anxious weeks in composing the Poem. He began, and threw aside several attempts, the results of many days' labour; one Poem, which did not please him, ran to the great length of four hundred lines, and he often referred to a fragment of yet greater length, and still unpublished, which he considered might be one day finished, and given to the world. He had begun to despair of success in producing a work worthy of himself, and sufficient to merit the large sum agreed on; but it at length occurred to him, that the fierce struggle, long carried on between the Ghebers, or Fire-worshippers, of Persia, and their haughty Moslem masters, formed a noble subject for a Poet. A new and deep interest then possessed him; freedom and toleration were the inspiring themes of his song; he had felt the galling oppression of a Penal Code, and the spirit that spoke in the *Irish Melodies*, soon found itself at home in the East. With all the riches of that country's tales, and songs, and history, he had, by his long and quiet study, imbued his mind, and, as quick as fancy, in her airy spiritings, required the assistance of fact, the memory was ready, like another Ariel, at her "strong bidding," to furnish materials for the spell work. Thus it is that Moore himself tells us the Poem was commenced, and in March, 1815, having made some considerable progress in the work, he wrote to inform the Longmans of the fact, stating also, that he was prepared, should they desire it, to submit the manuscript for the consi-

deration of the firm: they, however, replied—"We are certainly impatient for the perusal of the Poem; but solely for our gratification. Your sentiments are always honourable." At length, in October, 1816, there was sufficient matter finished to place in the hands of the printer; but after the close of the great war, which had so long engaged the kingdom, prices were much reduced, and all things had fallen off to such a very great extent, that Moore feared the time was not very favourable for the publication of a long and expensive Poem. He, therefore, wrote to the Longmans, and proposed, that they should be at liberty to postpone, or modify, or relinquish their engagement, "the time being unsuited for Poetry and thousands being named together;" but they, on November 9th, 1816, answered, in the following terms:—"We agree with you, indeed, that the times are most inauspicious for 'poetry and thousands;' but we believe that your poetry would do more than that of any other living poet at the present moment."

In the last week of May, 1817, the Poem was published in a quarto volume: it bore the title, "*Lalla Rookh*," and, "*To Samuel Rogers, Esq., This Eastern Romance is inscribed, by his very grateful and affectionate Friend, Thomas Moore.*" Its success was unprecedented, and the publishers were very soon in possession of a profit more than the amount paid to the author: twenty separate editions of the Poem have been published. The chief travellers in the East have borne testimony to the wonderful accuracy of its description; it has been translated into most languages of the civilized world, and, Luttrell expressed the fact when he wrote,

"I'm told, dear Moore, your lays are sung,
(Can it be true, you lucky man?)
By moonlight, in the Persian tongue,
Along the streets of Ispahan."

When, in the year 1822, the present Emperor of Russia (then Grand Duke), visited Berlin, an entertainment was performed at the Royal Château, entitled, "*Lalla Rookh, Divertissement mêlé de Chants et de Danses.*" The characters were—

Fadladin, Grand Nasir,	- Comte Haach, Maréchale de Cour.
Aliris, Roi de Bucharie,	- S. A. I. Le Grand Duc Nicholas de Russie.

Lalla Rookh,	- - -	S. A. I. La Grande Duchesse.
Arungzebed, le Grand Mogul,	- - -	S. A. R. Le Prince Guillaume (Frère du Roi.)
Abdallah, Père d'Aliris,	- - -	S. A. R. Le Duc de Cumberland.
La Reine, son épouse,	- - -	S. A. R. La Princesse Louise de Radzivil.

Some portions of the scenery were magnificent, especially the gate of Eden, with its crystal bar, and occasional glimpses of splendour jetting through and falling upon the repentant Peri. At the close of the entertainments, Son Altesse Impériale la Grande Duchesse, and now Empress of all the Russias, made, it is said, the following speech :—" Is it, then, all over ? Are we now at the close of all that has given us so much delight ? And lives there no poet who will impart to others and to future times some notion of the happiness we have enjoyed this evening ?" In answer to this irresistible appeal, one of the actors, the poetical Baron de la Motte Fouqué, stepped gallantly forward, and vowed that *he* would give the Poem to the world in a German dress. On hearing which, the Empress Lalla Rookh, " graciously smiled."

The Grand Opera, " Nourmahal," composed by Gasparo Sponti, chief Maestro, at the Prussian court, was founded on Lalla Rookh, and produced in the year 1828.

Byron was very anxious about the title. Writing to Moore, from Venice, March 25th, 1817, he says, after referring to the title, " Talking of tale, I wish you had not called it a *Persian tale*. Say a poem or romance, but not tale. I am sorry I called some of my things tales, because I think they are something better." And, on the same day, he writes to Murray : "' Lalla Rookh,' you must recollect that, in the way of title, the ' Giaour' has never been pronounced to this day ; and both it and Childe Harold sounded very facetious to the blue bottles of wit and humour about town, till they were taught and startled into a proper deportment ; and, therefore, Lalla Rookh, which is very orthodox and oriental, is as good a title as need be, if not better. I could wish rather he had not called it ' a *Persian tale*.' Firstly, because we have had Turkish tales, and Hindoo tales, and Assyrian tales, already ; and *tale* is a word of which it repents me to have nicknamed poesy. ' Fable' would be better ; and, secondly, ' Persian Tale' reminds one of the lines of Pope on Ambrose Philips ; though no one can say, to be sure, that this tale has been ' turned for half-a-crown,' still

it is as well to avoid such clashings. 'Persian story'—why not?—or romance? I feel as anxious for Moore as I could do for myself, for the soul of me, and I would not have him succeed otherwise than splendidly, which I trust he will do." And again, writing to Moore from La Mira, July 10th, 1817: "Murray, the Mokanna of booksellers, has continued to send me extracts from *Lalla Rookh* by the post. They are taken from some magazine, and contain a short outline and quotations from the two first Poems. I am very much delighted with what is before me, and very thirsty for the rest. You have caught the colours as if you had been in the rainbow, and the tone of the East is perfectly preserved. I am glad you have changed the title 'Persian Tale.'"

Having received the Poem, he wrote from La Mira to Murray, September 15, 1817,

"I have read '*Lalla Rookh*,' but not with sufficient attention yet, for I ride about, and lounge, and ponder, and—two or three other things; so that my reading is very desultory, and not so attentive as it used to be. I am very glad to hear of its popularity, for Moore is a very noble fellow in all respects, and will enjoy it without any of the bad feelings which success—good or evil—sometimes engenders in the men of rhyme. Of the Poem itself, I will tell you my opinion when I have mastered it: I say of the *Poem*, for I don't like the prose at all; in the meantime, the 'Fire-worshippers' is the best, and the 'Veiled Prophet' the worst of the volume."

Moore's residence at Mayfield Cottage was marked by other triumphs than the success of *Lalla Rookh*. He here composed the greater part of *The Two Penny Post Bag*, his *Sacred Songs*, and some numbers of the *Melodies*, and Sheil dedicated to him his tragedy, "*Evadne*." It is quite unnecessary to offer any remarks upon *Two Penny Post Bag*. It equals in humour, the well-known "*Bath Guide*" of Anstey, and excels it in polished and keen, home-striking sarcasm. The success of the book was so great, that fourteen editions were issued in the space of thirteen months. Some of the poems appeared in the daily papers before the publication in a collected form, and Byron thus refers to them in his *Diary*, and expresses his opinion of Moore and of his genius:—

"Moore has a peculiarity of talent, or rather talents,—poetry, music, voice, all his own; and an expression in each, which never was, nor will be, possessed by another. But he is capable of still higher flights in poetry. By the by, what humour, what—everything, in the "Post Bag!" There is nothing Moore may not do, if he will but seriously set about it. In society, he is gentlemanly, gentle, and, altogether, more pleasing than any individual with whom I am acquainted. For his honour, principle, and independence, his conduct to Hunt speaks 'trumpet tongued.' He has but one fault—and that one I daily regret—he is not here."*

The celebrated Parody on the Regent's letter was printed, at first anonymously, and for private circulation, and Moore tells how much provoked a friend of his seemed, because he did not enjoy the fun of the satire, particularly the lines,

"A strait waistcoat on *him*, and restrictions on *me*,
A more limited monarchy could not well be,"

as fully as the other listeners.

These were happy times, bright and glorious triumphs, won even amidst those days, when, as Byron said, Moore frittered away his years "among dowagers, and unmarried girls," for Byron thought that all men should love, with him,

"To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene."

Moore was not of this class, he liked the world, and the world's shady ways, and the success of his *Lalla Rookh* seemed to urge him to bolder flights, and higher thoughts, in the after written numbers of the *Melodies*.

The *Melodies*—The Irish *Melodies*—What nation possessed such treasures in its music? What music, like ours, came swelling up from the heart, telling all the joys, the griefs, the hopes, the fears, of an ever suffering, yet never despairing, of a never deceived, yet ever trusting people? But this music was vulgar, it was known only to the peasant, and those strains, light and gay enough to be the music of fairy land, or sad and wailing, as the sound of the winter wind, sighing through a

* Life, p. 204. Ed. 1851.

mother's grassy grave, were heard only as the country girl milked her cows, or when the poor villagers had gathered at a merry making. Rough, uncouth words were sung to the tunes, but the melody was there, in all its richest tones, and required but the master-hand, to wed it to immortal verse. The old Harpers, the last representatives of the ancient Bards, had, through the darkest, because the latest, ages of the Penal laws, preserved the native music of our country, through oppression, and amidst sorrow, often too, despite cruel punishment. But when the great music meeting was held in Belfast, in the year 1792, only three of these wandering minstrels could be discovered. Then it was that Bunting, one of those earnest, deep hearted men, who, in the silent walks of a humble life, do deeds that shame the loud heroism of the conqueror, commenced the publication of his collection of National Music, and in the year 1797, Thomas Moore first learned, that the melodies of his country were the sweetest of all music, and, as young Edward Hudson played them on his flute, their tones stole into the Poet's heart, and he discovered that great mine, from the working of which his future fame was to derive its brightest lustre and most unwithering wreath.

To arrive at a proper appreciation of the great debt due to Moore by his native country, we must remember, that when he began the composition of these poems and songs, he had to adapt them to melodies already written, and was bound to follow the spirit of the music in the adaptation of the words. The only works to assist him, within his reach, were O'Halloran's History of Ireland, and a very bad translation of Keating's book. When we recollect this fact, and perceive the wonderful facility with which he has turned, even the poor materials these works afford, to suit his purpose, we think, how gloriously he would have sung the old legends, and great deeds of Ireland, and her wars, which the valuable labours of Curry, and the untiring diligence of O'Donovan, have placed before us; we regret, that in his day, no Irishman with the enthusiastic love for our country's military glory, and with a self denying patience, and calm research, equal to O'Callaghan's had arisen, to teach Moore the real truths of the nation's history. Had it been so, who can doubt, that the same bold spirit, which gave life and vigor to the brave strains of, Oh! The Sight Entrancing, and The Minstrel Boy, would have shone out still more brightly, till in the words of the Irish Poet, and in

the music of the Irish Melody, we could again hear in fancy, the wild swelling slogan, which rang, amid the gory fields and fierce charges of Boile-Duc, of Cremona, and of Fontenoy. We may well regret this loss, when we recollect, that the two songs so much admired, Erin, oh Erin, and The Song of Fionnuala, are founded on legends, the former told by Giraldus Cambrensis, the latter, found by Moore himself, amongst some manuscript translations made from the "old tongue of the Gaels of Erin," by order of the Countess of Moira.

Power, the publisher of the Melodies, was a man of some enterprise, and, although he had seen a rather discouraging return from the sales of Bunting's collection, and from the few songs written to Irish airs by Miss Owenson (Lady Morgan), he resolved to make a strong, bold effort, to rescue the National Music, from neglect and forgetfulness. Moore had long projected some such publication as Power now proposed, and the latter, having agreed with Sir John Stephenson to arrange the music, thus introduced the subject to public notice:—

"In the Poetical Part, Power has had promises of assistance from several distinguished Literary Characters: particularly from Mr. Moore, whose lyrical talent is so peculiarly suited to such a task, and whose zeal in the undertaking will be best understood from the following Extract of a Letter which he has addressed to Sir John Stephenson on the subject:—

"I feel very anxious that a work of this kind should be undertaken. We have too long neglected the only talent for which our English neighbours ever deigned to allow us any credit. Our National Music has never been properly collected; and while the composers of the Continent have enriched their Operas and Sonatas with melodies borrowed from Ireland,—very often without even the honesty of acknowledgment,—we have left these treasures, in a great degree, unclaimed and fugitive. Thus our Airs, like too many of our countrymen, have, for want of protection at home, passed into the service of foreigners. But we are come, I hope, to a better period of both Politics and Music; and how much they are connected, in Ireland at least, appears too plainly in the tone of sorrow and depression which characterizes most of our early songs.

"The task which you propose to me, of adapting words to those airs, is by no means easy. The Poet who would follow the various sentiments, which they express, must feel and un-

derstand that rapid fluctuation of spirits, that unaccountable mixture of gloom and levity, which composes the character of my countrymen, and has deeply tinged their Music. Even in their liveliest strains, we find some melancholy note intrude,—minor Third or flat Seventh,—which throws its shade as it passes, and makes even mirth interesting. If Burns had been an Irishman (and I would willingly give up all our claims upon Ossian for him) his heart would have been proud of such music, and his genius would have made it immortal. Another difficulty (which is however purely mechanical) arises from the irregular structure of many of those airs, and the lawless kind of metre which it will in consequence be necessary to adapt to them. In these instances the Poet must write, not to the eye, but to the ear; and must be content to have his verses of that description which Cicero mentions, ‘*Quos si cantu spoliaveris nuda remanebit oratio.*’ That beautiful Air, ‘The Twisting of the Rope,’ which has all the romantic character of the Swiss *Ranz des Vaches*, is one of those wild and sentimental rakes which it will not be very easy to tie down in sober wedlock to Poetry. However, notwithstanding all these difficulties, and the very moderate portion of talent which I can bring to surmount them, the design appears to me so truly National, that I shall feel much pleasure in giving it all the assistance in my power.”*

So far we have Moore’s statement at the outset, of the difficulties to be surmounted in mere composition; let us now observe his views, after three numbers of the *Melodies* had appeared; and we may also remark the defence here made against the charge, that the *Melodies* were the productions of a man covertly disloyal:—

“With respect to the verses which I have written for these melodies, as they are intended rather to be sung than read, I can answer for their sound with somewhat more confidence than for their sense. Yet it would be affectation to deny that I have given much attention to the task, and that it is not through any want of zeal or industry, if I unfortunately disgrace the sweet airs of my country by poetry altogether unworthy of their taste, their energy and their tenderness. Though the humble nature of my contributions to this work

* Letter dated Leicestershire, February, 1807.

may exempt them from the rigours of literary criticism, it was not to be expected that those touches of political feeling, those tones of national complaint, in which the poetry sometimes sympathizes with the music, would be suffered to pass without censure or alarm. It has been accordingly said, that the tendency of this publication is mischievous, and that I have chosen these airs but as a vehicle of dangerous politics,—as fair and precious vessels (to borrow an image of St. Augustine) from which the wine of error might be administered. To those who identify nationality with treason, and who see, in every effort for Ireland, a system of hostility towards England,—to those, too who, nursed in the gloom of prejudice, are alarmed by the faintest gleam of liberality that threatens to disturb their darkness,—like that Demophon of old, who, when the sun shone upon him, shivered,—to such men I shall not condescend to offer an apology for the too great warmth of any political sentiment which may occur in the course of these pages. But as there are many, among the more wise and tolerant, who, with feeling enough to mourn over the wrongs of their country, and sense enough to perceive all the danger of not redressing them, may yet be of opinion that allusions, in the least degree inflammatory, should be avoided in a publication of this popular description—I beg of these respected persons to believe, that there is no one who more sincerely deprecates than I do, any appeal to the passions of an ignorant and angry multitude: but that it is not through that gross and inflammable region of society, a work of this nature could ever have been intended to circulate. It looks much higher for its audience and readers,—it is found on the pianofortes of the rich and the educated,—of those who can afford to have their national zeal a little stimulated, without exciting much dread of the excesses into which it may hurry them, and of many whose nerves may be, now and then, alarmed with advantage, as much more is to be gained by their fears than could ever be expected from their justice.”*

It has been said by some parties in this country, particularly by some pseudo patriots, that Moore is not a National Poet, and that the Melodies are not, in the strict meaning of the term, Irish; that, in a word, the country owes no debt of gratitude

* Letter to the Marchioness Dowager of Donegal.

to Moore. If to make the native music of our country known and sung throughout the world, if to preserve it from the oblivion, the terrible oblivion, to which the stigma of 'vulgarity' could consign it, if to wed the sweetest thoughts, the truest aspirations, the most heart touching words, to our own dear music, gives no claim to the gratitude of Irishmen, and Irishwomen, we must learn the real merit, of our National Bard from the writers of other lands. It has been well said by one of France's great critics,

"Les paroles des chansons nationales, dans lesquelles l'Irlande a consigné ses longues souffrances, ont péri pour la plupart; la musique seule s'est conservée. Cette musique peut servir de commentaire à l'histoire du pays. Elle peint l'intérieur des âmes aussi bien que les récits peignent les actions: on y trouve beaucoup de langueur et d'abattement, une tristesse profondément sentie, mais vaguement exprimée, comme la douleur qui se retient parce qu'on l'observe. Quelquefois un peu d'espérance ou de légèreté s'y montre; mais, dans les refrains les plus vifs, il survient toujours quelque accord triste, quelque changement de mode qui ramène brusquement des teintes plus sombres, comme on voit, dans un jour nébuleux, un rayon de soleil paraître un instant pour se dérober aussitôt.

"M. Moore est à la fois poète et musicien, comme les vieux bardes de sa patrie; mais, au lieu de leur inspiration sauvage, il a toutes les grâces du talent cultivé: et son amour pour l'indépendance, agrandi par la philosophie moderne, ne borne point tous ses vœux à la délivrance d'*Erin* et au retour du *vieux drapeau vert*. Il célèbre la liberté comme le droit de tous les hommes, comme le charme de toutes les contrées du monde. Les paroles Anglaises qu'il a composées sur le rythme des anciens airs de l'Irlande sont remplies de sentiments généreux, bien qu'empreintes le plus souvent de la couleur et des formes locales. Ces formes, presque toujours mystérieuses, ont d'ailleurs un charme qui leur est propre. Les Irlandais aiment à faire de la patrie un être réel qu'on aime et qui nous aime; ils aiment à lui parler sans prononcer son nom, et à confondre l'amour qu'ils lui vouent, cet amour austère et périlleux, avec ce qu'il y a de plus doux et de plus fortuné parmi les affections du cœur. Il semble que, sous le voile de ces illusions agréables, ils veuillent déguiser à leur âme la réalité des dangers auxquels s'expose le patriote, et s'entretenir d'idées gracieuses, en attendant l'heure du combat; comme ces Spartiates qui se couronnaient de fleurs, sur le point de périr aux Thermopyles."

And Byron writes—"To me, some of Moore's last Erin

* Censeur Européen du 28 février, 1820.

sparks—'As a beam o'er the face of the waters'—'When he who adores thee'—'Oh blame not'—and 'Oh breathe not his name'—are worth all the Epics that were ever composed."

And the great French historian tells us,

"C'est un grand titre à la reconnaissance d'une nation que d'avoir su chanter, en vers capables d'être populaires, sa liberté présente ou passée, ses droits garantis ou violés. Celui qui ferait pour la France ce que M. Moore a fait pour l'Irlande serait récompensé au delà de ses peines par l'estime du public et par la conscience d'avoir rendu service à la plus sainte de toutes les causes. Dans les temps d'arbitraire, nous avions des refrains mordants pour arrêter l'injustice par la crainte frivole du ridicule; pourquoi, dans ces temps de liberté douteuse, n'aurions-nous pas des chants plus nobles pour énoncer nos volontés, et les présenter comme une barrière au pouvoir toujours tenté d'envahir? Pourquoi les prestiges de l'art ne se joindraient-ils pas à la puissance de notre raison et de nos courages? Pourquoi ne nous ferions-nous pas une poésie nouvelle, inspirée par la liberté et consacrée à sa défense: une poésie, non pas classique, mais nationale, qui ne serait pas la vaine imitation des génies qui ne sont plus, mais la peinture vivante des âmes et des pensées d'aujourd'hui: qui protesterait pour nous, se plaindrait avec nous, nous parlerait de la France et de son destin, du destin de nos aïeux et de nos fils?"

These are the witnesses to whom we appeal, in favour of him who was "poète et musicien, comme les vieux bardes de sa patrie;" but their inspiration was not an "inspiration sauvage." It was rather the "mens divinior" shining in the songs of those who were gifted with the "os magna sonaturum;" and possessing a language, as a great authority tells us, "surpassing in gravity the Spanish; in elegance, the Italian; in colloquial charms, the French—equalling, if not surpassing, the German itself in inspiring terror. Expressing briefly the jest, and the epigram, and so pliant and flexible, that the 'Uraiceacht na n-eigeas,' or, 'Precepts of the Poets,' lay down rules for more than one hundred different kinds of metre." This was not the language in which an "inspiration sauvage" could find expression, and Spenser has well written, "I have caused divers of Irish poems to be translated unto me, that I might understand them, and surely they savoured of sweet wit and good invention; they are sprinkled with some pretty flowers of natural device, which gave good grace and comeliness to them."* These were songs and melodies

* See also "The Historic Literature of Ireland." Kelly, Dublin. 1852.

which Moore was worthy to perpetuate—these were the recollections and traditions which incited him to unbind his own Island Harp, and give all its

“ Chords to light, freedom, and song.”

To song, such as Poet never again may utter. Our Irish Harp was his, and his alone—like that harp of sweet Saint Mona, which, struck by stranger hands, jarred and jangled in wildest dissonance, but, touched by the glowing fingers of its mistress, gave pure and heavenly music.

And why are the Irish Melodies so seldom heard in our drawing-rooms? What songs so sweet as I'd Mourn The Hopes That Leave Me? or Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms? The former, when sung by a sweet, low soprano, trembling while it swells, steals in upon the heart with a gentle charm, like that which we feel when the light, calm wind, plays at sun-set, through the fluttering leaves,

“ In the bow'ry month of July;”

and, as the notes die softly away, the listener bows applause, or speaks it, in that hushed, low

“ Sound so fine, there's nought 'twixt it and silence.”

Every body talks of the Melodies, but most singers neglect them, for some absurdity such as, “ Will You Love Me Then as Now?” or for some, perhaps but half understood cavitina, in “ that soft bastard Latin,” which only makes us wish the singer dumb, while we think of Grisi or of Mario, of Hayes or of Reeves.

The Irish Melodies come home to every human heart: they are sung by the Italian, the Frenchman, and the Russian, each in his native tongue.† The Cuban, too, who

“ Dreams of Freedom in his bondsmaid's arms,”

possesses them in his own language, and, as the poor, ex-

* The Melodies have been translated into *Latin*.—“ Cantus Hibernici,” Nicholas Lec Torre, London, 1835. *Italian*.—G. Flechia, Torino, 1836. Adele Custi, Milano, 1836. *French*.—Madame Belloc, Paris, 1823. Loeve Veimars, Paris, 1829. *Russian*.—Several Melodies, by the Russian Poet, Kozloff.

patriated Irishman, hews his way through the back woods of America, he hums the songs that have made his country and its story known throughout the world. He recalls the "brave days of old," and, in the dim vista of the far off future of Ireland, fancies their gleam those

" Glimpses of glory, ne'er forgot,
That tell, like gleams on a sun-set sea,
What once hath been, what now is not ;
But, oh ! what again shall brightly be."*

Even amid all the frippery of Parisian society, these songs have awakened feelings of gratitude in the hearts of those descended from the men who left,

" The green hills of their youth among strangers to find
That repose, which at home, they had sought for in vain."

In the year 1836, upon the appearance of the French translation of the *Melodies*, Moore received from the Countess —, a lady of Irish descent, a large portfolio, adorned inside with a beautiful drawing, representing Love, Wit, and Valour, as described in the song. In the border that surrounds the drawing are introduced the favourite emblems of Erin—the harp, the shamrock, the mitred head of St. Patrick, together with scrolls, containing each, inscribed in letters of gold, the name of some favourite melody of the fair artist. The portfolio was accompanied by a letter, written in French, in which, Moore said of the lady: " Her Irish race, I fear, is but too discernible, in the generous indiscretion with which, in this instance, she allows praise so much to outstrip desert." The first number of the *Melodies* was issued in the year 1809, and the tenth, or last number, was published in May, 1834.

After the publication of *Lalla Rookh*, Moore, famous, popular, and, for a Poet, rich, resolved to make one of the holiday world that rushed to Paris in the autumn of 1817. Rogers was just on the point of starting for the gay capital, and hearing of Moore's intended visit, the Banker Poet offered him a seat in his carriage for the journey. It was Moore's first visit to France; and who, paying a first visit to Paris, is either disappointed or displeased? To Moore, it was

* The Epicurean, chap. viii.

a happy time ; he there met Curran, going back to London, and to his grave, a wreck of the former man, but still, with a wit and humour, all his own, gleaming and flashing around him. Our Poet renewed his acquaintance with the Princes, who had, as the reader may remember, been his fellow students in the Library at Donington, in the old days of their exile. It was a pleasant meeting for all parties ; fame and prosperity were smiling on Moore, whilst honour, dignity, and power, were once again possessed by the Bourbons.

Crowds of English tourists were, at this period, over-running the Continent ; Paris was the favourite resting place with all, and every well-to-do matron in England fancied herself in the condition of that lady, of whom it was sung,

“ Mistress Gill
Is very ill,
And nothing can improve her,
But to see
The Tuilerie,
And waddle through the Louvre.”

With a world, such as this, around him, how could Moore resist the temptation of satirizing it ? Accordingly, on the 20th of April, 1818, that book containing so much humour, pathos, thought, and genuine manly feeling, *The Fudge Family* in Paris, was published. Who forgets Mr. Bob, and his stays, and his love of good eating ? Who forgets Miss Biddy, and her romance, and her Brandenburg ? And then Phil, and Phelim O'Connor, who could form such characters as these, but Moore ? *The Fudge Family* was quickly followed by Tom Cribb's *Memorial to Congress*, and by the *Fables of the Holy Alliance*. The success of each was very considerable—particularly that of the *Fudge Family*.

In May, 1818, our Poet paid a visit to Dublin, and, on the 7th of June, he was entertained at a public dinner, given at Morrison's, in Dawson-street. The Earl of Charlemont presided, Moore's father sitting at one side of the chair, and the Poet himself at the other. The entertainment was very splendid, and was attended by Maturin, Sheil, O'Connell, Phillips; and, in fact, by all the celebrated men then residing in Dublin. At this dinner, Samuel Lover sang his first song in public, and Moore gave, for the first time, that sweet melody, *They May Rail at This Life*. It was a proud night for old John Moore,

then in his seventy-eighth year: he had the happiness to hear the welcome praises bestowed upon his son, and heard, too, the short, heartfelt reply of his brilliant, honest child. The cheers of the Poet's friends found an echo in Byron's deep and lonely heart. From Ravenna, he writes to the elder Disraeli:—

"The times have preserved a respect for political consistency, and, even though changeable, honour the unchanged. Look at Moore: it will be long ere Southey meets with such a triumph in London as Moore met with in Dublin, even if the government subscribe for it, and set the money down to secret service. It was not less to the man than to the poet, to the tempted but unshaken patriot, to the not opulent but incorruptible fellow-citizen, that the warm-hearted Irish paid the proudest of tributes."*

In the autumn of 1819, Lord John Russell, then preparing a new edition of his "Life of Lord Russell," proposed to Moore, that as both were going to Italy, the former to Genoa, the latter to Venice, for the purpose of paying his ever-memorable visit to Lord Byron, they should make the journey together as far as Milan. Accordingly, the Poet and the Statesman set off in company, and remained a fortnight in Paris, for the purpose of enabling Lord John to consult Barillon's Letters, and thence proceeded, by the Simplon road, to Milan. At Milan, they met the late Lord Kinnaird, and spent some days with him; then Moore and Lord John parted, but not before our Poet had addressed to his fellow traveller the celebrated "Remonstrance, after a conversation, in which he had intimated some idea of giving up all Political Pursuits," and ending with the lines—

"Like the boughs of that laurel, by Delphi's decree,
Set apart for the Fane and its service divine;
So the branches, that spring from the old Russell tree,
Are by Liberty *claim'd* for the use of her shrine."†

Moore visited Rome, and there met Canova, Chantrey, Lawrence, Jackson, Turner, and Eastlake. He was an uninitiated worshipper of sculpture and of painting, but he soon learned to appreciate their perfections, his companions being the high

* Byron's Work, p. 804, Ed. 1846.

† Poems, p. 458, Ed. 1846.

priests of Genius and of Art. He visited Saint Peter's with Canova and Chantrey; he roamed amongst the wrecks of ages with Eastlake and Lady Calcott, and received from Canova a set of engravings, representing his finest statues, together with a copy of Poems, written in their praise by Missirini, the Roman Poet.

Lord John Russell was to have met him at Genoa, and to have returned with him to England; but the Manchester riots rendered an early assembly of Parliament necessary. Lord John was forced to return alone, so Moore, with Jackson and Chantrey, visited the galleries of Florence, Bologna, Modena, Parma, Milan, and Turin. During this journey, the Rhymes on the Road were written or composed, as he tells us, "in an old *calèche*, for the purpose of beguiling the *ennui* of solitary travelling." But the most memorable circumstance of the tour is Moore's visit to Lord Byron, at La Mira, near Venice.

About two o'clock, on the 8th of October, 1819, he arrived at the villa: he found that the noble Poet had just taken his bath, but was informed that his Lordship would receive him in a few moments. Byron quickly appeared, and introduced Moore to the Countess Guiccioli, who had been, for some time, an inmate of La Mira. During our Poet's stay in Venice, Byron lived at La Mira, and Moore remained at his Lordship's residence in the city. The two Poets visited all the wonders and sights of the, to Moore, unknown world around them, and dreamed and laughed away some pleasant days, amidst the strange old halls and palaces, of "The Rome of the Sea." Moore's visit to his friend was brief—not more than a fortnight—and on the day which was to conclude his stay, after having seen that "picture by Giorgione,"

"Such a woman! love in life;"

and having talked of that last tie, which bound him, in his strange, wild, way to existence, Byron, as Moore tells us, "left the room, and in a minute or two returned, carrying in his hand a white leather bag. 'Look here,' he said, holding it up—'this would be worth something to Murray though *you*, I dare say, would not give sixpence for it.' 'What is it?' I asked. 'My Life and Adventures,' he answered. On hearing this, I raised my hands in a gesture of wonder. 'It is not a thing,'

he continued, 'that can be published during my lifetime; but you may have it—if you like—there; do whatever you please with it.' In taking the bag, and thanking him most warmly, I added—'This will make a nice legacy for my little Tom, who shall astonish the latter days of the nineteenth century with it.' He then added, 'You may show it to any of your friends you think worthy of it:' and this is nearly, word for word, the whole of what passed between us on the subject."* "When it was time for me to depart," Moore continues, "he expressed his intention to accompany me a few miles; and, ordering his horses to follow, he proceeded with me in the carriage as far as Strà, where for the last time—how little thinking it was to be the last!—I bade my kind and admirable friend farewell."†

Before Moore left England for Italy, he was induced, by the wishes of the Marquis of Lansdowne, and by his old friendship for the truly noble man, to move into Wiltshire. He went to Bromham, a village near Bowood; but the house there recommended, he thought too large and too expensive; however, upon making a second visit in company with Mrs Moore, they found, hidden among the green lanes, a neat little cottage called Sloperton, of which they at once became the tenants. The cottage is situated near Round Way Down, and about half way between Calne and Devizes. It was not, when first taken by Moore, so extensive, or so pretty, as at present; but, through Mrs. Moore's taste, it was judiciously enlarged, and sweet climbing plants placed around it, till it became a charming songbird's nest, embosomed amongst roses, jassamine and clematis. To this cottage home, in which he left his wife and children, when starting for Italy, he was unable to return until the end of the year 1822. He found some letters awaiting his arrival in Paris, on his way home from Venice, and amongst them was one, conveying the intelligence, that the Deputy Registrar, at Bermuda, had embezzled the money received upon certain American ships and cargoes, and that an attachment had been issued against him (Moore), by the Board of Admiralty, as Registrar. He had taken no security from his Deputy, and he was now liable, it was supposed, for the large sum of £6000. This money it was quite beyond his power to pay, so he resolved to remain in France until some settlement

* Life of Byron, p. 422, Ed. 1851.

† p. 423.

could be made with the defrauded parties, and with the Court of Admiralty. The latter Court was not in a mood to deal easily with a defaulting public servant however blameless. Poor Theodore Hook had been attached about six months before this affair of Moore's, for the sum of £12,000, deficient in his returns, as Accountant General and Treasurer to the Mauritius. Why Hook or Moore had ever been appointed to such offices as these, is one of those pieces of inexplicable absurdity, which can only be explained by assuming the nominations to have been made, either through the most unscrupulous partizanship, or the most ill-judged and injudicious party friendship. Moore felt this to be the case, when he wrote, "That I should ever have come to be chosen for such an employment seems one of those freaks or anomalies of human destiny which baffle all ordinary speculation: and went far, indeed, to realise Beaumarchais' notion of the sort of standard by which, too frequently, qualification for place is regulated,—'Il fallut un calculateur; ce fut un danseur qui l'obtint.'"

Very great difficulties interposing, it was found impossible to arrange the claims in a satisfactory, and, at the same time, speedy, manner; accordingly, Moore's family joined him in France, and they resided first at a cottage close to, and overlooking, Sévres, and opposite the Park of St. Cloud; after some short time, they removed to a small house at Passy. Although embarrassed by his pecuniary difficulties, this was a rather pleasant period in Moore's life; his friend, Kenny, the dramatist, lived near him, and he formed an acquaintance with some very agreeable Spanish families in the neighbourhood. It was a sweet, quiet spot, a sort of semi-seclusion rendered it a fitting home for a Poet, like that abiding place, of which Alfred Tennyson sings;

" Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite
Beyond it, blooms the garden that I love:
News from the humming city comes to it
In sound of funeral or of marriage bells;
And, sitting muffled in dark leaves, you hear
The windy clanging of the minster clock:
Although between it and the garden lies
A league of grass."

Here, in this cottage, he still found friends to cheer him,

and amongst the most welcome, and distinguished of his visitors, was that honor to American literature, Washington Irving; and, as they sat together upon the grass, by the path which leads to the Rocher, at La Butte, Irving read to Moore many of the scenes in his Bracebridge Hall, which he was then engaged in writing. Moore was not sufficiently rich to believe, with Charles Lamb, that, "Man is out of his element as long as he is operative," so he commenced the *Life of Sheridan*, a work which he had had for sometime in contemplation. Murray was to be the publisher, but writing at so great a distance from all authority, and so far removed from all sources of information, Moore quickly found that the *Life* could not be produced in a manner, fair towards Murray, just towards Sheridan's memory, or worthy of his own reputation. He wrote to Murray informing him of this obstacle, but commenced, at the same time, a poetical Romance consisting of letters founded on an Egyptian subject, differing little from that which some years after formed the ground-work of the *Epicurean*. These letters, after some considerable time had been employed in their construction and composition, he threw aside, but published them at the end of the Romance just named, and they are known as *Alciphron: A Fragment*.

He laboured hard to acquire a perfect knowledge of Egyptian customs, scenery, and habits, that he might be able to compose a work worthy to stand beside his successful Poem, *Lalla Rookh*. He found all the French scholars most willing to assist him. Denon lent him his drawings of Egypt; all the books of Fourier and Langles were at his disposal, and the great Humboldt, then in Paris, gave him all the information in his power. He could not, however, please himself in the composition of a Romance, such as he desired to produce, but he wrote the Eighth Number of *The Malodies*, and a set of National Airs, and at length, when Murray feared he was about to resign all hope of success, at least for that time, the Poet recollected the old Eastern allegory of *The Loves of The Angels*. Byron was at the same period writing his famous Poem, or as Moore calls it, "the most sublime of his many poetical miracles, 'Heaven and Earth,'" and the latter used every effort to hasten the publication of his own work, as, from the great similarity of the plots, he dreaded the result of a comparison between his Poem, and that of his noble friend; both the works, however, appeared at the same time. The name,

Loves of The Angels was not the title originally intended, and Byron writing from Genoa, to Moore, observes,

"They give me a very good account of you, and of your nearly 'Emprisoned Angels.' But why did you change your title?—you will regret this some day. The bigots are not to be conciliated: and if they were—are they worthy it? I suspect that I am a more orthodox Christian than you are: and whenever I see a real Christian, either in practice or in theory (for I never yet found the man who could produce either, when put to the proof), I am his disciple. But, till then, I cannot truckle to the tithe-mongers,—nor can I imagine what has made you circumcise your Seraphs."

The negotiations carried on for the purpose of arranging the claims against our Poet, arising out of the Bermuda affair, were, after many disappointments, brought to a rather, for Moore, satisfactory conclusion, and in September, 1822, he learned, from Longman, that the American claimants had agreed to take one thousand guineas, in discharge of all demands. To the payment of this sum, the uncle of the defaulting Deputy, a London merchant of some wealth, had been, with much difficulty, brought to contribute £300.

Before leaving Paris, Moore was entertained at a public dinner given by his friends, and the admirers of his genius, residing in that city. The late Lord Kinnaird presided, and the following song, written for the occasion, by our fellow-countryman, T. C. Grattan, author of "High-Ways and By-Ways," was sung by him to that glorious strain, in which Moore has enshrined the Melody, "Farewell, but whenever you welcome the hour."

"Farewell to the Bard! let the sorrowful sound,
Deep echo'd in friendship's vibrations go round;
But still with a tone of contentment unite,
While sadness steals bloom from the cheeks of delight;
For never was parting so hallow'd as this
By all that can sanctify pleasures or woes—
Where we mourn that we lose him, yet share in his bliss—
Where we wish he might *stay*, yet rejoice that he *goes*.

As the sun with the mild air of heaven combines,
Blending brightness and freshness to soothe while it shines,
So, the light of our circle, he beam'd on us long,
In the warm glow of genius and soft breath of song;

And now, as he slopes towards the Isle of the West,
 Where our hearts are all center'd, wherever we roam,
 A holier radiance he pours on each breast,
 Through the mist of departure and memory of home.

But though absence may throw its dark shadows between,
 His mind will be with us to hallow the scene ;
 Though he leaves us a blank, which we never can fill,
 His voice shall be heard to reply to us still—
 For as oft as the key-note of feeling we strike,
 The cadence runs quick through the bright chain of thought,
 That joins spirit to spirit, awakening alike
 And at once every link, whether near or remote.

Then, absent or present, we share in his soul,
 And we feel in the heart what we pledge in the bowl—
 May health fill his house, as renown tells his name !
 May the full sounds of friendship be chorused by fame !
 And when to the heaven of home-blessings he's borne,
 May he look back the signs of our greeting to see ;
 And be sure, as he waves us his hand in return,
 To drop down the skirt of his mantle on me !”

The entertainment was a very brilliant one, and after Grat-
 tan had sung his song of farewell, the toast, “ Prosperity to
 Ireland” was given, to which Moore thus responded—

“ As the Noble Chairman has, in compliment to the land of my
 birth, given the ever-welcome toast of ‘ Prosperity to Ireland,’ I beg
 to suggest a similar tribute to that other country, to which we all
 belong, and to whose real greatness and solid glory—all Irishman as
 I am, and with my political and historical recollections fresh about
 me—I am most ready to bear testimony and homage before the world.
 Yes, Gentlemen, there may be, and there are (for God forbid I
 should circumscribe virtue within any particular latitude), there may
 be, and there are, high minds, warm hearts, and brave arms, every-
 where ; but for that genuine high-mindedness, which has honesty for
 its basis—the only sure foundation upon which anything lofty was ever
 built—which can distinguish between real, substantial greatness, and
 that false, inflated glory of the moment, whose elevation, like that of
 the balloon, is owing to its emptiness, or if not to its emptiness, at
 least to the levity of its freight—for that good faith, that punctuality
 in engagements, which is the soul of all commercial as well as all
 moral relations, and which, while it gives to business the confidence
 and good understanding of friendship, introduces into friendship the
 regularity and matter-of-fact steadiness of business—for that spirit
 of fairness and liberality among public men, which extracts the virus
 of personality out of party zeal, and exhibits so often (too often, I am
 sorry to say, of late) the touching spectacle of the most sturdy poli-

tical chieftains pouring out at the grave of their violent antagonists such tributes, not alone of justice, but of cordial eulogy, as show how free from all private rancour was the hostility that separated them—and, lastly (as I trust I may say, not only without infringing, but in strict accordance with that wise tact, which excludes party politics from a meeting like the present), for that true and well understood love of liberty, which, through all change and time, has kept the old Constitution sea-worthy—which, in spite of storms from without, and momentary dissensions between the crew within, still enables her to ride, the admiration of the world, and will, I trust in God, never suffer her to founder—for all these qualities, and many, many more, equally lofty and equally valuable, the most widely-travelled Englishman may proudly say, as he sets his foot once more on the chalky cliffs. ‘This is my own, my native land, and I have seen nothing that can, in the remotest degree, compare with it.’ Gentlemen, I could not help—in that fulness of heart, which they alone can feel towards England who have been doomed to live for some time out—paying this feeble tribute to that most noble Country, nor can I doubt the cordiality with which you will drink—‘Prosperity, a long prosperity to Old England.’”

Moore, in consequence of the Farewell Dinner, had remained in Paris a few days after the departure of his wife and family for England, but when Mrs. Moore arrived within two miles of Sloperton, she, and the two children who accompanied her, were met by the chief inhabitants of the neighbourhood, who conducted her home. The day was one of rejoicing in the village; the bells of the little church, at Bromham, rang merry peals of welcome, and, amongst the first visitors received by Mrs. Moore, was her husband’s noble friend, the Marquis of Lansdowne. The Poet arrived in London, from Paris, in the last week of October, 1822, and the *Loves of The Angels* was published in the month of December following. He found, that owing to the kindness of a friend, the sum of £750, required to clear off the American claim, had been lodged at a banker’s to his credit, but still adhering to his resolution, of owing to his own exertions alone the means of release from his difficulties, he drew upon his publishers, or as he used to call it, “bank *in nubibus*, his future Poems,” and enclosed the cheque to his generous friend. When Jeffrey first heard of Moore’s embarrassments he wrote from Edinburgh, to Samuel Rogers, on the 30th of July, 1819, offering to contribute, £300 or £400, towards a fund to relieve our Poet from his unpleasant position; this is the best of the many good traits of Jeffrey’s character, and made one, among the numerous in-

stances, in which Moore's old enemies became his firm friends : it should be remembered too, that Jeffrey was not at this period a rich man. In June, 1823, Moore had the satisfaction of finding his account, at his publishers, in a very flourishing condition, £500 had been placed to his credit, from the sales of the *Fables of the Holy Alliance*, and *The Loves of The Angels* had produced for him £1000.

His next literary venture was in prose, and entitled, *Memoirs of Captain Rock*, the celebrated Irish Chieftain, with some account of his Ancestors. Written by Himself. It appeared in April, 1824, and its sale was most rapid. On the 20th of April, not a copy could be procured, a second edition was published on the 22nd of April, and in the *Times* of the 27th of that month, a most able and eloquent critique on the work was printed, in which the following passage occurs:—"There are few writers who, in the language of painting, possess the same faculty of massing their tints, and grouping their figures, as the author of this lively yet solid and instructive publication. He seems to have found the true royal road to knowledge, divesting an obscure and unattractive history of whatever could alarm the indolent or perplex the dull, while the love of justice, humanity, and liberty, breaks out through every apostrophe of the author, however he may affect to veil his emotions under sarcasm, levity, or scorn."

Captain Rock is a fierce, a witty, and an able onslaught on English rule, and mis-rule in Ireland. It was published anonymously, but Sydney Smith, in his notice of it in the *Edinburgh Review*, writes thus:—

"This agreeable and witty book is generally supposed to have been written by Mr. Thomas Moore, a gentleman of small stature, but full of genius, and a steady friend of all that is honourable and just. He has here borrowed the name of a celebrated Irish leader, to typify that spirit of violence and insurrection which is necessarily generated by systematic oppression, and rudely avenges its crimes: and the picture he has drawn of its prevalence in that unhappy country is at once piteous and frightful. Its effect in exciting our horror and indignation is in the long run increased, we think—thought at first it may seem counteracted, by the tone of levity, and even jocularity, under which he has chosen to veil the deep sarcasm and substantial terrors of his story. We smile at first, and are amused—and wonder as we proceed, that the humorous narrative should produce conviction and pity,—shame, abhorrence, and despair! England seems to have treated Ireland much in the same way as Mrs. Brownrigg treated her apprentice—for which Mrs. Brownrigg is hanged in the first volume

of the Newgate Calendar. Upon the whole, we think the apprentice is better off than the Irishman; as Mrs. Brownrigg merely starves and beats her, without any attempt to prohibit her from going to any shop, or praying at any church, the apprentice might select; and once or twice, if we remember rightly, Brownrigg appears to have felt some compassion. Not so Old England, who indulges rather in a steady baseness, uniform brutality, and unrelenting oppression.”*

Captain Rock was not suffered to pass on his way unmolested. The book was replied to by the Rev. Mortimer O'Sullivan, in a work, entitled “Captain Rock Detected, by a Munster Farmer.”

Moore, whilst in France, had commenced, as the reader is already informed, a life of Sheridan, and, had laid it aside, owing to the impossibility of procuring the requisite information, at so great a distance from London. He wrote the four first chapters in France, and his chief anxiety, on arriving in England, was to complete the biography, in a manner worthy of our great countryman's memory, and in a style befitting his own reputation. Sheridan, as all the world knows, died a beggar, why, or to whose shame, he died so, we cannot here enquire, but, owing to this fact, very great difficulty was experienced, in inducing his creditors to allow the free use of his papers to Moore; however, the biography was published in the year 1825, and, in the same year, a second edition was called for.

In the month of September, 1825, Moore wrote to Sir Walter Scott, then at Abbotsford, informing him that he was about to pay his long promised visit to Scotland, “and the characteristic opening and close of the reply,” writes Lockhart, “will not I hope be thrown away upon my reader, any more than they were on the warm-hearted minstrel of Erin.”

We give the letter of Sir Walter, and Moore's account of his visit, begging the reader to bear in mind, that at this particular time, the Constable crash was, as the great Wizard knew, inevitable, and his regard for our Poet is exhibited in his acknowledgment of the authorship of the Waverley Novels.

“To Thomas Moore Esqre., Sloperton Cottage, Devizes.

“Abbotsford, Thursday.

“My Dear Sir,—Damn Sir—My Dear Moore,—Few things could give me more pleasure than your realizing the prospect your

* Rev. Sydney Smith's Works, vol. ii. p. 467. Ed. 1845.

letter holds out to me. We are at Abbotsford fixtures till 10th November, when my official duty, for I am 'slave to an hour and vassal to a bell,' calls me to Edinburgh. I hope you will give me as much of your time as you can—no one will value it more highly. You keep the great north road till you come to the last stage in England, Cornhill, and then take up the Tweed to Kelso. If I knew what day you would be at Kelso, I would come down and do the honours of Tweedside, by bringing you here, and showing you anything that is remarkable by the way; but though I could start at a moment's warning, I should, scarce, I fear, have time to receive a note from Newcastle soon enough to admit of my reaching you at Kelso. Drop me a line however, at all events; and, in coming from Kelso to Melrose and Abbotsford, be sure to keep the southern side of the Tweed, both because it is far the pleasantest route, and because I will come a few miles to take the chance of meeting you. You do not mention whether you have any fellow-travellers. We have plenty of accommodation for any part of your family, or any friend, who may be with you.—Your's in great joy and expectation,

"WALTER SCOTT."

"Mr. Moore arrived accordingly—and he remained several days. Though not, I believe a regular journalizer, he kept a brief diary during his Scotch tours, and he has kindly allowed me the use of it. He fortunately found Sir Walter in an interval of repose—no one with him at Abbotsford but Lady and Miss Scott—and no company at dinner except the Fergusons and Laidlaw. The two poets had thus the opportunity of a great deal of quiet conversation; and from the hour they met, they seem to have treated each other with a full confidence, the record of which, however touchingly honourable to both, could hardly be made public *in extenso* while one of them survives. The first day they were alone after dinner, and the talk turned chiefly on the recent death of Byron—from which Scott passed unaffectedly to his own literary history. Mr. Moore listened with great interest to details, now no longer new, about the early days of ballad-hunting Mat Lewis, the Minstrelsy, and the Poems; and 'at last,' says he 'to my no small surprise, as well as pleasure, he mentioned the novels without any reserve, as his own. He gave me an account of the original progress of those extraordinary works, the hints supplied for them, the conjectures and mystification to which they had given rise, &c. &c.' He concluded with saying, 'they have been a mine of wealth to me—but I find I fail in them now—I can no longer make them so good as at first.' This frankness was met as should have been by the brother poet; and when he entered Scott's room next morning, 'he laid his hand,' says Mr. Moore, 'with a sort of cordial earnestness on my breast and said—*Now my dear Moore we are friends for life.*' They sallied out for a walk through the plantations, and among other things the commonness of the poetic talent in these days was alluded to. 'Hardly a magazine is now published,' said Moore, 'that does not contain verses which some thirty years ago would have made a reputation.'—

Scott turned with his look of shrewd humour, as if chuckling over his own success, and said, 'Ecod, we were in the luck of it to come before those fellows;' but he added, playfully flourishing his stick as he spoke, 'we have, like Bobadil, taught them to beat us with our own weapons.'—'In complete novelty,' says Moore, 'he seemed to think, lay the only chance for a man ambitious of high literary reputation in these days.'"

Moore and Sir Walter were men, who, when they had once become acquainted, should feel each for the other, that genuine friendship which true genius ever extends to its brilliant fellow; and when the Novelist and the Poet again met, during the following November, in Edinburgh, we find this entry in the great Scotchman's journal:—

"November 22.—*Moore*.—I saw Moore (for the first time, I may say) this season. We had indeed met in public twenty years ago. There is a manly frankness, with perfect ease and good breeding about him which is delightful. Not the least touch of the poet or the pedant. A little—very little man—less, I think, than Lewis, and something like him in person; God knows, not in conversation, for Matt, though a clever fellow, was a bore of the first description, moreover he looked always like a schoolboy. Now Moore has none of this insignificance. His countenance is plain, but the expression so very animated, especially in speaking or singing, that is far more interesting than the finest features could have rendered it. I was aware that Byron had often spoken, both in private society and in his Journal, of Moore, and myself, in the same breath, and with the same sort of regard; so I was curious to see what there could be in common betwixt us, Moore having lived so much in the gay world, I in the country, and with people of business, and sometimes with politicians; Moore a scholar, I none; he a musician and artist, I without knowledge of a note; he a democrat, I an aristocrat—with many other points of difference; besides his being an Irishman, I a Scotchman, and both tolerably national. Yet there is a point of resemblance, and a strong one. We are both good-humoured fellows, who rather seek to enjoy what is going forward than to maintain our dignity as Lions; and we have both seen the world too widely and too well not to condemn in our souls the imaginary consequence of literary people, who walk with their noses in the air, and remind me always of the fellow whom Johnson met in an alehouse, and who called himself '*the great Twalmly—inventor of the flood-gate iron for smoothing linen.*' He also enjoys the *mot pour rire*, and so do I. It was a pity that nothing save the total destruction of Byron's memoirs would satisfy his executors:—but there was a reason—*Premat Nox alta*. It would be a delightful addition to life, if

* Lockhart's Life of Scott, p. 568, Ed. 1851.

T. M. had a cottage within two miles of me. We went to the theatre together, and the house being luckily a good one, received T. M. with rapture. I could have hugged them, for it paid back the debt of the kind reception I met with in Ireland.”*

It was a glorious night at the Edinburgh Theatre—Scott accompanied Moore, and soon after their, at first, unmarked entrance, the attention of the audience, which had till then been engrossed by the lady-millionaire, Mrs. Coutts, was directed towards the new-comers, and according to a newspaper report, copied and published by Moore in one of his last prefaces, considerable excitement immediately prevailed. ‘Eh!’ exclaimed a man in the pit—‘eh! yon’s Sir Walter, wi’ Lockhart and his wife; and wha’s the wee body wi’ the pawkie een? Wow, but it’s Tam Moore just!’ ‘Scott—Scott! Moore—Moore!’ immediately resounded through the house. Scott would not rise: Moore did, and bowed several times with his hand on his heart. Scott afterwards acknowledged the plaudits of his countrymen, and the orchestra during the course of the evening played alternately Scotch and Irish airs.

Moore had been only a few days at home, after this Northern tour, when he received the intelligence of his father’s death. John Moore was appointed, in the year 1806, to a respectable post in the Civil branch of the Ordnance, and had been for some years before his death Barrack Master of Island Bridge Barrack, and died on the 17th of December, 1825, having lived to the age of 84 years. He was interred in St. Kevin’s Church-yard, within a short distance of the house in which his illustrious son was born.

In the year 1827, the Epicurean, Moore’s greatest work, judged by its sale, was published, dedicated to “Lord John Russell, by one who admires his character and talents, and is proud of his friendship.” Its success was very great, and it has been translated twice into French, twice into Italian (Milan, 1836—Venice, 1835), once into German (Inspruc, 1828), once into Dutch (Deventer, 1829). It is one of those works which only a genius, brilliant and fanciful, and glowing as that of Moore could produce. Thought, fancy, learning, all that deifies the Poet’s nature, shines in every page, and the lonely studies

* Lockhart’s Life of Scott, p. 578, Ed. 1851.

of the old quiet days spent in Marsh's Library, and the deep research of the Paris months, have all proved advantageous in supplying matter for illustration. Moore thus describes his first views, and designs respecting the Epicurean, in a diary dated—

“Paris, July 5th, 1820.

“Began my Egyptian Poem, and wrote about thirteen or fourteen lines of it. The story to be told in letters from a young Epicurean philosopher, who, in the second century of the Christian era, goes to Egypt for the purpose of discovering the elixir of immortality, which is supposed to be one of the secrets of the Egyptian priests. During a Festival on the Nile, he meets with a beautiful maiden, the daughter of one of the priests lately dead. She enters the catacombs and disappears. He hovers around the spot, and at last finds the well and secret passages, &c., by which those who are initiated enter. He sees this maiden in one of those theatrical spectacles which formed a part of the subterranean Elysium of the Pyramids—finds opportunities of conversation with her—their intercourse in this mysterious region described. They are discovered, and he is thrown into those subterranean prisons, where they who violate the rules of Initiation are confined. He is liberated from thence by the young maiden, and taking flight together, they reach some beautiful region, where they linger, for a time delighted, and she is near becoming a victim to his arts. But taking alarm she flies, and seeks refuge with a Christian monk, in the Thebaid, to whom her mother, who was secretly a Christian, had consigned her when dying. The struggles of her love with her religion. A persecution of the Christians takes place, and she is seized (chiefly through the unintentional means of her lover), and suffers martyrdom. The scene of her martyrdom described, in a letter from the Solitary of the Thebaid, and the attempt made by the young philosopher to rescue her. He is carried off from thence to the cell of the Solitary. His letters from that retreat, after he has become a Christian, devoting his thoughts entirely to repentance and the recollection of the beloved saint who had gone before him. If I don't make something out of all this, the deuce is in't. According to this plan the events of the story were to be told in Letters, or Epistolary Poems, addressed by the Philosopher to a young Athenian friend: but, for greater variety, as well as convenience, I afterwards distributed the task of narration among the chief personages of the tale. The great difficulty however, of managing in rhyme, the minor details of a story, so as to be clear without growing prosaic, and still more, the diffuse length to which I saw the narrative in verse would extend, deterred me from following this plan any further: and I then commenced the tale anew in its present shape.”

In the month of January, 1830, the first volume of *The Life of Lord Byron* was published, and the second volume

appeared in the month of December following. Of all Moore's works, this was the most anxiously looked for. A Poet's life, written by a Poet, and written too, by one who had been the friend of him who made the subject of the biography, and compiled in part, from the papers and diaries, and letters of the deceased, was a publication that naturally excited the most intense curiosity. But amongst all the productions of Moore's pen, this Life of Lord Byron has drawn upon him the greatest display of slander, disingenuousness, and misrepresentation. As the reader is already aware, Byron, when Moore was about leaving La Mira, presented to him certain memoranda, which he called, "His Life and Adventures." Moore understood, that he received these papers, for the purpose of weaving them into a biography of his friend, and that this view of the case was correct, the following extract, from a letter of his Lordship's to Murray, dated Venice, October 10th, 1819, will prove—

"I gave Moore, who is gone to Rome, my life in MS. in seventy-eight folio sheets, brought down to 1816. But this I put into his hands for *his* care, as he has some other MSS. of mine—a Journal kept in 1814, &c. Neither are for publication during my life; but when I am cold you may do what you please. In the mean time if you like to read them, you may, and shew them to any body you like—I care not. My Life is *Memoranda*, and not *Confessions*. I have left out all *my loves* (except in a general way) and many other of the most important things (because I must not compromise other people) so that it is like the play of Hamlet—'the part of Hamlet omitted by particular desire.' But you will find many opinions, and some fun, with a detailed account of my marriage, and its consequences, as true as a party concerned can make such account, for I suppose we are all prejudiced."

"I have never read over this Life since it was written, so that I know not exactly what it may repeat or contain. Moore and I passed some merry days together."*

And in a letter to Murray, dated Venice, December 9th, 1819, he writes—

"I sent home, by Moore (*for Moore only*, who has my Journal) my memoir written up to 1816, and I gave him leave to show it to whom he pleased, but *not to publish* on any account. You may read it, and you may let Wilson read it, if he likes—not for his *public* opinion, but his private; for I like the man, and care very little

* Life, p. 425. Ed. 1851.

about his Magazine. And I could wish Lady B.— herself to read it, that she may have it in her power to mark anything mistaken or mis-stated; as it will probably appear after my extinction, and it would be but fair she should see it, that is to say herself willing.”*

So far, we think, that the facts are quite clear, and that Moore had full liberty to use the manuscript as he pleased, and in a very considerate and kind letter to him, Byron writes from—

“Ravenna, Dec. 9th, 1820.

“Besides this letter, you will receive *three* packets containing in all, eighteen more sheets of Memoranda, which, I fear will cost you more in postage than they ever will produce by being printed in the next century. Instead of waiting so long, if you could make anything of them *now* in the way of *reversion*, (that is after *my* death,) I should be very glad,—as with all due regard to your progeny, I prefer you to your grand children. Would not Longman or Murray advance you a certain sum *now*, pledging themselves *not* to have them published till after *my* decease, think you?—and what say you?

“Over these latter sheets I would leave you a discretionary power; because they contain a thing or two which is too sincere for the public. If I consent to your disposing of their reversion *now*, where would be the harm? Tastes may change. I would in your case, make my essay to dispose of them, *not* publish now, and if *you* (as is most likely) survive me, add what you please from your own knowledge: and *above all* contradict anything if I have *mis*-stated; for my first object is the truth, even at my own expense.” Moore adds, “the power here meant is that of omitting passages that might be thought objectionable. He afterwards gave me this, as well as every other right, over the whole of the manuscript.” †

Moore, following the advice given in the extract just quoted, sold the manuscript to Murray for two thousand guineas, but after Byron’s death, and after the memoirs had been shown to his Lordship’s Executors, and to Lady Byron, Moore was prevailed upon to restore the two thousand guineas to Murray, receiving back the manuscript. After this arrangement, he commenced the composition, from his own and Murray’s Byron letters, using the memoirs occasionally, of that Life of Lord Byron, which we now possess. Of the suppressed manuscript, he writes—

“In those memoirs (or, more properly memoranda) of the noble

* Life, p. 431.

† Byron’s Life, p. 465, Ed. 1851.

Poet, which it was thought expedient, for various reasons, to sacrifice, he gave a detailed account of all the circumstances connected with his marriage, from the first proposal to the lady, till his own departure, after the breach, from England. In truth though the title of 'Memoirs' which he himself sometimes gave to that manuscript, conveys the idea of a complete and regular piece of biography, it was to this particular portion of his life, that the work was principally devoted; while the anecdotes, having reference to other parts of his career, not only occupied a very disproportionate space in its pages, but were most of them such as are found in the various Journals and other MSS. he left behind. The chief charm, indeed, of that narrative, was the melancholy playfulness—melancholy, from the wounded feeling so visible through its pleasantry—with which events unimportant and persons uninteresting, in almost every respect but their connexion with such a man's destiny, were detailed and described in it. Frank, as usual, throughout, in his avowal of his own errors, and generously just towards her who was his fellow-sufferer in the strife, the impression his recital left on the minds of all who perused it, was, to say the least, favorable to him,—though, upon the whole, leading to a persuasion, which I have already intimated to be my own, that, neither in kind nor degree, did the causes of disunion between the parties much differ from those that loosen the links of most such marriages.”*

The *last sentence*, in this extract, was the cause of all Moore's trouble, arising from *The Life*. It was said, and Thomas Campbell, then editing the *New Monthly Magazine*, was the chief champion of Lady Byron, that the sentence bore only one construction, namely, that her Ladyship was a virtuous, cold, heartless woman, whose husband was in all respects the man calculated to make any wife happy, unless that wife were wilfully and perversely disposed; that Moore had only given as much of the suppressed memoirs as suited his purpose; that whilst pretending to be the friend of Lady Byron, he was her slanderer of that class,

“The Janus glance of whose significant eye,
Learning to lie with silence would *seem* true;
And without utterance, save the shrug or sigh,
Deals round to happy fools its speechless obloquy.”

But not one word of this was true.

He might have published the manuscript, he might have made advantageous terms with Murray; the memoirs were his

* *Life of Byron*, p. 298, Ed. 1851.

alone, to act with them as he pleased, but, finding that Lady Byron wished to suppress some passages as being false, finding that Byron had mistaken facts and circumstances ; having seen Dr. Lushington's letter stating, that as the legal friend of her Ladyship, he could not consent to any return to co-habitation with Lord Byron ; having seen a declaration in her Ladyship's hand-writing, that no consideration could induce her to state the chief cause of her separation from her husband ; knowing too from Byron's own lips, that she had been a true and faithful wife, Moore, acting as a gentleman, as a man of honor, suppressed certain portions of the memoirs, which detailed the wayward life of one, who had been mis-reared as a boy, misguided as a man, and who, despite his God-like and abused genius, was, in every phase of his varied life, unhappy. That Moore may have misunderstood Lady Byron's character, is of course possible, but, to assert that he attempted to wound her feelings, is a base and groundless slander. The story of his life proves the falsehood of the charge. He might, in publishing the memoirs, have filled his pockets, and have set before the roué and the fool an exemplar of vice, surpassed only by the Confessions of Rousseau, or equalled solely by some scandalous chronicle of the French Regency ; but, in his nature there was nothing of the pander, he spurned the hopes of increased wealth springing from so foul a source, and to the best of his ability, and to the fullest of his knowledge, he told the whole truth of Byron, and the whole truth of Byron's wife.

The biography was very much criticized, and like many really good books, unfriendly reviews served but to extend the sale. Two thousand guineas were paid for the copyright, and two thousand copies of the first edition were printed ; it appeared in two large quarto volumes, but owing to the high price at which it was published, it never fully paid all its expenses, until printed in Murray's five shilling, per volume, edition, of *Byron's Life and Works*.

We have dwelt upon this subject, of the *Life of Byron*, at some length : we have done so, because we are aware that a little misconception prevails upon the point, and having placed the facts before the reader, we trust he may be able to refute the calumny, should it be uttered in his hearing—that Moore put money in his pocket by suppressing the manuscript memoirs. He was not the man to make money by insisting on the publication of that which could injure his Publisher. His offer, at

the publication of *Lalla Rookh*, to release Longman from the terms of his agreement to pay £3000 for the copyright, and the restoration to Murray of the two thousand guineas received for the memoirs, proves its falsehood; and as to the charge of casting a stigma upon Lady Byron, for the purpose of excusing the errors of her husband, by depreciating her Ladyship's good qualities, whilst pretending to be her friend, it is refuted by every act of his life: he was not the man

"To hug you to death, or stab you with a smile."

In the year 1831, he published the *Life and Death of Lord Edward Fitz-Gerald*. It is unnecessary here to state that the compilation of the book was a labour of love, or that the task was performed fairly, honestly, industriously, and ably. Moore did for Fitz-Gerald's memory, all that Benjamin Disraeli has accomplished for that of Bentinck; each biographer has rescued the name of his subject from misrepresentation, by showing that it can bear, and by casting fully upon it, the clear light of ingenuous truth. Fitz-Gerald was fortunate in his biographer; the Bard of Ireland was worthy to be the life historian of the truest—the most unfortunate, and most unwise of all Ireland's sincerest lovers. He deserved his biographer:—

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi: sed omnes illacrymabiles
Urgentur, ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.

In issuing the *Life*, Moore, remembering the manner in which the spirit of the *Melodies* had been misrepresented, guarded himself, in the preface, against the suspicion of being influenced in the choice of his subject, by the then (1831) revolutionary condition of Europe, and stated that he had begun the compilation long before any unquiet spirit had been developed; and referring to the tone which he had adopted in his reflections on Fitzgerald, he writes—

"That I have regarded the task of writing this Memoir as one purely historical, will appear—too strongly, I apprehend, for the tastes of some persons,—in the free and abstract spirit with which I have here entered into the consideration of cer-

tain rights and principles which, however sacred and true in themselves, are in general advanced with more reserve, when either applied, or capable of being applied, to any actually existing order of things. For, the fears, however, that can be awakened by the assertion, however bold, of any great and incontrovertible political principle, I am not inclined, I own, to feel much respect or pity; well knowing that under such fears a consciousness of injustice either done or meditated, is always sure to be found lurking. Recollecting, too, from the history of both countries, for the last sixty years, how invariably and with what instructive juxta-position of cause and effect, every alarm of England for the integrity of her own power, has been followed by some long-denied boon to Ireland, I shall willingly bear whatever odium may redound temporarily upon myself, should any warning or alarm which these volumes may convey, have even the remotest share in inducing the people of this country to consult, while there is yet time, their own peace and safety by applying prompt and healing remedies to the remaining grievances of Ireland.”*

On the eighth of May, 1832, Anastatia Moore, the mother of our Poet, died, in her sixty-eighth year. Her remains were placed beside those of her husband in St. Kevin’s Churchyard, where six of their children now lie buried.

Moore’s country did not forget him; and fancying that the author of Captain Rock, and the Life of Sheridan, must possess that stuff, of which popular Patriots and Members of Parliament are made, the Electors of Limerick determined to offer to him the representation of their city. In the latter part of the year 1832, when Gerald Griffin was about to leave his native country for London, it was resolved that he, (the Irish Poet and Novelist) should convey, to the Poet of Ireland, the invitation of the people of Limerick. Gerald, who was accompanied to Sloperton by his brother Daniel, thus describes the visit, in a letter to his fair Quaker friend:—

“ To Mrs. * * *

Monday Morning, March 31st, 1833.
Pitman’s, Senior, Taunton.

“ My Dear L.—Procrastination—it is all the fruit of procrastination. When Dan and I returned to the Inn at Devizes, after our

* Life of Fitz-Gerald, Preface, p. 9, Vol. I.

first sight and speech of the Irish Melodist, I opened my writing case to give L.— an account of our day's work : then I put it off, I believe, till morning : then as Dan was returning, I put it off till some hour when I could tell you about it at full leisure : then Saunders and Otley set me to work, and I put it off until my authorship should be concluded for the season, at least ; and now it is concluded, for I am not to publish *this* year ; and here I come before you with my news, my golden bit of news, stale, flat, and unprofitable. Oh, dear L.— I saw the poet ! and I spoke to him, and he spoke to me, and it was not to bid me 'get out of his way,' as the King of France did to the man who boasted that his Majesty had spoken to him ; but it was to shake hands with me, and to ask me 'How I did, Mr. Griffin,' and to speak of 'my fame.' *My fame!* Tom Moore talk of my fame ! Ah, the rogue ! he was humbugging, L.— I'm afraid. He knew the soft side of an author's heart, and perhaps he had pity on my long melancholy-looking figure, and said to himself, 'I will make this poor fellow feel pleasant, if I can ;' for which, with all his roguery, who could help liking him and being grateful to him ? But you want to know all about it step by step, if not for the sake of your poor dreamy-looking *Beltard*, at least for that of fancy, wit, and patriotism. I will tell you then, although Dan has told you before, for the subject cannot be tiresome to an Irishwoman. I will tell you how we hired a great, grand cabriolet, and set off—no, pull in a little. I should first tell you how we arrived at the Inn at Devizes, late in the evening, I forget the exact time, and ordered tea (for which bye the bye we had a prodigious appetite, not having stopped to dine in Bath or Bristol), when the waiter (a most solid-looking fellow, who won Dan's heart by his precision and the mathematical exactness of all his movements) brought us up, amongst other good things, fresh butter prepared in a very curious way. I could not for a long time imagine how they did it. It was in strings just like vermicelli, and as if tied in some way at the bottom. King George, not poor *real* King George, but Peter Pindar's King George, was never more puzzled to know how the apple got into the dumpling ; but at last, on applying to the waiter, he told us it was done by squeezing it through a linen cloth ; an excellent plan, particularly in frosty weather, when it is actually impossible to make the butter adhere to the bread on account of its working up with a coat of crumbs on the under side, but that's true—Tom Moore—and besides it is unfashionable now to spread the butter, isn't it ? I'm afraid I *exposed* myself, as they say. Well, we asked the waiter, out came the important question, 'How far is Sloperton Cottage from Devizes ?' 'Sloperton, Sir ? that's Mr. Moore's place, Sir, *he is a poet, Sir*. We do all Mr. Moore's work.' What ought I to have done, L.— ? To have flung my arms about his neck for knowing so much about Moore, or to have knocked him down for knowing so little ? Well, we learned all we wanted to know : and, after making our arrangements for the following day, went to bed and slept soundly. And in the morning it was that we hired the grand cabriolet, and set off to Sloperton ; drizzling rain, but a delightful country ; such a gentle shower as that through which *he* looked at

Innisfallen—his farewell look. And we drove away until we came to a cottage, a cottage of gentility, with two gateways and pretty grounds about it, and we alighted and knocked at the hall-door; and there was dead silence, and we whispered one another; and my nerves thrilled as the wind rustled in the creeping shrubs that graced the retreat of—Moore. Oh, L.—! there's no use in talking, but I must be fine. I wonder I ever stood it at all, and I an Irishman, too, and singing his songs since I was the height of my knee,—The Veiled Prophet: Azim: She is far from the Land: Those Evening Bells. But the door opened, and a young woman appeared. 'Is Mr. Moore at home?' 'I'll see, Sir. What name shall I say, Sir?' Well, not to be too particular, we were shown up stairs, when we found the nightingale in his cage; in honester language, and more to the purpose, we found our hero in his study, a table before him covered with books and papers, a drawer half opened and stuffed with letters, a piano also open at a little distance; and the thief himself, a little man, but full of spirits, with eyes, hands, feet, and frame for ever in motion, looking as if it would be a feat for him to sit for three minutes quiet in his chair. I am no great observer of proportions, but he seemed to me to be a neat-made little fellow, tidily buttoned up, young as fifteen at heart, though with hair that reminded me of 'Alps in the sunset;' not handsome, perhaps, but something in the whole cut of him that pleased me; finished as an actor, but without an actor's affectation; easy as a gentleman, but without *some* gentlemen's formality: in a word, as people say when they find their brains begin to run aground at the fag end of a magnificent period, we found him a hospitable, warm-hearted Irishman, as pleasant as could be himself, and disposed to make others so. And is this enough? And need I tell you the day was spent delightfully, chiefly in listening to his innumerable jests and admirable stories, and beautiful similes—beautiful and original as those he throws into his songs—and anecdotes that would make the Danes laugh? and how we did all we could, I believe, to get him to stand for Limerick; and how we called again the day after, and walked with him about his little garden; and how he told us that he always wrote walking, and how we came in again and took luncheon, and how I was near forgetting that it was Friday (which you know I am rather apt to do in pleasant company) and how he walked with us through the fields, and wished us a 'good-bye,' and left us to do as well as we could without him?"

That Moore acted wisely in refusing the proffered seat, no body can doubt. A Poet, fifty years of age, entering the House, and succeeding, is a miracle we can hardly hope to witness; and when we recollect his slow and difficult method of composition, and find with how very little of that, as he

* *Griffin's Life of Gerald Griffin*, Vol. I, p. 362.

called it, "faculty of thinking on his legs," he was endued, we feel satisfaction that Moore did not make one amongst the many, whose reputations have been shattered in that assembly, where, but too often, in the race for fame, Salius has been passed by Euryalus—where Menander has succumbed to Philemon.

Moore's life was now as brilliant, and gay, and happy as his heart could desire. He wrote songs occasionally, and after Perry's death, he deserted the *Morning Chronicle*, and issued his short satirical poems, his poetic wasps, through the columns of the *Times*, then edited by his able friend Thomas Barnes. No party was considered perfect without Moore's merry laugh, sparkling eye, and inimitably whispered song. His days were passed between the quiet and repose of Sloperton, and the pleasant society of London. Of his appearance and life, at this period, Willis gives the following sketch—

"June, 1834.

"I called on Moore with a letter of introduction, and met him at the door of his lodgings. I knew him instantly from the pictures I had seen of him, but was surprised at the diminutiveness of his person. He is much below the middle size, and with his white hat and long chocolate frock coat, was far from prepossessing in his appearance. With this material disadvantage, however, his address is gentlemanlike to a very marked degree, and I should think no one could see Moore, without conceiving a strong liking for him. As I was to meet him at dinner, I did not detain him."

This dinner was at Lady Blessington's. Willis had arrived but a few minutes when—

"Mr. Moore," cried the footman, at the bottom of the staircase. "Mr. Moore," cried the footman at the top; and with his glass at his eye, stumbling over an ottoman between his near-sightedness and the darkness of the room, enter the poet. Half a glance tells you he is at home on the carpet. Sliding his little feet up to Lady Blessington, he made his compliments with a gaiety and an ease combined with a kind of worshipping deference that was worthy of a Prime-minister at the court of love. With the gentlemen, all of whom he knew, he had a frank, merry manner of a confident favorite, and he was greeted like one. He went from one to the other, straining back his head to look up at them, (for, singularly enough, every gentleman in the room was six feet high and upwards) and to every one he said something which, from any one else, would have seemed peculiarly felicitous, but which fell from his lips, as if his breath was not more spontaneous."

"Nothing but a short hand report could retain the delicacy and

elegance of Moore's language, and memory itself cannot embody again the kind of frost-work of imagery which was formed and melted on his lips. His voice is soft or firm as the subject requires, but perhaps the word *gentlemanly* describes it better than any other. It is upon a natural key, but, if I may so phrase it, is *fixed* with a high-bred affectation, expressing deference and courtesy, at the same time that its pauses are constructed peculiarly to catch the ear. It would be difficult not to attend to him while he is talking, though the subject were but the shape of a wine-glass. Moore's head is distinctly before me while I write, but I shall find it difficult to describe. His hair, which curled once all over it in long tendrils, unlike anybody else's in the world, and which probably suggested his soubriquet of '*Bacchus*,' is diminished now to a few curls sprinkled with grey, and scattered in a single ring above his ears. His forehead is wrinkled, with the exception of a most prominent development of the organ of gaiety, which, singularly enough, shines with the lustre and smooth polish of a pearl, and is surrounded by a semi-circle of lines drawn close about it, like intrenchments against Time. His eyes still sparkle like a champagne bubble, though the invader has drawn his pencillings about the corners; and there is a kind of wintry red, of the tinge of an October leaf, that seems enamelled on his cheek, the eloquent record of the claret his wit has brightened. His mouth is the most characteristic feature of all. The lips are delicately cut, slight and changeable as an aspen; but there is a set-up look about the lower lip—a determination of the muscle to a particular expression, and you fancy that you can almost see wit astride upon it. It is written legibly with the imprint of habitual success. It is arch, confident, and half diffident, as if he was disguising his pleasure at applause, while another bright gleam of fancy was breaking on him. The slightly-tossed nose confirms the fun of the expression, and altogether it is a face that sparkles, beams, radiates.

"We went up to coffee and Moore brightened again over his *Chasse-café*, and went glittering on with criticisms on Grisi, the delicious songstress now ravishing the world, whom he placed above all but Pasta, and whom he thought, with the exception that her legs were too short, an incomparable creature. This introduced music very naturally, and with a great deal of difficulty he was taken to the piano. My letter is getting long, and I have no time to describe his singing. It is well known, however, that its effect is only equalled by the beauty of his own words; and for one, I could have taken him into my heart with delight. He makes no attempt at music. It is a kind of admirable recitative, in which every shade of thought is syllabled and dwelt upon, and the sentiment of the song goes through your blood, warming you to the very eyelids, and starting your tears, if you have a soul or sense in you. I have heard of a woman's fainting at a song of Moore's; and if the burden of it answered by chance to a secret in the bosom of the listener, I should think from its comparative effect upon so old a stager as myself, that the heart would break with it. We all sat around the piano, and after two or three songs of Lady Blessington's choice, he

rambled over the keys awhile, and sang 'When first I met thee,' with a pathos that beggars description. When the last word had faltered out, he rose and took Lady Blessington's hand, said good night, and was gone before a word was uttered. For a full minute after he had closed the door, no one spoke. I could have wished, for myself to drop silently asleep where I sat, with the tears in my eyes and the softness upon my heart—

"Here's a health to thee, Tom Moore!"*

There was a genuine kindness in Moore's nature, which all the frivolousness of his early, butterfly existence, could neither blunt nor spoil. "I remember," writes Leigh Hunt, "it is one of my prison recollections, when I was showing him and Lord Byron the prison garden, a smart shower came on, which induced Moore to button up his coat, and push on for the interior. He returned instantly, blushing up to the eyes. He had forgotten the lameness of his noble friend. 'How much better you behaved,' said he to me afterwards, 'in not hastening to get out of the rain! I quite forgot, at the moment, whom I was walking with.' I told him that the virtue was involuntary on my part, having been occupied in conversation with his Lordship, which he was not; and that to forget a man's lameness involved a compliment in it, which the sufferer could not dislike. 'True,' says he, 'but the devil of it was, that I was forced to remember it, by his not coming up. I could not in decency go on: and to return was very awkward.' His anxiety appeared to me very amiable."

"Amiable" is the proper expression, a genuine kindness of heart that was ever genial and ready. Hunt, with his usual flowing, and graceful, and facile pen, thus describes his impression of Moore's social qualities.

"I thought Thomas Moore, when I first knew him, as delightful a person as one could imagine. He could not help being an interesting one: and his sort of talent has this advantage in it, that being of a description intelligible to all, the possessor is equally sure of present and future fame. I never received a visit from him but I felt as if I had been talking with Prior or Sir Charles Sedley. His acquaintance with Lord Byron began by talking of a duel. With me it commenced in as gallant a way, though of a different sort. I had cut up an Opera of his (the Blue Stocking), as unworthy of so great a wit. He came to see me, saying I was very much in the right, and an intercourse took place, which I might have enjoyed to this day, had he valued his real fame as much as I did.

* Willis's Pencilings by the Way, p. 361. Ed. 1839.

"Mr. Moore was lively, polite, bustling, full of amenities and acquiescences, into which he contrived to throw a sort of roughening of cordiality, like the crust of old port. It seemed a happiness to him to say 'yes.' There was just enough of the Irishman in him to flavour his speech and manner. He was a little particular, perhaps, in his orthoëpy, but not more so than became a Poet; and he appeared to me the last man in the world to cut his country, even for the sake of high life. As to his person, all the world knows that he is as little of stature, as he is great in wit. It is said, that an illustrious personage, in a fit of playfulness, once threatened to put him into a wine-cooler; a proposition, which Mr. Moore took to be more royal than polite. A Spanish gentleman, whom I met on the Continent, and who knew him well, said, in his energetic English, which he spoke none the worse for a wrong vowel or so. "Now there's *Mooerr*, Thomas *Mooerr*: I look upon *Mooerr* as an active little *men*." This is true. He reminds us of those active little great men who abound so remarkably in Clarendon's history. Like them, he would have made an excellent practical partisan, and it would have done him good. Horseback, and a little Irish fighting, would have seen fair play with his good living, and kept his look as juvenile as his spirit. His forehead is long and full of character, with 'bumps' of wit, large and radiant, enough to transport a phrenologist. His eyes are as dark and fine, as you would wish to see under a set of vine-leaves: his mouth generous and good humoured, with dimples; his nose sensual, prominent, and at the same time the reverse of aquiline. There is a very peculiar character in it, as if it were looking forward, and scenting a feast or an orchard. The face, upon the whole, is Irish, not unruffled with care and passion: but festivity is the predominant expression. When Mr. Moore was a child, he is said to have been eminently handsome, a cupid for a picture; and notwithstanding the tricks which both joy and sorrow have played with his face, you can fancy as much. It was a recollection perhaps, to this effect, that induced his friend, Mr. Atkinson, to say one afternoon, in defending him from the charge of libertinism, 'Sir, they may talk of Moore as they please; but I tell you what: I always consider him' (and this argument he thought conclusive), 'I always consider my friend Thomas Moore, as an infant, sporting on the bosom of Venus.' There was no contesting this; and, in truth, the hearers were very little disposed to contest it, Mr. Atkinson having hit upon a defence which was more logical in spirit than chronological in image. When conscience comes, a man's impulses must take thought; but till then, poetry is only the eloquent and irresistible development of the individual's nature; and Mr. Moore's wildest verses were a great deal more innocent than could enter into the imaginations of the old libertines who thought they had a right to use them. I must not, in this portrait, leave out his music. He plays and sings with great taste on the pianoforte, and is known as a graceful composer. His voice, which is a little hoarse in speaking (at least, I used to think so) softens into a breath, like that of the flute, when singing. In speaking, he is emphatic in rolling the letter

R, perhaps out of a despair of being able to get rid of the National peculiarity.*

In all ranks of society, Moore, the Aungier-street grocer's son, was a welcome, honored, valued guest; herein, by the force of his own brilliant genius, falsifying the observation made by himself, in the *Life of Sheridan*—that—

“Talents in literature or science, unassisted by the advantages of birth, may lead to association with the great, but rarely to equality;—it is a passport through the well-guarded frontier, but no title to naturalization within. By him, who has not been born among them, this can only be achieved by politics. In that arena which they look upon as their own, the Legislature of the land, let a man of genius, like Sheridan, but assert his supremacy, at once all these barriers of reserve and pride give way, and, he takes by right, a station at their side, which a Shakspeare or a Newton would but have enjoyed by courtesy.”

In Moore's own case—

Wit a diamond brought
And cut his bright way through.

In the month of July, 1835, the British Association held its meeting in Dublin, and amongst the crowd of learned and illustrious men who filled our city on that occasion, was Moore. He then visited the house in which he was born, and spent some time in his old haunt, Marsh's Library. He also read very often in the Library of Trinity College. On the 15th of August he dined with the Provost and Fellows and attended the Theatre Royal in the evening. It had been well known that Moore would appear in the Theatre, and the house was densely thronged. The plays were, “*The Jealous Wife*,” and “*Born to Good Luck, or An Irishman's Fortune*.” Macready playing Oakly, Miss Ellen Tree (Mrs. C. Kean) playing Mrs. Oakly, Miss Huddert (Mrs Warner) playing Lady Free-love. In the Farce, Power played Paddy O'Rafferty. Moore

* Hunt's Byron and his Cotemporaries. Ed. 1828.

was repeatedly cheered during the night, and at length, the applause became so loud, and so general, that he could not avoid coming forward to bow his thanks, and we all know that a Dublin audience is not one to allow a man to continue silent, when they wish to hear him speak, or when they desire to have a song repeated. Moore, therefore, attempted to address the house, and said, he wished that he possessed the eloquence, and the voice, of their O'Connell, that his words might reach their ears, as clearly, and as fully, as their cheers had reached his own heart. He continued :—"I cannot say that I am altogether undeserving of your kindness, for if I said that, it would be paying but a bad compliment to the opinion of my friends. I do confess that I have this claim upon my countrymen, that I have endeavoured to be the interpreter of those deep feelings which breathe through the fine melodies you have just been hearing (cheers). In one of the songs which I composed I ventured upon a prophecy—

‘The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains,
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o’er the deep.’

(Much cheering). That prophecy has been fulfilled. The stranger has heard and has sympathised with her wrongs and her sorrows. He has heard her lament on his plains, and the sigh of her harp has been sent o’er the deep (cheering). I am enabled to assure you that upon the banks of the Vistula the Irish Melodies are sung, and the sentiments which they breathe, are caught up and adapted by that gallant people, the Poles, to their own situation (great cheering). I beg to assure you that there is no honor to which I can aspire, which I would so highly prize, as that of being considered the Poet of the People of Ireland.”

In the year 1832, Moore published his polemical work, *The Travels of an Irish Gentleman In Search of Religion*. It was replied to by the Reverend Mortimer O’Sullivan, and by the late Blanco White. It shows a very extended range of study, and exhibits a most unmitigated dislike to the Established Church. It was followed, in the year 1835, by *The Fudges in England, a Sequel to The Fudge Family*. This work is a fierce attack on the Bible Societies, on Lord Roden, and on Dr. O’Sullivan. The book is witty, clever, and trenchant, but, like all continuations, or sequels,

is far below its precursor. The dislike exhibited in *The Irish Gentleman*, and *Fudges in England*, to all connected with ultra-sectarian feeling, was very great; and shortly after the publication of the latter work, Moore's portrait was painted by Newton, an American artist of ability: several friends of the Poet called at Newton's studio, to examine the picture when it was finished, and amongst the others, Sydney Smith. Each of the party gave his opinion: one thought the eyes good, another objected to the nose, and the usual defences against all disparagements were resorted to by the artist. At length, observing Smith gazing intently at the portrait, he said, "Well, Mr. Smith, what do *you* think of it." Sydney, with the most intense gravity, looked still closer at his old friend's picture, and replied, "It's a most striking portrait, Mr. Newton, a most excellent likeness, but, don't you think you could throw into it a little more hatred to the Church Establishment?"

When the Melbourne Ministry came into office, in 1835, Moore was one of the first literary men to whom a pension was granted. He received the sum of £300 per annum. "The Whigs," as Sydney Smith wrote, "were then riding in chariots, with many faces looking out of the windows, which nobody remembered to have seen in the days of the poverty and depression of Whiggism." Moore was not one of these, he had refused place or pension from the Tories, and his name was placed upon the list, not as a bribe for service to come, but as an acknowledgment of his genius and his worth. In the year 1837, in the first session of the first Parliament of Queen Victoria, an effort was made to cast a slur upon Moore's reputation. During the debate on the Civil List, the following scene took place.

"Mr. *Bateman* said, Perhaps the right hon. Gentleman will answer me one question. I wish to know, whether one Thomas Moore, is on the pension-list, or not? and if he be, whether his pension was granted to him for making ballads for love-sick maidens, or for slandering George the Fourth.

"The *Chancellor of the Exchequer*: (Spring Rice) I think, Sir, that the hon. Gentleman might have made a further inquiry, which is, whether the pension to which he refers was given as a reward of great and distinguished talent. I believe that the hon. Gentleman has the honor of belonging to the same country as myself; and I should have hoped that there was no Irishman,

however he might differ from the political opinions of Mr. Thomas Moore, who would not have felt that that Gentleman was a credit to the country which gave him birth, and that the name of 'one Thomas Moore' was a credit to the pension-list."*

Some Irishmen, unfortunately, did not think, with Lord Monteagle, that Thomas Moore "was a credit to the country which gave him birth." Although another writer, a "credit to the country which gave him birth," endeavoured, for many years, to induce the Royal *Irish* Academy to confer the Honorary Membership of their Society upon the National Poet, Moore was graced with the title only after it had been conferred on Wordsworth, Scott, and other natives of the more respectable Islands. The Academy is, of course, not accountable for this neglect, as the voting members should be fully satisfied that the distinctions in their power to confer, are only bestowed on deserving men; and, upon the occasion of Moore's being proposed, a member, now engaged in India, and in the employment of Government, and possessing just the quantity of soaring fancy befitting a profound geologist, asked "What has Mr. Moore done to entitle him to the Honorary Membership?" If all the Members of the Royal Irish Academy could, like those mind-kings who are enrolled in the French Institute, point to some triumph of genius as the qualification for admission, no man would question the justice of a coy and jealous hesitation in conferring the honor of Membership into a Society which, although it number in its ranks a few eminent Irishmen of our time, never possessed, and never can possess, one more worthy of honorary Membership than Thomas Moore, "The Poet of the People of Ireland."

We fear there is but too strong a foundation for the feeling prevalent in well informed circles, that Moore was not the only writer on our historic records whose exclusion from this Academy was attributable to other causes, than deficiency in such qualifications as abroad would have gained honorary distinctions from more exalted bodies, associated for the cultivation of national literature.

Moore's next, and last, literary labour was a History of Ireland, in four volumes, written for Lardner's Cyclopædia, to form a companion history for Mackintosh's History of England,

* Hansard, Vol. 39, Third Series, p. 161. November 23rd, 1837.

and Scott's History of Scotland. The fourth volume, although bearing Moore's name, is generally supposed not to have been written by him; however, it was, most probably, compiled from his papers. The first volume appeared in the year 1835, the last, the fourth volume, was published in the year 1846, and the entire set is dedicated to Moore's old friend, Thomas Boyse, of Bannow.

We have often wondered at the inaccuracies perceptible in this History of Ireland. Moore, we know, worked anxiously, and continually, and carefully, in the compilation of the work; but he had neither the materials before him, nor the acquired learning to aid him, in producing a perfect history of his country, worthy of Ireland, and of his own fame. In the year 1839, he paid his last visit to this country. He then spent sometime in the Library of Trinity College, and in the Royal Irish Academy, procuring authority and information, on which to found the forthcoming volumes of the book. He was introduced, at the Academy, by Dr. Petrie, to Mr. Curry, who was then engaged in his researches relative to the Ordnance Survey of Ireland, and had before him several very old and valuable manuscripts in the Irish character; such as the "Book of Ballymote," the "Speckled Book," the "Book of Leacan," the "Book of Mac Firbis."* These manuscripts were handed to Moore, as being well worth examination, but he expressed great surprise, and seemed quite astonished, at finding such works in existence. He asked if it were possible that Mr. Curry could decipher them, and upon Mr. Curry's stating that he could do so, easily and perfectly, Moore said that he had been entirely ignorant of their existence, and that if he had known that such authorities could be found and deciphered, he would never have undertaken to write the History for Lardner's series. However, having commenced the work, he was bound to finish it, and had, subsequently, some verbal, and written, communications with Mr. Curry. Those who know the latter scholar will well understand that Moore found him no niggard informant, but one who belongs rather to the free, noble, age of Petrarch, than to the petty, squabbling, era of Warburton or Hurd.†

Whilst Moore was engaged on this History, Messieurs

* See Irish Quarterly Review, Vol. i. p. 418.

† Moore's original intention was to confine his History of Ireland to one small volume.

Hodges and Smith wrote to him, requesting that he would consider the possibility of weaving a good Irish historical novel from the life and deeds of Red Hugh O'Donnell, a subject, certainly, of great interest, and, in the hands of a practised and able novelist, capable of being rendered, in the very highest degree, effective. Moore replied, "I should feel happy to take flight under your auspices, but the history on which I am engaged demands my entire attention." How the Poet would have succeeded as a novelist may form a fresh chapter in the history of things that might have been. In our own minds, it would have been a companion failure to his first, and only, unsuccessful effort, the operatic piece, *The Blue Stocking*.

Of Moore's *Evenings In Greece*, the *Sacred Songs*, the *Summer Fête*, the *Songs from the Greek Anthology*, the *Miscellaneous*, the *Satirical*, the *Humorous*, *Poems*, and *Unpublished Songs*, we have written nothing. All these, like all Moore's *Poems*, have gone home to the hearts and minds of the educated and thinking world. It is not by, or through, such compositions that the fame of the Poet of Ireland must flourish bright and glorious. Wherever young hearts beat responsive, wherever Irish-born men exist, wherever genius and fancy find worshippers, there will the *Irish Melodies* be prized, there will *Lalla Rookh* be admired, there will a just value be placed upon the witty, the satirical, and the fugitive *Poems of Moore*; and though critics may snarl, though croaking essayists may prophecy forgetfulness for all his works, excepting the *Melodies*, they forget that for the love of these, the young, and fair, and happy, in the coming ages will read the others, and reading will admire; in our Poet's case, as in that of Homer, Horace, Chaucer, Milton, and Great Shakspeare, true Genius will live through all time, and

"Rule us from the page in which it breathes."

William Hazlitt, when half stupified by green tea, and whilst raving and writhing beneath all the horrors of dyspepsia sneered at Moore's pretensions as a Poet; Leigh Hunt, whilst galled by Byron's contempt, by Moore's sarcasm, and by the fact that Moore had prevented Byron's joining him and Hazlitt in a newspaper project, tried to blast Moore's fame; Mr. Thomas Davis blew a tootle of defamation against our Poet,

* See *Irish Quarterly Review*, Vol. i. p. 648 to 683.

on his penny whistle, in the Nation newspaper, and only paused when he found that it might be supposed *he* "MEANT TO RUN MOORE DOWN;" the public instructors who write in the paper just named, could see nothing National at a concert, made so, only because "some songs were sung, written by Thomas Moore, Esq., of Sloperton Cottage;" but we cease here, and, recollecting how the World values Moore, to each of these descendants of the hero of the Dunciad we say, with Jack Falstaff,

"Go to—peace Mouldy!—you shall go, Mouldy, it is time you were spent."

The spiteful, like Hazlitt, the envious, like Hunt, the presumptuous, like Mr. Thomas Davis, may snarl; but true genius, like that of Byron, of Thierry, of Scott, of Wilson, of Croker, of Macaulay, of Jeffrey, of Mackintosh, of Sheil, of Rogers, of Sydney Smith, ever glories in the triumph of its fellows: remembering Sir Thomas Browne's advice, in judging Moore they "bring candid eyes unto the perusal of men's works, and let not Zoilism or detraction blast well intentioned labors. He that endureth no faults in men's writings must only read his own, wherein, for the most part, all appeareth white. Quotation mistakes, inadvertency, expedition, and human lapses, make not only moles but warts in learned authors, who, notwithstanding, being judged by the capital matter, admit not of disparagement."*

The closing years of Moore's life were not happy; and he had few motives for exertion. Of fame he had tasted all the sweets, he had sounded all the deepest depths of the human heart, and had skimmed along the surface of its lightest moods; and in each he had been successful. He knew too well the value of fame, and understood clearly that the sheen of the Poet's laurel, gained in the brilliant time of life's early morning, or won in its sunny noon, is too often dimmed by the colder, and less glowing light that gilds, but does not warm, the fancy at life's setting. Remembering Fenton's observation on Edmund Waller, that, "in his fifty-fifth year he passed the zenith of his genius," Moore devoted his later years to the collection and revision of his Poetical works.

* Christian Morals.

It was whilst thus engaged that he wrote the following statement of his own, and Burns' services to the national music, and the national song-writing. All that he here states of the great Scotchman applies, with equal truth, to himself as author of the Irish Melodies.

"That Burns, however untaught, was yet, in ear and feeling, a musician, is clear from the skill with which he adapts his verse to the structure and character of each different strain. Still more strikingly did he prove his fitness for this peculiar task, by the sort of instinct with which, in more than one instance, he discerned the local and innate sentiment which an air was calculated to convey, though previously associated with words expressing a totally different cast of feeling. Thus the air of a ludicrous old song, 'Fee him, father, fee him,' has been made the medium of one of Burns' most pathetic effusions; while, still more marvellously, 'Hey tuttie, tattie' has been elevated by him into that heroic strain, 'Scots, wha hae wi Wallace bled,'—a song which, in a great national crisis, would be of more avail than the eloquence of a Demosthenes. It was impossible that the example of Burns, in these his higher inspirations, should not materially contribute to elevate the character of English song-writing, and even to lead to a reunion of the gifts which it requires, if not, as of old, in the same individual, yet in that perfect sympathy between poet and musician which almost amounts to identity, and of which, in our own times, we have seen so interesting an example in the few songs which bear the united names of those two sister muses, Mrs. Arkwright,* and the late Mrs. Hemans. Very different was the state of the song-department of English poesy when I first tried my novice hand at the lyre. The divorce between song and sense had then reached its utmost range; and to all verses connected with music, from a Birth-day Ode down to the libretto of the last new opera, might fairly be applied the solution which Figaro gives of the quality of the words of songs, in general,—'Ce qui ne vaut pas la peine d'être dit, on le chante.'"

Thus Moore wrote of a Scotchman, let us now observe what a great Scotchman, glorious Christopher North, writes of Moore:

"Lyrical Poetry, we opine, hath many branches; and one of them 'beautiful exceedingly' with bud, blossom, and fruit of balm and brightness, round which is ever heard the murmur of bees and of birds, hangs trailing along the mossy greensward when the air is calm, and ever and anon, when blow the fitful breezes, it is uplifted in the sunshine, and glories wavingly aloft, as if it belonged even to the loftiest region of the Tree which is Amaranth. This is a fanciful, perhaps foolish, form of expression, employed at present to signify Song-writing. Now of all the song-writers that ever warbled, or chanted, or sung, the best, in our estimation, is verily none other

* Stephen Kemble's daughter; the composer of the music of Tennyson's "Queen of the May."

than Thomas Moore. True that Robert Burns has indited many songs that slip into the heart, just like light, no one knows how, filling its chambers sweetly and silently, and leaving it nothing more to desire for perfect contentment. Or let us say, sometimes when he sings, it is like listening to a linnet in the broom, a blackbird in the brake, a laverock in the sky. They sing in the fulness of their joy, as nature teaches them—and so did he; and the man, woman, or child, who is delighted not with such singing, be their virtues what they may, must never hope to be in Heaven. Gracious Providence placed Burns in the midst of the sources of Lyrical Poetry—when he was born a Scottish peasant. Now, Moore is an Irishman, and was born in Dublin. Moore is a Greek scholar, and translated—after a fashion—Anacreon. And Moore has lived much in towns and cities—and in that society which will suffer none else to be called good. Some advantages he has enjoyed which Burns never did—but then how many disadvantages has he undergone, from which the Ayrshire Ploughman, in the bondage of his poverty, was free! You see all that at a single glance into their poetry. But all in humble life is not high—all in high life is not low; and there is as much to guard against in hovel as in hall—in ‘cauld clay bigging, as in marble palace. Burns sometimes wrote like a mere boor—Moore has too often written like a mere man of fashion. But take them both at their best—and both are inimitable. Both are national poets—and who shall say, that if Moore had been born and bred a peasant, as Burns was, and if Ireland had been such a land of knowledge, and virtue, and religion, as Scotland is—and surely, without offence, we may say that it never was, and never will be—though we love the Green Island well—that with his fine fancy, warm heart, and exquisite sensibilities, he might not have been as natural a Lyrist as Burns; while, take him as he is, who can deny that in richness, in variety, in grace, and in the power of art, he is superior to the Ploughman.”*

The Poet had the misfortune to see his six children die. His four daughters died at Sloperton, his eldest son died in Algeria, an officer in the French Foreign Legion; his second boy died young, a scholar in the Charter House.

Occasionally Moore employed his vacant hours in writing some chapters of a projected life of an honest, genial man, the late Rev. Sydney Smith, and in re-reading and continuing a long and carefully kept diary, which Lord John Russell is now editing, and preparing for publication. Thus occupied, the quiet years of the Poet's life passed calmly on; but, in the year 1849, his mind grew weak, and his intellect, once so bright and flashing,

* Recreations of Christopher North, Vol. i. p. 272.

became clouded. Month by month these clouds grew more dark and thick ; he required constant watching and expensive care, and, in the year 1850, one hundred pounds per annum, additional pension, were granted to Mrs. Moore, "in consideration of the literary merits of her husband and his infirm state of health."

In the latter months of the past year he was removed to Bath for change of air and scene, the time for these things to benefit him had past, but he never felt "the heaviest stone that melancholy can throw at man, to tell him he is at the end of his nature," as he was borne back to Sloperton labouring under that disease of genius, softening of the brain, which cast a deep gloom over the last days of Swift, of Scott, of O'Connell, and of Southey—and so the game of life was played—Thomas Moore died at Sloperton cottage, on the 26th day of February, 1852, aged seventy-one years, eight months, and twenty-seven days.

His funeral was private, attended only by his Physician, and three or four friends living in the immediate neighbourhood of Sloperton.

He was buried in the little churchyard of Bromham, a quiet, green, resting place, such as that in which George Herbert would have a dead Poet sleep, until the time,

"When souls shall wear their new array,
And all our bones with beauty shall be clad."

And now that the bright sunny spirit, having set in clouds and darkness, has passed away for ever, and as his remains lie in a stranger's land, how does the country, whose music, whose genius, and the record of whose foul wrongs he has made immortal, propose to show its gratitude for his services, and its pride in the National Bard ? During the coming summer the travellers, it may be the pilgrims, from other shores will visit this island, as being the birthplace of the dead Poet ; and when they shall have viewed the house in which his early years were passed ; when they shall have visited that old Library, by Saint Patrick's, in which he spent the long lonely days ; when they shall have visited Avoca, "that valley so sweet ;" when they shall have viewed all the glories of that spot, where

"Spirits, from all the lake's deep bowers,
Glide o'er the blue wave scattering flowers"

around the phantom Chief O'Donohue and his Mistress ; when

they shall have stood, as the Poet stood, upon the "breezy cliffs" of "Arranmore, loved Arranmore," and fancied that he saw,

"That Eden where th' immortal brave
Dwell in a land serene ;"

when they shall have stood upon the world famed Tara, and shall have roamed by Lough Neagh's banks, and gazed into those magic waters where lie hidden the Round Towers of other days ; when they shall have seen that Moyle, by whose roaring waters Fionnuala longed for that sweet bell's ringing, which was to call her spirit to the fields above ; when they shall have visited that valley where dwelt the faithless wife of O'Ruark, when, in a word, they shall have seen all those spots, rendered famous and illustrious by that genius which, like the fabled light that shone from the sacred fingers of the saints, made bright and glorious all upon which it rested, they may, perchance, ask—Where is the Statue of Thomas Moore ? Possibly they may be told that the sculptor is engaged in forming the effigy ; possibly they may be told that the sculptor will be soon engaged upon it ; but who can answer for the success of the Testimonial Committee ; who that can remember Daniel O'Connell, standing upon the Hill of Tara, a King, with the surging, roaring, multitude swaying around him, and obeying every word and look, who recollecting this, and knowing too that the great popular Tribune is five years dead, and has neither statue nor monumental tomb, can be sure that the memory of the National Poet will be preserved, notwithstanding all the promises of the Nation ?

We know that great men require no statues to keep bright the memory of their deeds ; whilst a star shines in the heavens the names of Galileo and of Newton must live ; whilst a passion burns in the human heart Shakspeare can never be forgotten ; whilst the love of science, and of unswerving courage in the promulgation of truth, can move the breast of man, the names of Harvey and of Jenner must be honored through the earth ; whilst great deeds of high and noble daring, in the cause of human progress, can find their worshippers, the names of Francis Xavier, of Vincent de Paul, and of John Howard, can never be obliterated ; the tombs of Napoleon, of Wellington, of Washington, need no tropies, but the world *does* erect, to such men as all these, the statue, the tomb, the trophy, or the church,

and therefore we demand for Thomas Moore, not only a public statue, but likewise a civic-granted site. Better that of Moore there should be no memorial in his native city, than that it should be hidden with those of Lucas, of Grattan, of O'Connell, of Drummond, in that lumber place of the Irish Nation—the Royal Exchange. True, the statue might there stand in worthy company, amongst those whose memory is, like the life of the old Pagan Gods, all glory and repose; but when men from other lands shall ask for our Pantheon, who will bring them to that crumbling monument of our degradation, our decadence, and our poverty, where the grim silence is broken only when a few unthinking fools assemble in a corner of the edifice to yell their admiration of some roaring demagogue, or to signify their trust in some glaring civic humbug. It is not thus that, in other lands, great deeds are forgotten or slighted. In Rouen tower the statues of Corneille, of Fontenelle, of Joan of Arc. In Antwerp stands the statue of great Rubens. In Edinburgh rises the noble monument to Scott. By the banks of Doon stands that graceful tribute to the genius of Robert Burns—the memorial to Mary. To Moir, Blackwood's Delta, a testimonial will be soon erected. Glasgow has a monument to her Poet, William Motherwell. Riga has a monument to her composer, Conradin Kreutzer. Schaffhausen, a petty village, but the birthplace of John von Muller, the historian, has a monument to his memory. Noyon, a small French town, but the birthplace of Jacques Sarrazin, the painter, engraver, and sculptor, who places before us the court of Louis the Thirteenth, has a statue to his memory, and at its erection a deputation from the Paris Academy of Fine Arts attended, as a mark of respect to the deceased genius, and to his fellow townsmen. Thus the intellect of other lands is honored, but we in Ireland nickname our streets after English viceroys, erect statues to England's bravery, and English kings; we are, in our hero worship, below the level of the poor Indian who has his fixed and stated devotion to Juggernaut, and lies down at these times beneath the wheels of the Idol's car; we have, every day in every year, our worship of that crushing Juggernaut, English prejudice, and each public monument in our city is but the record of some high festival of national flunkeyism. Would that every Irishman thought, with our countryman, Sheridan Knowles,

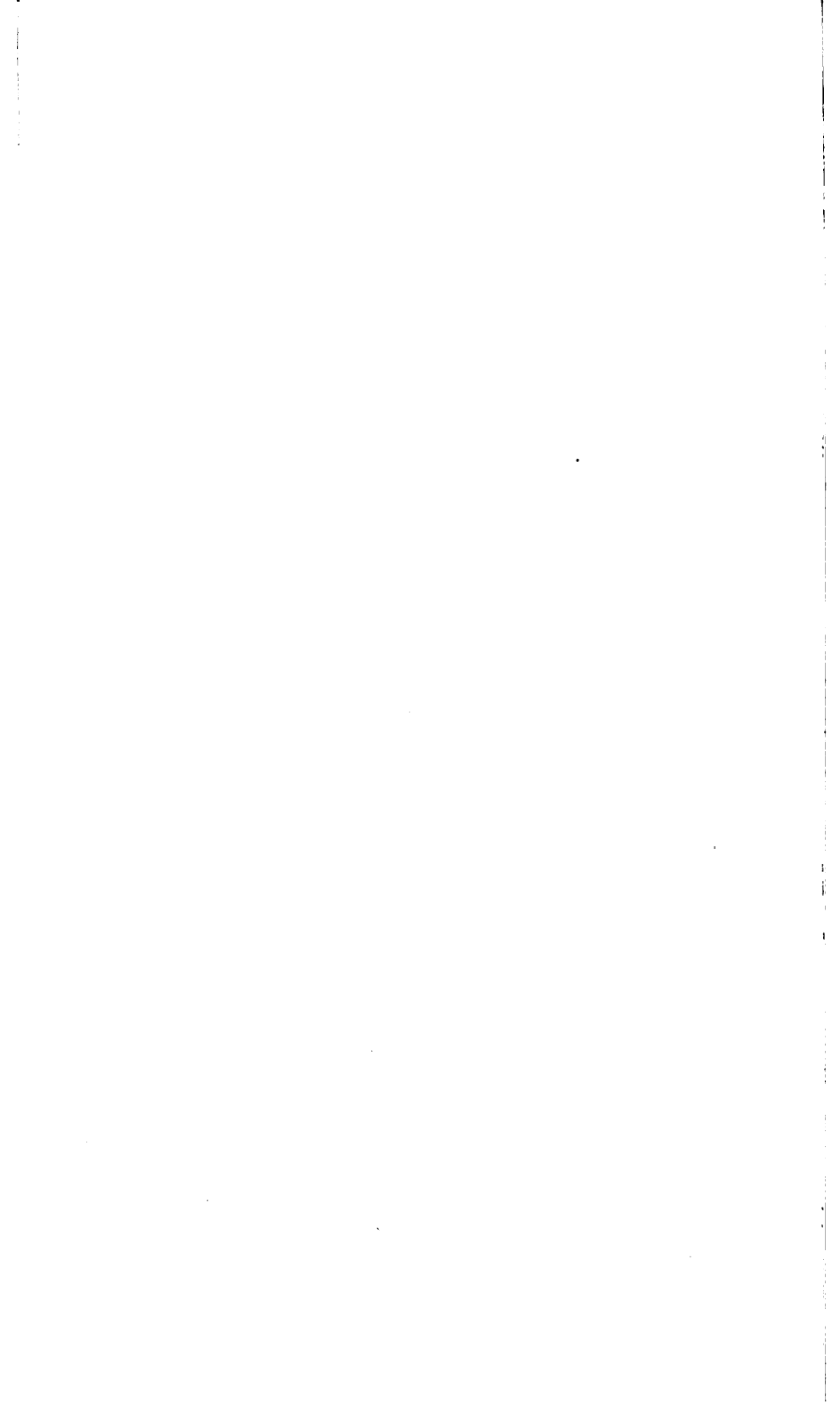
“Tom Moore against all the lyric poets that ever sang!

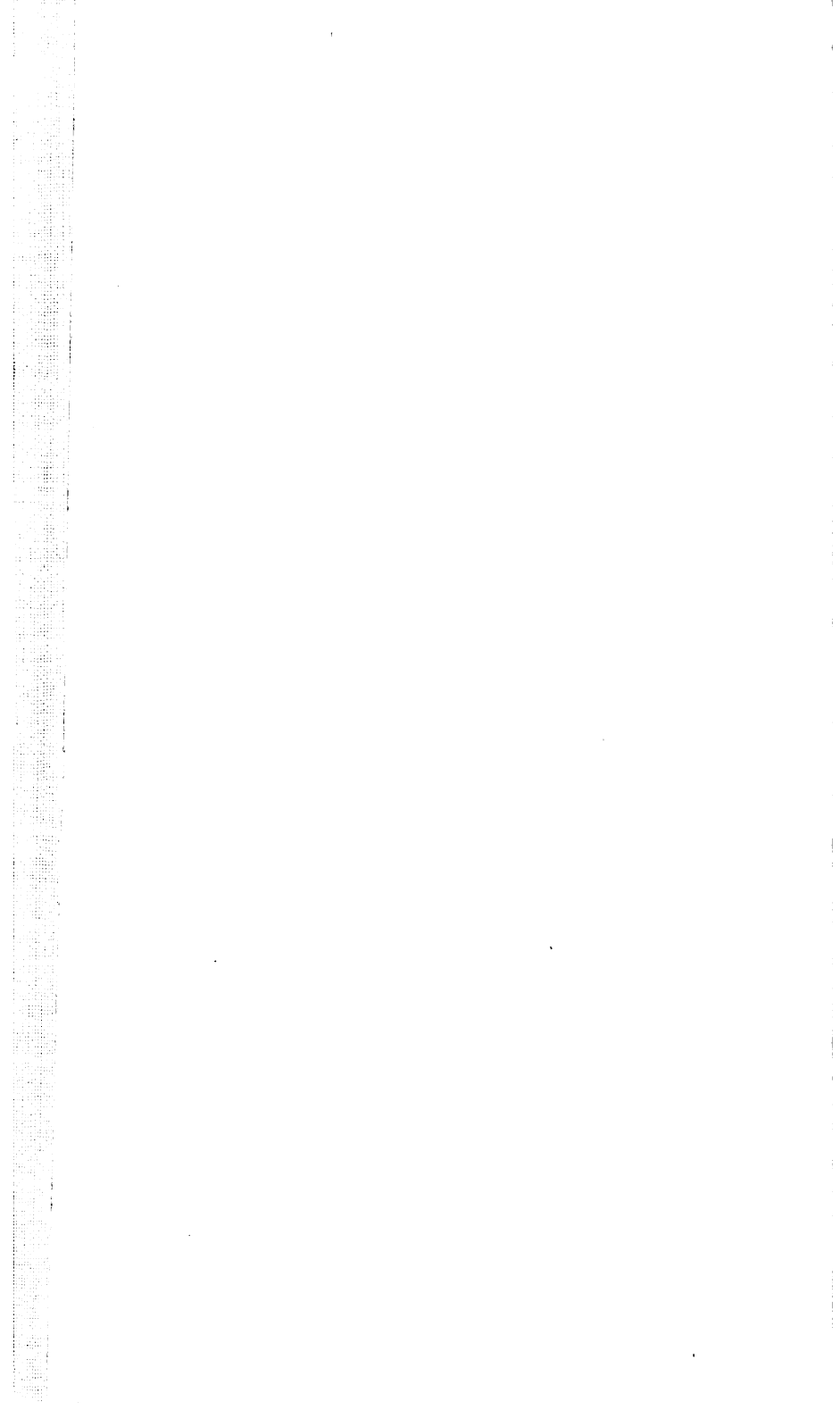
The poet of love? Yes, and the poet of every other strain that rings from the richest lyre that was ever swept! The poet of patriotism! heroism! wit! Zephyrs and flowers? Yes; and gall and wormwood, too! The severe as well as the tender! scorn as well as love. Lamentation as well as joy—Lamentation till the heart feels as it could burst! Our blessing on thee, Tom Moore! Thou shalt have it whilst thou art living! Popular, in spite of the monstrous apathy of a man's own times, that neglect him while he breathes, and might flourish the more for cherishing; and leaves his reward to posterity, when the ostentatious banquet, in memory of him, can move no throb in his heart! Thou art cheaply popular by the dint of thy own affluent strains that enrich millions of souls who pay thee inexpensive homage. Hadst thou sung in France or Germany thou hadst been ennobled—and estated!—that is, there had been a striving in rewards to come up to the rank with which the Creator has uneffaceably stamped you."

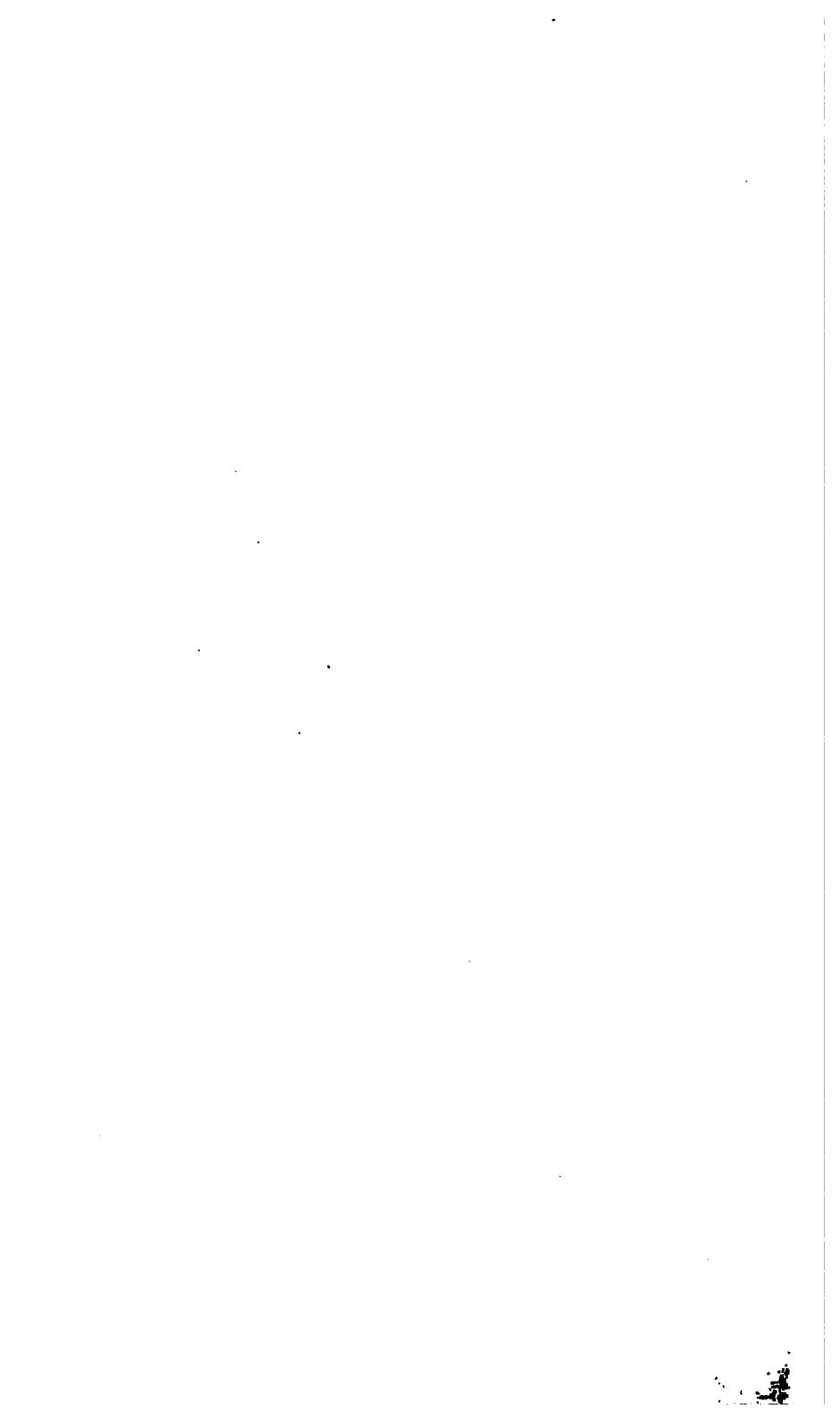
If the committee for erecting a monument to our Poet's memory, can only teach the Irish People to think thus, that monument will tower, not alone to the honor of Thomas Moore and to the glory of his genius, but it will likewise prove, that to one great Irishman at least, his country was not ungrateful.

James Fennimore Cooper, the American novelist, had not been dead a month when meetings were held all through the Union, for the purpose of raising a fund, to be devoted to the erection of some public national monument to his memory. At the New York meeting, the statesman Daniel Webster, presided; the poet Bryant delivered an address upon the life and genius of the departed author. Washington Irving, and Bethune, and James the English novelist, attended, and spoke at the assembly in support of its object; and Prescott the historian, and Longfellow and Dana, the poets, and Hawthorne, the author rising into a European reputation, sent letters conveying their most ardent wishes for the success of the project; and before the meeting separated it was resolved that a magnificent statue should be erected to Cooper's memory in one of the public squares.

Can Irishmen learn nothing from this fact?







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